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FOR MUTUAL ADVANTAGE

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THE English-speaking democracies, Winston Churchill has said, 'will have to be somewhat mixed up together in some of their affairs for mutual and general advantage.' That raises four questions which I have been asked to answer. I wish first to give quickly these questions and my answers, and then discuss them more concretely one by one.

First, how far have actual events moved us toward this mixing together? To the threshold.

Second, what realistic possibilities lie ahead for it in the coming months? Either it is going to continue evolving in a relatively slow, unconscious way as a chick inside the egg, or it is soon going to take definite, conscious form with relative abruptness, as when a chick breaks through the shell. The signs point to the latter.

Third, what are the issues involved? When are we going to begin to give this mixture form — in good time or too late? Where are we going to begin it — in the New World, with Canada alone, or overseas too, with the United Kingdom, Eire, the Union of South Africa, Australia, New Zealand? How are we going to organize it — on a government-

to-government basis as the Franco-British alliance, the League of Nations, the early American Articles of Confederation, the British Commonwealth of Nations? Or on the man-to-man 'Union Now' basis of a Federal Union, as the U. S. A., the Provinces of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Union of South Africa? And what are we going to organize it for — to save British imperialism from Nazi imperialism? To replace it with American imperialism or Anglo-American imperialism? Or to end the era of nationalism and imperialism, and begin the era of the Free World State by the 'Union Now' policy of establishing a nucleus United States of Mankind, designed to grow gradually and peacefully into a universal government of, by, and for our whole species?

Fourth, what are the mutual and general advantages that would accrue from beginning this mixture on the lines of 'Union Now'? All the material and spiritual satisfactions that come from victory — victory first of all over ourselves and victory finally for all our species — and what a victory! For achieving Union Now means achieving, in the nick of time and over terrifying

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odds, one of the great things men have always longed for and failed to do. It means opening equally for all an age that will really deserve to be called a New Age.

How Far Have We Come?

How far have actual events moved us Americans toward this mixing together with the democracies of the British Commonwealth?

Events have already brought us and the British to the point where the only real hope of either lies in the other. For the first time in history there is not a single great armed power on earth to which either can turn for help except the other. Never before have Americans and British depended so deeply on each other for their freedom and their future as they do to-day. This situation is so new that its uniqueness has not yet even dawned on many people.

The Versailles Treaty, the League of Nations, the naval limitation treaties, the Kellogg Pact, the Locarno Treaty, the Dawes and the Young Plan, the World Court, the World Bank, collective security, continental alliances, appeasement, isolationism, neutralism — all the hopes that we Americans and British placed in these have been stripped away.

Fifteen months ago Americans and British still hoped that Moscow, Berlin, Rome, Paris, would keep them from having to depend on each other. Then we were stripped of the Russian hope. Next the Berlin hope was torn away. Then in quick succession went the hopes of keeping Italy out and France in the war. Meanwhile the high hopes the British set on the small European democracies and Balkan states have vanished, or they have dwindled as have the hopes that Americans had of avoiding dependence on the British by depending on the Latin Americans instead. And meanwhile the dangers to all us 200,000,000 men and women who speak English have been growing everywhere on earth like poisonous mushrooms.

Now these dangers have culminated in the first alliance in history aimed directly at the U. S. A. — an alliance of the three greatest aggressors on earth, the governments of Germany, Italy, and Japan.

In less than six months events swung us from a point where we were quarreling over mail censorship at Bermuda to one where this island had become, by friendly agreement, a common outpost of the censors and the censored. While we Americans talked generalities at Havana, we put teeth in President Roosevelt's Kingston pledge by setting up at Ottawa a Defense Board with belligerent Canada, and called it a '*Permanent Defense Board*,' without even that adjective's rousing the wrath of the isolationists. This Board began at once what Europeans would consider the 'staff talks' of a military alliance — without any public mourning of the neutralism that had been forcing the British to tow across the Canadian line the war planes they bought from us.

Vast quantities of arms have found their way from the arsenals of the United States Army to the British firing line. The latest American war planes have been put at the disposal of the British. Events have even persuaded our government to reverse itself and find it legal to transfer fifty destroyers to belligerent Britain. And the idea of making this transfer has developed in a few weeks from a sale to an agreement whereby our 'neutral' country leased from belligerent Britain naval bases for 99 years, from Newfoundland to South America. If we take all that has happened in the past nine months as a measure of how much may happen in 99 years, we shall see that Anglo-American affairs are already mixed far more than those of any other Great Powers. The Axis has not gone in for 99-year agreements or 'permanent' boards. Even its alliance with Japan against us is for only ten years.

So much for the tangibles at this writing. Events have been no less active

among the intangibles. They are perhaps even more important in this matter of the mixing together of Anglo-American affairs. Gone is the blind optimism that kept us apart last fall and winter and spring (remember when Mr. Hoover found that the Allies couldn't lose and Messrs. Chamberlain and Churchill were crowing that Hitler had missed the bus in Norway?). Gone, too, is the blind pessimism that kept us apart in July (remember when Senator Pittman gave up the British for lost, and so many of our fellow citizens were wringing their hands and answering every proposal for aid to Britain with a wail about our being too unprepared to do anything?). Events have replaced these extremes with a truer estimate of the situation, its dangers and possibilities.

Nothing has done so much to bring Americans and British together as the dogged determination with which the British have stood up alone against the German onslaughts, and shown not only their intention but their ability to hold the fort. British fortitude has done more than anything else could have done to turn the tide against the anti-British propaganda in America which has been as potent a factor in this war as British propaganda was in World War I. The magnificent fortitude of the British has served both to take this brake off the movement toward Anglo-American union and to put more power in its motor.

What Lies Ahead?

Among all the uncertain future factors in the situation there are three major certainties that favor the further and more rapid mixing together of American and British affairs. One is that winter is coming. Another is that the American elections will be over before winter comes. The third is the signing of the Triangular Alliance to prevent, by intimidation, the mixing together of British and American affairs.

At this writing no one knows who will be elected President, nor what the com-

position of Congress will be. But, whatever the result, it cannot be so hampering to the deliberate and rapid mixing of Anglo-American affairs as has been the pre-election period of 1940. Whatever the result in party terms, the result in terms of history will be to clear the decks for quick, decisive action.

No one can foretell now how much winter will handicap German invasion of the British Isles and how much difficulty hunger will then bring the Axis on the Continent. It is equally guesswork how much these reverses will be offset by the fact that winter will favor the Axis in the South. It may well leave the Axis in control of the Mediterranean, and of Spain, Portugal, the western coast of Africa, and the Azores. This would be a very serious loss, but less important than conquest of the British Isles. Winter, by tending to divert Hitler temporarily from England and toward Lisbon, Dakar, and the Azores, works doubly to bring us and the British together. It gives us added stimulus to act, and time — a very limited time — in which to act.

We Americans are the ones who are holding back — but a surer spur to action could not have been applied to us than that used by the Axis when it allied with Japan to scare us away from the British. We are not the ones to bow to direct intimidation.

Given the slowness with which democracies move and their proneness to wishful thinking, it is realistic to expect the mixing of Anglo-American affairs to proceed gradually, at an accelerating speed. As I write, the next steps seem likely to be the opening to the American Navy of British bases in Pacific and Asiatic waters, and the development of American relations with Australia and New Zealand along the lines of the Canadian model. Other steps in the financial and economic fields are in the offing. Even so, the war will probably bring us by spring, in my judgment, to the point where this gradual evolu-

tionary process will have reached its limits, and the time for organic change will be at hand.

But I must concede that my judgment in this respect is influenced by my strong wish that we may have at least six months more before we have to face this basic issue decisively. The key to the immediate future lies in the British Isles. And before we trust too much in winter we need to remember that the last successful invasion of England began in mid-October (the Battle of Hastings was fought on October 14, 1066) and the Conqueror was crowned King of England by December.

Though we pray for the best, we should be ready for the worst. We should be prepared, therefore, to hear that the attempt to invade Britain has begun. The attempt may fail. If so, we must be prepared for another attempt to follow in better weather. The attempt may be only partly successful. The Germans may gain a foothold, for example, as the British did at Gallipoli, but be unable to drive their blow home quickly. And the attempt may rapidly succeed — or seem certain to succeed unless we come to the support of the British with our full power.

In any of these events we must be prepared to receive from the British at any time, once invasion is attempted, an appeal such as we received from the French in June. And we must face the fact that our answer to that appeal will have as decisive an influence on the course and results of the invasion as did President Roosevelt's reply to Premier Reynaud. Had we been ready then to answer by throwing our full war power behind the French and British, there is reason to doubt that the French would have made a separate armistice. Had we been ready to answer then only a little less weakly than we did, our answer might well have sufficed to keep the French fighting and led them to accept by, say, 13 to 10 the Churchill offer of Federal Union which the French Cabinet rejected by only 13 to 10.

A weak American answer to the British appeal, at the critical moment that produces it, is bound to help the Nazis either to conquer the British Isles in short order or to gain and hold a bridgehead there. A strong answer can help frustrate the invasion.

There remains the grave danger that Japan and its Triangular Alliance will precipitate us into the war. It would seem reasonable for Japan to hold back, as Italy did with France, until Britain is in a desperate plight at home or in the Mediterranean. But the Japanese militarists are not noted for their reasonableness. And the Alliance may include a secret agreement to launch this year three simultaneous onslaughts — one against the British Isles, and the other two against the British positions in the Mediterranean and the Far East. The aim would be a knockout before we could act. In my soberest judgment, the Triangular Alliance has made it practically certain that we shall be in the war within six months, and all too possibly before 1941.

What Are the Issues Involved?

We can be sure that we Americans shall have to face an appeal from the British before the British Isles are lost. Whether it comes in the fall, winter, spring, or summer, the issues involved are the same. These issues are when, where, and how shall we unite with them, and for what purpose.

The first two issues, when and where, go together. For if we wait too long we lose the possibility of uniting with the United Kingdom and Eire, and can unite only with Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa. And if, in waiting too long, we lose not only the British Isles but most or nearly all the British fleet, then we may lose, for all practical purposes, the possibility of uniting with any of the British democracies except Canada.

Whether we unite with all six British democracies while their naval power is

strong and intact, or whether — at the other extreme — we unite with only Canada, we shall be uniting with the war. We can now keep out of this war only if Britain, all alone, can not only overcome both Hitler and Mussolini, but all the while stand off Japan enough to keep us out of war from that side. That hope would now seem to be a wishful rather than a reasonable one.

It will be more prudent for us to face, in all its consequences, the fact that the British may not be able even to hold out another year against so many foes, and that they may at any time broadcast to us an even more heart-rending appeal than the French did. We must answer then either by entering the war beside them or by refusing. Our refusal at that critical moment may well prove to be the last straw. The Churchill government or British morale or everything may collapse — as things human can and do collapse when foes and friends alike prove too hard-hearted. Such a collapse would probably be accompanied by these three things together: —

One, a British revulsion of feeling against us, fed by all the suppressed bitterness that preceded it and by misery's desire for company. Two, a threat by Adolf the Conqueror to wreak unspeakable vengeance on the helpless hostages in his power — particularly the wives and children of the common sailors of the British Navy — if the British Government refused to surrender to him the fleet he needs to control the world. Three, a feeling of deep gratitude by the British toward Canada and the other overseas dominions, and a desire in governing circles to escape to Canada with the fleet and continue the war from there.

Suppose the first two factors triumph before 1946, when our two-ocean navy will be ready. We must then quickly drop in Hitler's lap South Africa with all its gold mines — and choose between buying all that gold from Germany and rendering worthless all the gold we have hoarded in Kentucky. We must also

quickly drop to Japan not only the oil, tin, and rubber of the Dutch East Indies, but the Philippines, Alaska, and the white people of Australia and New Zealand. For we can protect them with our navy only by leaving our vital North Atlantic seaboard and the Canadian entry to the Great Lakes exposed to imminent invasion. The naval balance may well be turned so badly against us that we shall have to drop the southern part of Latin America, too, as being too close to Hitler's African bases and too far from us to defend.

The only certainty in this hypothesis is that we shall be driven into some combination with Canada and the states washed by the Caribbean. But with what feelings will the Canadians join us then? What will they think of our refusal to aid England, as they mourn all the Canadians who by that time will have died in vain? When will they forget the tales that will come from Australia? It will not be a pretty picture when the white race there comes under the army that has made so sinister a reputation in China.

Shall we combine with Canada then only to sue for peace? If we do, what kind of peace shall we — the first democracy to withdraw its ambassador from Berlin — then obtain from a conqueror who controls Europe, Africa, and the British and French fleets and shipyards? Will Hitler's low esteem of our military qualities (see Rauschnig's *Voice of Destruction*) be lessened by our attitude of helping the French and British 'short of war'? And what of Hitler's partner, Japan? Yet, if we do not sue for peace when we combine with Canada, we must then continue Canada's war with Hitler.

Suppose the third factor prevails and the Churchill government, instead of being overthrown as was the Reynaud cabinet, succeeds in escaping from the British Isles to continue the war from Canada with all the fleet that is left. That obviously brings the war to us, un-

less we repudiate our present pledge to Canada. But in these circumstances Canada and the British Government and fleet would have combined already. Such a combination could not agree to abandon to their fate all the millions left behind in the British Isles. We should, therefore, be bound all the more to continue the war till we drove the Germans from those Isles — and when we had done that we should simply have regained at great cost the position that is now ours for the taking. We should still face the present problem — how to drive the Germans from the Channel and overthrow Hitler. It is clear that by this third course we do not escape the need of fighting overseas. We merely meet that need at much higher cost.

Whether we begin fighting overseas or at home, whether we combine with all or only one of the British democracies, we must face the issue of how we are to organize the combination. Here we have only two choices, basically. We must combine either on some state-to-state basis or on some man-to-man basis.

In the former category we can choose some form of alliance, diplomatic understanding, league, confederation — some form of the system in which peoples deal with each other through their governments. This system allows each government an equal voice in determining common policy regardless of the number of citizens it represents. In it each government's execution of such common agreement depends on its sovereign good will or upon the others' coercing it by war, and each government retains its sovereign power to repudiate any common agreement, make a separate peace, or secede whenever it pleases.

In the man-to-man category we can choose either some form of Federal Union — that of the United States, or of Canada, Australia, the Union of South Africa, Switzerland — or some combination or variation of the different types. In such a system the peoples involved, where they deal with each other at all,

do so through representatives especially elected for this purpose. The number of their representatives in their common government is roughly in proportion to each state's population, adequate safeguards being provided to protect the people in the small states from domination by the larger ones. The state governments retain exclusive power in all affairs except those which the peoples have all expressly agreed to mix together under control of their union government, but they are excluded from any voice (as governments) in the union government. The agreements made by the union government are enforced against the citizens of the union as individuals. Each state government loses its sovereign right to repudiate such agreements, or to make a separate war or peace, or to secede.

The easiest way to understand the difference between these two basic systems is to imagine the relations between our forty-eight states or between the provinces of Canada as being governed not on the Federal Union basis, as they actually are, but on the basis now used to govern the relations between the United States and Canada. Or, conversely, imagine the relations between the United States and Canada as being governed on the same Federal Union basis as that in operation between New York and Massachusetts.

To choose the government-to-government system is to choose the British rather than the American system. True, Canada, Australia, and the Union of South Africa have adopted for their internal affairs the basic Federal Union system of which the American Constitution was the first example. But the British Commonwealth of Nations is not itself a Federal Union; it is, instead, the most advanced type of league. The government-to-government system may be described as British also in that it gives the six British democracies each an equal vote with us, or six votes for the British Commonwealth to one for the

United States, though the self-governing population of the whole British side of the English-speaking world is only 70,000,000, compared to 130,000,000 on the American side. This system also leans to the British side in allowing Britain, Canada, and the rest, to go to war regardless of us, though we are practically forced to come to their rescue if the war goes against them. Even then it leaves them the right to make a separate peace. Eire's neutrality suggests only some of the possibilities and dangers. It should be noted that our relations with the British democracies are now on this government-to-government, or British, basis.

If we are to mix our affairs with the British on an American basis we must organize them as a Federal Union. This is American not only in the sense that it is an American invention; organized on a population basis, it gives the American instead of the British people the greater voice in governing joint affairs.

It is on this American Federal basis that our 'Union Now' policy would organize the English-speaking democracies. This policy is the more American since it would follow closely the lessons of American history in making the organization. It would have the seven English-speaking democracies follow the example of the Thirteen States in beginning with a common Declaration — this time of their *Interdependence*. In it they would proclaim the same free principles that the original Declaration did in announcing the aims for which the colonists fought.

The Union Now policy, moreover, would have the democracies set up first a provisional government — an *Intercontinental Congress*, this time — and give it the same powers the Continental Congress had (either *de facto* or through the Articles of Confederation), notably the sole power to make war and peace for all of them together. It would have this Congress organized, however, not on the Confederation basis that proved its inadequacy in early American history, but on the Federal basis, especially as regards

apportioning representation according to population. It is suggested that in a Congress of 50 members 27 be elected by the United States, 11 by the United Kingdom, 3 each by Canada and Australia, 2 each by Eire, the Union of South Africa, and New Zealand. Not these numbers, but the ratio, matters.

While this provisional Congress, established on a treaty basis, would be carrying on the war, the Union Now policy would have it pledged to convoke, as soon as possible, a Federal Convention. Its task would be to draft a permanent Constitution for The Union on the broad lines of the American model, as suggested in the book, *Union Now*.

The basis on which the English-speaking democracies organize themselves, when they do, is bound to be affected by the purpose for which they take this step. If our aim is primarily to maintain the freedom and sovereignty of the component states, then we shall adopt the 'British' government-to-government system. This means that we Americans shall be fighting in a very real sense for the British Empire, since victory will maintain that empire as a quite separate sovereignty in which we have no voice.

If our aim is to maintain the freedom and sovereignty of the individual citizens rather than their states, we shall adopt the 'American' man-to-man system. But shall we adopt it simply in our own selfish interests? Shall we avoid British imperialism only to aim at American imperialism? (This may well be the result if we wait till we are reduced to the Western Hemisphere for a base.) Or shall we seek instead hegemony for the English-speaking world, and unite simply to replace Nazi imperialism, or Japanese, Russian, or Fascist imperialism, with English-speaking imperialism?

The policy of Union Now would have us avoid imperialism of every kind. It calls on the founders of The Union to establish it from the start as a nucleus United States of the World, to which outside and colonial peoples would be

admitted as states are admitted to the American Union. It would be deliberately designed to grow gradually and peacefully into a world government of, by, and for each individual of our species — into the Federal Union of Mankind.

The most difficult period for it is, of course, the one of getting started that we now face. The better to overcome these initial difficulties, it is proposed that in establishing the Provisional Union we make a specific pledge to admit to The Union as soon as they free themselves the eight Continental European democracies — France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland. The fact that the Union Now plan began by including all these, still has places reserved for them, and has not been changed in principle but merely reduced by the misfortunes of war to starting with a smaller and English-language nucleus, is, to my mind, one of its great assets. For this is conclusive proof and reassurance to all the outside world that Union Now does not aim at British, American, or English-speaking hegemony or imperialism, but at the mutual and general advantage of all mankind. And this is confirmed by the fact that our Union proposal now insists more than ever that we make a specific pledge also to admit to The Union even the peoples who are fighting the democracies, once they have satisfactorily restored their rights as men.

What Are the Mutual Advantages?

Only a few of the advantages of the Union Now method of mixing together the affairs of the American and British peoples can here be mentioned. One of the most immediate is that Union Now — and the sooner the better — provides the best guarantee of keeping Hitler out of all the remaining democracies. It provides the maximum power for halting Hitler at the Channel. If it is made too late to save the British Isles, Union Now gives the maximum guarantee that we and Canada and the rest of The Union

will retain control of the united British-American navy and continue to rule the seas, safe from invasion while we arm. Once The Union is set up, no British government could surrender the fleet any more than the government of New York can surrender the armed forces of the U. S. A.

A second great advantage is that Union Now not only solves the problem of halting Hitler, but at the same time solves the problem of overthrowing him. Other proposals do not even attempt to tackle this problem. They promise nothing more than balking Hitler momentarily, at the Channel, Bermuda, Canada, Boston. To do this they not only regiment us on the ramparts, they leave us regimented there. And for how long? Interminably.

Who has yet heard the advocates of isolationist defense, hemisphere defense, two-ocean navies, peacetime conscription of men and industry, aid-to-Britain-short-of-war, explain how and when they propose to free us from all this burden and danger? Even should all this repel one invasion, it leaves us still on guard against dictatorship attempting another invasion. That danger must remain so long as we fail to uproot dictatorship where it is. But how long can we allow ourselves to be regimented and taxed and centralized and deprived of this, that, and the other liberty at home without gradually giving way to dictatorship from within? Far from protecting us from the home-grown dictator, these other policies expose us to him more every year that they succeed in keeping out the foreign dictator.

Union Now gives us the best means we can hope to get to overthrow dictatorship on the Continent. Since we can hardly hope to overcome Hitler by landing an expeditionary force on the Continent, we must find some way of inducing revolt against him and Mussolini. How can we hope to do that if we and the British simply ally together, fight for British, American, or English-speaking hegemony against German and

Italian hegemony? If we aim merely to smash Germany and Italy, shall we not make the Germans and Italians fight all the harder against us?

It is here that the Union Now policy of forming a nucleus United States of the World, providing for the eventual admission on an equal basis of all outsiders, and specifically pledging admission to certain key states, becomes a powerful lever for overthrowing dictatorship from within before it overthrows us from within. With all the force of dramatic surprise, Union Now — and, again, the sooner the better — makes for active revolt and passive sabotage among all the oppressed of Europe, by its living pledge of Federal Union's better, richer, freer world for everyone. If Union Now will not raise in Europe itself the forces needed to overthrow dictatorship there, nothing short of Union will.

A third and tremendous advantage of Union Now is that it removes the evils of world anarchy that produced dictatorship and war. Other policies either do not even dream of removing these evils or vaguely promise to do it by some method that has already failed. Their champions ask of us, as they asked of the British before, the heaviest sacrifices ever asked of either — peacetime conscription. They are headed toward asking us, as they have already asked the British, to go to war without requiring the government to have any plan for peace or world government, or make us or anyone any promises in these regards. They lead us toward victory by the hardest possible way, and if by the grace of God we do win, then they reward us with another Versailles, another League, another depression, arms race, dictator, catastrophe.

Union Now guards us and our friends and foes against repeating the mistakes of the last war. Instead of going to war again without getting or giving any commitments, we would, by Union Now,

not go to war until we first got The Union established provisionally, and then we would fight only to defend it. We should know from the outset where we stood with the British and they would know where we stood with them. There would be that much less danger at the peace conference.

Moreover, the French and Germans and everyone else would know from the start where they stood, and they would have the best possible guarantee that we should not again refuse to enter — as we did with the League — the world organization we ourselves championed. For we Americans would have entered The Union before we entered the war, and should need only to extend it to the others at the end of the war, as we had bound ourselves to do at the start.

No blunder would seem more stupid than to go to war on an alliance basis with the British and fight to make a Union at the end, when we can get the British to agree to form The Union before we begin.

Union Now brings us first of all victory over ourselves. For Union Now to be established at all, we must conquer the pettiness, meanness, hatred, shortsighted selfishness, and injustice in ourselves, before we begin to conquer anything in our friends or foes. But once we conquer ourselves, victory over the others is certain.

By Union Now we begin at the height Lincoln showed that men could reach even in the midst of war. We begin 'with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.'

We, too, can achieve that spirit, that nobility of soul. With it we can achieve what men before us have always dreamed and failed to achieve. We can have the joy of founding that 'Great Republic' Lincoln sought 'for Man's vast future.'

I VOTE FOR WILLKIE

BY JOHN HANES

THE platform on which Mr. Roosevelt was nominated in 1932 consisted in the main of what had long been the party traditions of the true Democratic attitude.

The candidate was brilliant, convincing, devoted to American institutions, confident of the ability of the people to surmount the disasters of 1929-1931, a believer in the nation's long and expanding future.

After he was elected he immediately gained the wholehearted support of the nation by his dynamic approach to the problems then confronting us. Many were ready to acknowledge their mistake in not supporting him.

In 1936 I opposed the President's reelection.

I thought Mr. Roosevelt had departed from the platform on which he had been nominated, and had turned from Democracy towards State Socialism.

He seemed to have entered upon a period of extreme nationalism at a time when I thought we must coöperate economically with the democracies of Europe to save them from new, oppressive forms. Examples were provided by his destruction of the London Economic Conference of 1933, with its repudiation of Secretary Hull's policies. I was opposed also to the social-economic prescriptions of NIRA; the policies which tended to array class against class in the United States; the attacks on business and the profit system; what seemed unsound fiscal and budget policies; and admission to the government service of

inexperienced people and of some who were vengeful and of low public standards.

My apprehension about the trend of Mr. Roosevelt's government policy was increased, after his reelection, by the scheme to pack the Supreme Court on the ground of enlarging it to increase its productive capacity; and by the approved first draft of the Reorganization Bill which would have put every independent commission and agency under the power of the executive.

But after certain Congressional chastenings of this Second New Deal had been administered, I accepted the view of friends of the President that he had seen a new light. They said he had merely been attempting to pay political debts and, this done, now intended to devote himself to recovery. He would, they said, encourage business, discourage class consciousness, and prepare the country to pass prosperously into the hands of a successor as President in 1941.

'We want you to come to Washington and help do this,' they said. 'Instead of grouching about what's wrong, assist the President in putting things right. It is your duty.'

Accordingly I went to Washington as a member of the Securities and Exchange Commission. From this, after several months, the President transferred me to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, then Under Secretary. In the latter capacity I served until January 1940.

With what ability I possess, and certainly with earnestness and devotion, I applied myself to my assigned tasks in the spirit defined by those friends of Mr. Roosevelt who had approached me. I attempted to set up a good-will liaison between business and government, drafting some of the ablest citizens in the country from industry and finance for that purpose. I sought a realistic approach to the question of taxation, fiscal policy, and the budget. I put recovery first — I had been told this was the new watchword — and everything else afterward.

On every front I failed to accomplish the major things which I had been informed the administration sought to achieve. The insurmountable obstacles were all erected by the administration itself. They were the work of some in the public service whom I have called inexperienced, vengeful, and possessed of low public standards. They were also the work of New Dealers of high public standards who do not believe in the American system.

These men within the administration refused to coöperate with business, and continued to harass it. They said that business was all for privilege and nothing for progress. They wished taxation to be punitive, to be an instrument to stifle free enterprise and individual talent and to force a dead level of profit. They put their ideas of social change before recovery at all points.

And finally I was persuaded that they intended to perpetuate themselves in power through contriving a third term for Mr. Roosevelt. Tax the few, spend for the many, and win elections through that process, was clearly to be their continued political course.

When these experiences multiplied, and this persuasion became a certainty, I resigned as Under Secretary of the Treasury and looked about for some means to restore a progressive, constructive government in Washington. The answer came unexpectedly and incredi-

bly at Philadelphia when the *people* nominated Mr. Willkie.

He was a supporter of the Democratic platform of 1932, and even through 1936 an affiliated Democrat. He was a business man of the patriotic, able type I had been encouraged to bring together in co-operation with the government. In addition to these things, I found on acquaintance that he was able, sound, neither erratic nor impulsive, and — above all — a staunch believer in the nation's long and expanding future and in the genius of the American people. He does not think we are through expanding, or that in any crisis we can produce only one man to deal with it. He knows the nation's problems and those of the world through experience, reading, and observation, and he has calm remedies and solutions.

So I shall support Mr. Willkie for President, believing that he will bring to government what Mr. Roosevelt could have brought to it in 1932, and what I again hoped he would bring to it in 1937 and 1938.

Specifically I oppose: —

The executive incompetence of the New Deal.

The static economic philosophy of the New Deal.

The political uses of the social philosophy of the New Deal.

The cynical and corrupt alliance of the administration with the worst political bosses and city-hall and courthouse gangs in the United States.

The fake 'draft' at Chicago by means of which many able Democrats were denied an opportunity to present their claims to be President.

The fake 'acclamation' of a convention bought by patronage.

The collectivism which has crept further and further into government.

The 'smearing' tactics against honest critics which, under a cloak of piety and fact-finding, are familiar tactics in Washington.

The lack of candor of government

with the people on matters which affect their property and, more recently, their lives.

A confused and highly political foreign policy tinged with drama for the headlines, and often based on bluff, which has left us almost isolated in a world of enemies. We waited to help the Allies until France had collapsed and Great Britain was in a last ditch. Meanwhile we spoke harshly to the world and carried a very small stick which we did not begin to replace with a large one until our situation had grown perilous.

A third term, which would forever threaten that rotation in office which Jefferson called the chief safeguard of democracy in this country, on the very pretext of indispensability which Jefferson foresaw as the pretext that would be used.

A third term, which would embed in power a governing group that, judging from first-hand experience, I believe plans a social and economic system foreign to our own.

These are some of the reasons why I shall vote for Mr. Willkie.

I VOTE FOR ROOSEVELT

BY JAMES M. LANDIS

IT is revealing to dissect one's political conclusions and try to see what really underlies them. To do so, however, it is necessary to write of oneself and eschew those generalities in which political campaigns abound. Otherwise a species of self-delusion takes place. For in the glare of the political klieg lights we tend to loom large, and to think that we are much wiser than we really are. We know how well or how ill the National Labor Relations Act has been administered, just how much WPA has softened American manhood, and we can calculate the extensive capital outlays and the increased employment that we should have had, had it not been for the SEC or the TVA. It is only when these lights have faded and we are quietly alone that we know how little we really know of all these things. But that little knowledge is all that stays with us in the isolation of the polling booth, there to govern the simple way in which we pledge our faiths.

My reasons for voting for Roosevelt for the third time cannot be complex. I cannot disentangle all the charges and counter-charges that to date have been made, far less read more than hastily the major speeches that have been delivered. But I have heard enough and read enough to know what to me are the things that matter. I would divide them under three heads — the field of foreign policy, matters pertinent to defense, and the domestic scene.

My belief that foreign policy would be an issue of the 1940 campaign was formed shortly after Munich. Of course, I knew that Europe mattered before that. But Manchuria, Ethiopia, Austria, even loyalist Spain — the electrolysis of those events failed to leave any appreciable deposit upon my or the nation's cathodes. If I am honest with myself, I must admit to annoyance over the President's quarantine speech in Chicago, his suggestion that the forces gathering abroad were brutal and anti-

rational and that we held a responsibility to check them 'short of war.' But that was before Munich, before the morning when there were tears in my eyes as I read the President's personal appeal to Hitler for justice and for peace. And when Munich ended as it did, I think I knew then that we as a nation had to have a foreign policy.

Here I found the President far ahead of me — ahead, too, of his advisers and his Congress. And since then it is he who has led and we who have followed. I like the things that he has done, the building up of a spirit of hemispherical unity, the way in which he has told us plainly of the nature of the moves that Hitler has made, the encouragement by words and now by deeds that he has given men who are fighting for the right to live as we do. I have watched him do this almost alone, with hardly an important voice in the Congress to back him up, and I admire him for it.

But what of Mr. Willkie? The voice is certainly that of Jacob, even though here and there it quavers just a little. As an American, I am still proud of the President's message to Queen Wilhelmina, his encouragement of the wavering French, his bold characterization of Mussolini for what he is. Yet Mr. Willkie seems to tell me we should have spoken softly in these matters or not at all. I am afraid that if we must stifle our feelings because we have no guns, we have only those feelings we can stifle because we have no guns.

But I fear Mr. Willkie less in these matters than his party. That party, of course, contains many men who think as he does, and maybe enough to let him do what he will wish to do. But I must remember that a Congress of his party would make Hiram Johnson the ranking member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs and would bring to the head of the corresponding House Committee Hamilton Fish. In the Senate its leaders would be Taft, Vandenberg, and McNary. I should not like our foreign

policy to be shaped by these men. Perhaps President Willkie could prevent that, but Candidate Willkie, the leader of his party, tried hard but succeeded poorly in affecting the views of men such as these on the Selective Service Act. That act was easy to pass, but there are others that may be more difficult.

In matters of defense I know that we are woefully laggard. We have too few planes and tanks and battleships, too many only 'on order.' I did not care for that phrase then; I do not care for it now. But if these things are only 'on order,' is this the President's fault? I think we must be honest and admit, rather, that the fault is ours. The task is thus one not of apportioning blame for the past but of looking to the future. If enough of these weapons are now being made as fast as we can make them, I can have no quarrel. To test that 'if,' I think it better to turn to the men who know rather than to try to play with statistics. Mr. Knudsen, of whom no one yet has spoken with disrespect, has said things in this connection that seem to me important. The first is that the tuning-up process is going as fast as he can make it go. The second is that industry is co-operating fully in that program. The third is that the President has backed him and his fellow Commissioners at every turn.

I cannot ask more than that. If Mr. Knudsen is right — and I think he is the kind of man who says what he thinks — I am satisfied not to try to change things at the top. Mr. Knudsen will change them at the bottom.

But for defense one needs, besides guns, a general spirit of trust in the man at the top. I am sorry that Mr. Roosevelt has made so many men in Wall and LaSalle and State Streets hate him. But if war comes, these are not the men who will fight that war. The men who will fight that war will be the few young men who graduated from college between 1926 and 1940 and the many young men who never had that chance. These are

the men that found the jobless world of the thirties their reward for growing up. These men do not hate Roosevelt; rather they know he fought for them all that time. If they held a hate of Willkie in the way in which the bankers hold a hate of Roosevelt, arms would be useless and the defense of America would be over before it was begun. The unity of these men is what counts, in the factory, on the farm, and in the field. I know that Mr. Roosevelt understands them and that they will follow him; I can only hope that the same is true of Mr. Willkie. I know that Mr. Roosevelt could tell them, if that time should come, that they now must work long hours and they would believe him; I can only hope that they would believe Mr. Willkie. And just now I do not want to gamble on mere hopes.

It is hard to find specific issues in the domestic scene. I happen generally to be in favor of the New Deal program — its protection of collective bargaining, its emphasis on relief to the unemployed, social security, and wage-hour legislation, its encouragement of agriculture, its regulation of stock exchanges, public utility holding companies, and investment trusts. If I did not favor that program, I should not know where to turn, for Mr. Willkie has endorsed it. Yet the men I know who do not like that program are going to vote for Mr. Willkie. And why, I ask? Is it because somehow the administration of these measures may have a different emphasis than it does now, making, for example, of the National Labor Relations Board and the Securities Exchange Commission the kind of ineffective agency that the Federal Trade Commission became under Harding and Coolidge? Or is it that they really do not believe Mr. Willkie when he says that he endorses that program? I think that these men have hopes that both these things are true, and I must confess that I have my suspicions. It is hard for me to believe that Mr. Willkie is really for federal regulation of the public utility holding companies when he led

the fight against the act that brought about that result. It did not seem to me that it was merely details that he objected to when he refused again and again at my pleading to withdraw the suit that his company, the Commonwealth and Southern, had brought to challenge the constitutionality, not of a provision of that act, but of the right of the Federal Government to deal at all with these power companies. It took the Supreme Court to convince him that he now can dare to be right.

I had something to do with other bits of that program. Of course, we were wrong at times, but, according to Mr. Willkie now, generally right. But he never said so then. He was on the other side when it took some courage and some faith to buck the Street. Had he been on Pennsylvania Avenue in those days, there would hardly have been a Bonneville, a TVA, and, perhaps, not even a National Labor Relations Board. That seems quite clear to me, and I think it is also very clear to those who then opposed and still oppose these things and now find it wise to vote for Mr. Willkie.

We talk much of administration these days, and I do not wish to decry its importance. But I wonder if Lincoln was a good administrator in the sense in which that term is now being used. I do not believe that Jackson was, and yet I think of him as a great President. Behind true administration lie ideas and a spirit. Behind Stanton was Lincoln; behind Stimson is Roosevelt — but, with due respect to Mr. Stimson, Mr. Roosevelt is the more important man.

Nor does the third term frighten me, for I know it comes only as a result of my vote. I know, of course, that Jefferson said some harsh things about it, but I have read much in Jefferson and found him saying things mostly good, sometimes not so good, and sometimes bad. That other men, even political parties, have echoed them fails to make them true. For my part, I distrust generalizations; I would rather pin my faith on men.

KABLOONA

(*The White Man*)

BY GONTRAN DE PONCINS

THE story of my journey into the North and out again is a long one. Between the time I left Ottawa on my way in, and the day I reached Vancouver at the end of the voyage out, fifteen months elapsed. There were weeks, sometimes many of them, of enforced idleness and hebetude about which no one would wish to hear. For, as I traveled with nothing of my own, I was constantly dependent upon the journeyings of others to furnish my chance means of transport. A Royal Canadian Police boat, a Hudson's Bay Company supply vessel, might or might not be present at a given moment to give me a lift in a given direction; and if it was not, I was forced to wait until it turned up. If, at a Hudson's Bay post, an Eskimo arrived who was about to join others at a seal camp thirty or sixty miles away, I seized the occasion, and, for the value in trade of a few fox skins, was able to share the life of the camp. And once there, it was again a matter of chance whether or not I should find another native to take me either back to my base or to another point I wished to reach. All this, I hope, will be clear enough in the pages that follow.

'To think,' a man will say to himself as he lies on a subtropical beach in February, 'to think that three days ago I was fighting my way against a snow-storm at home!' My own reflections were often of this simple-minded order, but with a higher degree of intensity. I, a child of civilization, had wandered in the course of a few weeks into the

Stone Age. This was I who squatted beside a stone vessel in which seal oil burned and gave off its warmth and light. I who had so lately been surrounded by Paris, by all that Paris means, sat here clad in the skins and furs of animals in a shelter built of snow, in a land and a season where a temperature of forty degrees below zero was the normal thing — and I was relaxed, content, happy.

Let me excuse this intrusion of the first person singular by a word of explanation. My concern is with the Eskimo, with his life and traits, his broodings and ruminations, his invincible serenity in the face of the hardest physical existence lived by man anywhere upon earth. It was because of the simplicity and directness of his existence that I went into the Arctic to live with him; and living with him was not easy. Hardest of all was not the severity of the climate, not the intensity of the cold, not the physical anguish which, often, I endured as every man from Outside must endure it. The cold was a problem; but a very much more difficult problem was the Eskimo mentality. There was no getting on with the Eskimo except on his own terms; and as I was not a tourist concerned with externals, but a man concerned to find himself with the aid of the Eskimo, I had to get on with him. I sought to *live* the Eskimo life, not to measure it with instruments of precision.

A good part of my story, therefore, becomes of itself the story of the en-

counter of two mentalities, and of the gradual substitution of the Eskimo mentality for the European mentality within myself. Of course this substitution never became entire for long at a time. Again and again the European in me would protest, would rage, and, particularly when the physical strain seemed too great to be borne, would refuse abruptly to accept the need for the adoption of the Eskimo view of life — and would suffer certain consequences. But, within the limits of what was possible for me, I believe I succeeded.

I

In the spring of 1938 I stood one afternoon before the house of the Oblate Fathers in the rue de l'Assomption in Paris. It is the particular mission of the Oblate Fathers to evangelize the most distant and disinherited peoples of the earth. For generations Christian priests have gone out of this house to the confines of the world — to central Africa, to the Brazilian jungles, to the Arctic. Here in this house you would never have guessed it. Not a footfall sounded, not a map hung on a wall. Someone, a shadow, had opened a door and vanished, shutting the door behind me. I stood alone in an old-fashioned reception room, waiting in the company of three green chairs, and, on the wall, the enlarged photograph of a dead bishop.

A man came in, obviously a religious, and one look at his face and bearing told me that he was a chief. He signed to me to sit down, and we sat in two of the three straight-backed chairs. Without a preliminary word, I blurted out the purpose of my visit, which was to go to live with the Eskimos. Not those of Greenland, who, I gathered, were domesticated under governmental tutelage; nor those of Alaska, who carved souvenirs for tourists; but the Canadian Eskimos, those of the Central Arctic who, because they inhabited regions so remote and difficult to reach, still lived their primi-

tive life of thousands of years ago, knowing of the white men only an occasional solitary missionary. I knew that their islands in the Glacial Ocean formed part of the immense diocese of that Oblate father who was celebrated in Canada as 'the Bishop of the Wind'; that the bishop toured his diocese in his own airplane; and what I wanted was to be flown in by the bishop. Could the Oblate Fathers help me to realize my wish?

The man had not stirred. 'You have only to write to the bishop,' he said in a curiously depersonalized voice; 'he will reply.' As if the Arctic lay round the corner!

It was in April that I wrote, addressing my letter to the bishop's episcopal seat at Fort Smith, on the sixtieth parallel. At the end of May came the bishop's reply. His Grace would be pleased to fly me in, provided there was space; 'for,' he wrote, 'the plane is small and there will be another passenger. Meet me at McMurray, in northern Alberta, at the beginning of July.' And he added a charming postscript: 'You may wish to bring along a camera: there are things here worth photographing.'

This precious letter, and equally essential documents from the Paris Geographic Society and the Director of the Trocadéro Museum attesting to the Canadian authorities my status of ethnographer, were virtually all my baggage. I had not much more money than baggage, for it was no great American foundation that had subsidized me. I had no equipment, for I was not an expedition. No agents were buying dogs for me; none were preparing caches of food and feed, hiring interpreters, engaging native women to sew the skins and furs I should be wearing, fitting out a boat to meet me in season at this point or that in the Glacial Ocean. I had not even made plans, for I had long ago discovered — in India, in China, in the South Seas — that Life abhors our plans and knows better ones than we can imagine.

I left Paris on June 11, 1938. It was on July 9 that I took off from Fort McMurray with Bishop Breynat, his chaplain, and Bisson, his pilot. My seat in the bishop's plane was a sort of platform jutting inward from the instrument board, and here I crouched as we galloped over the surface of Lake La Biche, all four of us tense and leaning forward, like jockeys urging on a horse. As the plane rose finally above the treetops, Bisson made a sign with his hand; we fell back, and I, looking behind, saw the chaplain purple with tenseness and the bishop quietly absorbed in his breviary.

Below us spread a wide land of forest sown with thousands and thousands of shining pools, an unfinished world from which the waters had still to recede, and where you would have said that no man lived. But the airplane is radioactive and itself a creator of life. We did not drop down from time to time because life suddenly appeared below us, for wherever we looked no life was to be seen. Yet, wherever we stopped, life sprang up as if spontaneously generated by our coming; and it died again when we rose as if we were carrying off the seed.

In this wise I saw Goldfields born and die again; then, after Goldfields, Fort Smith and the Mackenzie River, the Mississippi of the Northwest Territories, its muddy waters a mile wide, the great highway up and down which pass the barges of the Hudson's Bay Company, carrying in supplies and bringing out furs. We had flown fifteen hundred miles when I saw one night, shining in the Arctic sun, a pool bigger than any I had seen before. This was the sea, the Glacial Ocean. Again the pilot dived, again a little cluster of huts sprang up; and exactly at midnight, on July 14, I was set down in Coppermine. Father Delalande took us to his mission house, and without a word the old bishop climbed the wooden ladder into the attic and went to bed. Next day he was off. He had done what he could for me in

dropping me here at the last outpost of civilization.

At Coppermine, the white man's world ended. Here money, though only a little, could still be spent. Here the most northerly radio station stood, a government station that broadcast on Sunday afternoons in happy-go-lucky fashion, hoping but not certain that its messages would reach those scattered missionaries, policemen, and Hudson's Bay post managers for whom they were intended. Here a dentist turned up once a year, with an Eskimo boy carrying his pedal drill. Here there was not even an inn, and I was housed by the grace of the Roman Catholic missionary.

Yet Coppermine, which I had reached after seven thousand miles of travel, was not to be my base. It was still too remote from the regions inhabited by the Eskimos I had come to live among. My ultimate base, the Hudson's Bay post at Gjoa Haven, on the island called King William Land, lay seven hundred miles north and east from here; and to reach it I had still to travel — such were the fortunes of wandering in the Arctic — some two thousand miles.

II

A world lay ahead of me, but when and how I was to enter that world I did not know. As far as Coppermine, man is master in the North. Whether on skis or on floats, he can come thus far by plane. Beyond, it is Nature that is the stronger. You may go north from here only in certain seasons, and, of them all, summer is the worst.

It was almost exactly two weeks before I was able to get away. Meanwhile I lived at the mission with Father Delalande, a priest whose religious spirit was as profound as his Parisian gayety was infectious; and I helped with the house-keeping. One day I came in and found him on all fours, scrubbing the floor and chanting the 'Ave Maria Stella.' He began to soliloquize.

'What a trade ours is!' he said as he scrubbed vigorously. 'We go from our breviary to dog disease and back again, from prayers to the Primus stove, from Christian charity to a sound thwacking of the huskies because they are fighting and their howling annoys us. "Thou shalt not kill," we repeat; and we take our 30-30 and bring down as many caribou as we can, because even a priest must eat, and so must his dogs. I tell you, it's enough to make a man die laughing.' And into my boots he flung half the contents of his water bucket.

I was cook, among other things, and every day, when time came to eat, my Parisian missionary would say to me solemnly:—

'Monsieur de Poncins, what are you preparing for us today? Did you say roast turkey? Or was that lobster Thermidor I heard you rolling over your tongue?' With that we would finish off the remains of a tin of chipped beef. We were able to make some toast one day: it brought France to mind, and I asked Father Delalande if he ever thought of going home. He was in high spirits, playing old French airs on his harmonium, but at the question he stopped, shook his head soberly, and said:—

'No, I think probably it wouldn't suit me. I might as well end here. The snow, the dogs, everything . . . there's nothing like it.'

A frequent visitor to the mission was a police sergeant called Frenchy Chartrand. He and Father Delalande were the best-liked men on Coronation Gulf. Only the Arctic existed for them; and everything that lay below the Mackenzie River was to them the remote, the virtually nonexistent 'Outside.' Their concerns, even their words, were quasi-Eskimo. The subject of their discourse was Eskimo—the freeze, the breakup, the sled, dog disease, the price of furs. A sick leader of a dog team was infinitely more significant than the peace of Europe; for in the North a leader is everything. Father Delalande himself

had been here six years, he told me, before getting a good leader, and now he talked about the dog constantly and never made a plan to visit the outlying natives without bringing the prowess of his leader into the conversation.

He was, in this respect, no different from the others. Often, as we chatted together, his eyes would stray to the window, and in the middle of a sentence he would go out of doors to see if that was really a seal he had caught sight of on the water. Seal meant food, and food was more important than conversation. When Father Delalande soliloquized to himself in the next room, the subject of his soliloquy was always dog or fish; and when he spoke of fish it was always about the quantity he would have to send up in advance and cache at different points on his winter route. Eat and keep warm were the two rules by which men lived in the North.

I still lacked the proper clothing for Arctic life, and Father Delalande advised me to buy my skins here in Coppermine, for caribou had been rare on King William Land and I might find that I had no wardrobe when I reached Gjoa Haven. He sent for Krilamik, the best seamstress in the village, and told her what was wanted.

Limping, grinning, smoking cigarette upon cigarette, the old Eskimo woman walked with me to the store. There are few sights more engaging than a craftsman practising his craft, displaying his professional resource upon wood, or marble—or hides. Krilamik bowed over the piles of hides inspired confidence. Half the skins were rejected at a glance, not even touched. Here was one her eye judged possible, but when she had rubbed it between her fingers, hefted it in one hand, turned it over to peer at the nether side, it was discarded. One by one, she went over the whole stock, and after two hours a good-sized pile had been set aside. Out of this pile a second selection was made; and finally she straightened up, waved a careless

hand to indicate that she had made her choice, and we counted the lot. There were seventeen full hides, three white bellies, and thirty legs, all of caribou. In addition, one big sealskin for boot bottoms, a moose skin, and, for trimming, a wolverene skin. My sleeping bag and other odd pieces would be made for me at Gjoa Haven.

We bought also a packet of caribou sinew that looked to me like a dead flounder and was a common article of stock in the Hudson's Bay posts. From my flounder, Krilamik would draw out the nerves, one by one, and, twisting them with her teeth, would make the strongest possible kind of thread.

All this was carried off to her tent; and without a word to me about measurement she proceeded with her sewing. Not to have been measured for my clothes worried me, and I spoke of it to Father Delalande. He laughed and said I need not fret. 'She's had a good look at you. Eskimo seamstresses never go wrong. As tailors, they beat even the Chinese.'

I had been twelve days at Coppermine when it became clear that I could reach King William Land only by shipping with Art Watson in the *Audrey B.* I should sail seven hundred miles west to Tuktoyaktuk, the same distance back to within sight of Coppermine, and then proceed, doing a total of nineteen hundred miles to reach a point five hundred miles distant!

The explanation was as simple as the journey was complicated. I have already said that the Mackenzie River is the single highway down which supplies in bulk can be brought to the Arctic. Those supplies are landed at Tuk. There a part is transhipped on board the *Audrey B.*, and by the *Audrey B.* distributed to certain posts on the Glacial Ocean.

On August 28 we dropped anchor before the Hudson's Bay post at Perry River, and on the twenty-ninth the *Audrey B.* was off again. One month had

brought change in the Arctic summer. Sleet and snow were falling; there was not a moment to lose if the vessel was to be back at Coppermine before the freeze came. The chill of a wind that whipped us, the swell at sea, spoke of an early winter; and, all of us working in a sort of frenzy, we tumbled the cases overboard and heaped them up on shore, our hands freezing while the August storm blew. Next morning the whistle of the *Audrey B.* cut the air, and I ran to the point of the island and watched her glide heavily and noiselessly along the horizon. As she moved out of sight, I thought of the mate's casually dropped farewell ('So long: I feel sorry for you already'), and I thought also of the bishop's warning at Tuk: 'Your lungs will freeze. You will be locked up in an icy prison, unable to get out.' The *Audrey B.* was mere smoke on the horizon when I walked back to the Hudson's Bay post, aware that my last tie with the Outside had been snapped.

Yet even Perry was not the end of the trail. I spent a week there as the guest of Angus Gavin, the able and philosophic Post Manager, before a half-civilized Eskimo named Angulalik took me in his motorboat over the two hundred and fifty miles that still separated me from King William Land. On September 9, finally, at five in the afternoon, we rode into the tranquil and majestic bay of Gjoa Haven, the first true harbor I had seen in the Arctic.

The bay was the shape of a long bean, surrounded on three sides by low ridges cut with deep gullies. Spread wide in every direction lay a colorless plain, static, stony, void of life, empty of every promise except the promise of solitude. On shore, as we moved slowly in, two white men stood. They did not wave, they did not call out: they stood waiting. One of these men, I knew, would be going out next day with Angulalik. But the other! What sort of man was he? In that brown shack that rose among its outbuildings on the ridge, he

and I were to spend days and weeks together, cut off from all the world.

I stepped out of the boat and shook hands for the first time with Paddy (born William) Gibson. One look at his face told me there was nothing to fear. We should get on.

III

The morning after my arrival I stood at a window and stared at a bird as it tacked and wheeled in the storm over the wide and empty tundra. It was a hawk; its game was the snowbird; and because the snowbirds were still here the hawk was here. Everything in this place was a link in the chain of death. Man was here because the white fox was here. The white fox was here because it hunted the lemming. And the lemming, that diminutive Arctic rat, was here because of a still smaller prey. Inland it was the same: the wolves followed in the track of the caribou; behind came the fox to eat what the wolf left, and then the wolverene who cleaned up what the fox disdained. Along the ice floes the polar bear hunted the seal, and the knowing fox followed the bear because the bear — that ice-inhabiting gourmet — ate only the blubber and left the rest. And behind the fox came man, setting his traps.

Once again my world had shrunk. From the wide Arctic it had narrowed to the dimensions of this little bay, Gjoa Haven, where in this season three quarters of a mile was as far as the eye could see. (It was to shrink, later, down to the circumference of the Post itself, and even to the tiny circle round the stove.) A little like a detention camp, I thought; and wherever I set my eyes the limits were visible, as if the whole thing were a *décor* planted there to serve for a film and then be taken apart. It was grim, barren, inexorable, and virtually lifeless. There was an owl, a single white owl that hunted the lemming and spoke of death and desolation. It flitted from beacon to beacon, — a beacon here is not a

light, but a landmark, a pole held in place by heavy stones at its base, — and this winged menace, companion to the Post as long as the autumn lasted, was so ominous a sight that somehow no one dared to shoot it.

We had a receiving set at the Post, but no sending apparatus; and it was not until the next day that I was struck by the fact. If I went mad, to whom could Paddy appeal? If Paddy's appendix went bad, over what wire or by what wireless could I cry out to the nearest surgeon at Aklavik, fourteen hundred miles away, 'Tell me: how do you open an abdomen with a kitchen knife?' We had surrendered the right of man to have recourse to his kind. We had not the right to fall ill, to become restless, to ask to be diverted.

Then there was the matter of incoming mail. Paddy had buried himself in it for two days. Letters and papers were strewn on the floor. Sitting in an arm-chair, dressed in sealskin boots and an old sweater, Paddy bent down and rummaged in the pile. He would open an envelope, begin a letter, read a page or two, toss it aside, open the next envelope. There is an eagerness for contact which has nothing to do with eagerness for information. Whom is this from? What is he saying that I care to hear? . . . The magazines are piled to one side. They will be read in the course of the winter.

I had no letters, but sat looking at Gibson. Suddenly he picked up an envelope and gasped; and this letter he read carefully through to the end. It was from his father. But his father — he had had the news by radio — had died in Ireland six months before. He sat motionless, and I looked away. Here, I thought, is a corner of the world where the dead still write letters; a place where no man knows what has happened to his country, his village, his father. At Gjoa Haven we are the tail of the lizard, cut off from the body and continuing to wriggle.

All such thoughts — the roving hawk, the grisly owl, the sense of isolation — were, I know now, the frettings of a man from Outside; no man of the Arctic let them upset him. But I had not yet reached this point.

Winter had not yet come with its feeling of permanence and of something settled. We were in the fall of the year, the dread season of squall and high wind, of cold without snow, and of shivering discomfort (the only season in which men shiver in the North), when the motionless Eskimo crouches in his flapping tent and prays for the coming of winter as we outside long for the signs of spring.

Somewhere inland the Eskimo has cached his riches — that is, buried in the earth under heaps of stones his sled, his harpoons, his harness, and all the paraphernalia of the rich and severely magnificent winter months. As a great lady of the world, once the season is over, sends her jewels to her banker for safe custody, so the Eskimo confides his treasures to the earth until the revolution of the seasons calls for disinterment in October. Until that time the Eskimo is a miserable creature, a wretched gypsy clad in rags and waiting for purification by snow. And when the snow comes, the shabby tent is abandoned, the white igloo is built, the skins and furs are sewn into handsome clothes, and a metamorphosis takes place: the seedy gypsy becomes a hunter, the beggar round the Post is now an *Inuk* — ‘a Man, pre-eminently,’ as these Eskimos call themselves.

For the time being, however, the Eskimo is unimpressive, and King William Land is flat, desolate, and storm-swept. Sown with millions of skull-shaped stones, this barren ground is as sinister as an antique battlefield, a dead earth almost colorless in its brown monotony.

Was it for this that I had come ten thousand miles by ship, by rail, by plane, by river boat?

IV

And who were these Eskimos I had come so far to see?

Gibson, who was all kindness, had let me know that there was a fish camp thirty miles away where I might make my first acquaintance with the Eskimo world. Utak had been engaged to guide me there and bring me back. Here was a young and, I thought, a friendly man. Though there was something sly and almost subtle in his glance, I felt I should get on with him and regretted that I knew so little of his language. To Gibson I said, ‘I like this fellow. He’ll do very well, I think.’

‘Mm, yes,’ Gibson said dubiously. ‘He knows a fair lot about white men. Been round quite a bit. Killed his step-father, you know. Spent three years in prison at Aklavik, over near Alaska. Learnt how to smoke tailor-mades, and two or three words of English. Not a dangerous chap, probably, but he’s rather well known for his fits of temper. I dare say you’ll get on with him all right. Anyway, there’s nobody else round to take you to the fish camp.’

Not very consoling. I took a sharper look at my man. Each time that I looked at him, he grinned. I did not need to be told that the Eskimo grin was a mental attitude, a convention, a sign of good breeding. There was nothing awkward about Utak. He felt perfectly at home with the white man. Rolling himself a cigarette, he sat squinting and smoking while Gibson and I talked.

I shall have more to say later about how the Eskimos make a start on the trail. What I was witnessing here was the packing of the dogs in preparation for an autumn journey. The process is almost^u comically laborious. First, you must catch your dogs. Eskimo dogs love to pull a sled, and with equal intensity they hate to carry a pack. When they smell the coming of a pack they are off in all directions. There was one now running over the plain, followed by

two women who were employing all the ruse and cunning of the red Indian to catch him. Another had slipped on his belly under the shack and was being dragged out by one paw while he howled like a man being murdered in a cellar. A third saw a native coming towards him with a carefully balanced pack ready for his back, and he rolled over barking and squealing while the man kicked him again and again until the dog surrendered, stood up, and let the pack be strapped on his back.

The poverty of the natives of King William Land is so wretched that the least bit of string, the least stick of wood, is a treasure in their existence. There was a time when they were rich, when they hunted the whale and killed hundreds of caribou every summer. All this is in the past. The land here has risen, the waters have become shallow, the whale comes no more, and the caribou trail is far away. These Netsilik are now the most abjectly poor people in the world. Yet they stay; they do not think of migrating to better hunting grounds. King William is their land, the land of their ancestors. As tramps and gypsies rummage through the dustbins on the outskirts of towns, so these sharp-eyed Eskimos find scraps of treasure in this barren landscape; and especially here round the Post this sort of hunting is good. Whenever they come here to trade their white foxes, they wander round and round, scrutinizing the ground, and their wives and children follow the shores of the bay ready to pick up any stray bit of timber, of wire, of rope. All this goes back to their camp, where of an old crate they will make a treasure chest, of a broken file the point of a harpoon.

It is the fruit of this patient rummaging that the dogs carry, along with hides and tent poles and harpoons — a broken kettle, three sticks of wood, torn bits of tar paper; and the dogs disappear under their loads, moving on unseen legs like ambulatory junkshops.

Finally this comical bustle was ended and we were ready to be off. I shouldered my pack. Utak, for the honor of the Eskimo, carried more than any of us: piled up on his small tent was mine, big enough to shelter four people. And perched atop of my tent sat his little son. We started, Utak trotting in the lead, his wife at his heels, — literally with her toes at the heels of his boots, — the child perched high, and I bringing up the rear.

Once over the low ridge that skirts the bay, we marched through an endless plain that stretched as far as the eye could see. This was the Arctic tundra, a land indescribable because there is literally nothing to describe, nothing that holds the eye, that exalts, that gives promise of anything whatever at the end. Yet, where I saw space devoid of life, my Eskimos saw life. Again and again Utak and his wife — who seemed to be his double, so extraordinarily did she reproduce all his gestures — would stop, bend forward, stare at the ground, or leave the trail and go to the right and the left, then come back smiling. What had they seen? A lemming's hole, and the lemming may be in it. We wait ten minutes. No, he is not there: we go on. Or they see traces, droppings of a fox or a bird. Nothing escapes them, and their observation is incessant. For a stone that is not in its normal position they will stop, murmur, discuss; and then on they go with me behind.

When we stop for a breather, instead of resting and rolling a cigarette, as I do, they are off exploring. The instinct of destruction drives them on. They find a couple of bird's eggs: there must be a bird. The wife runs off to a near-by pool with a .22 rifle and brings back a dead plover which they tear apart with their hands and eat raw on the spot. They paddle in the shallow waters, carefully lifting up stones under which tiny fish are hidden, and in a moment they have caught a dozen of these fish, the biggest as long as my hand. They eat

them raw, and the child cries out that he too wants a fish. The fish is too big for him and it sticks out of his mouth, the tail flapping while he tries to bite off the head. Quickly his mother runs to his rescue, chews up the fish for him, and feeds it back to him, mouth to mouth. She slakes his thirst in the same way while Utak sucks an icicle as if it were a sherbet.

It was clear that the child was master in the Eskimo family. Perched high with widespread legs, as if riding a camel, he spoke forth his edicts and he was obeyed. When he sent down a question to his father, he was answered without impatience. When he signified that he preferred to walk, they stopped, the world stopped. Each took the child by a hand, half holding, half carrying him, and the three moved with slow steps down the trail. There was no irritability in these parents, no complaint over time lost. The child's desires were as orders, and the parents obeyed. Back on the pack again, the little boy spoke two or three words, and the father, to amuse the child, repeated them over and over again, like a nurse in a family where the heir is prince and tyrant.

All this, I say, I watched, but I was not of it. They ignored me completely, and to my great pleasure, for I did not wish to be drawn into their body; I was too happy watching them, and, by this time, too happy in my thoughts. They had in the end isolated me with such success that I walked in a world of fancy, of dreams, and one after another there passed through my mind a hundred comforting pictures out of the Bible.

The sun sank, and of a sudden the earth grew dark. Light, which was all

the life of this land, had gone out of it, and the land was dead. Now my Eskimos were hardly discernible, and the night came down and blotted out the world. We had done perhaps fifteen or eighteen of thirty-five miles, and time had come to make camp. We pitched our tent on the flank of a ridge while the chilly air grew colder. On the frozen ground we spread our caribou skins, stuck a lighted candle on an empty box, and lit the Primus stove. Utak stripped to the waist; the child, naked, was already playing on the skins, and his mother had taken off her outer garments. By signs, Utak let me know that I must do as he had done, and dry my clothes lest I freeze in the chilled sweat.

The Primus was going, and soon we should eat. I slipped out. Seen from fifty yards away, the tent was tiny and the glow of the candle was a faint gleam. Without, the world seemed endless, and our habitation less than a dot upon its face. I drew a long breath, the extent of my weariness came suddenly over me, and I went back into the tent.

We brewed tea and drank it with boiled rice and raw fish. I lay on the ground, dazed with fatigue, but they were as fresh as when we started. Supper was no sooner over than they began to play with the child, hiding little things round the tent which he never failed to find and hold up in triumph. This went on for two hours in the midst of noisy laughter while I looked on at them and at the swift and silent flow of their huge shadows on the tent walls. They were still at their game when I fell asleep, thinking, as I dozed off, how strange was this gayety in the midst of infinity.

(To be continued)

THE YANKS ARE COMING

The American Legion in Action

I

THE American Legion had known for a year that it would hold its twenty-second annual convention in Boston on September 23, 24, 25, and 26. But the average Bostonian didn't begin to worry about the approaching horror till a week ahead. Those thousands and thousands of people . . . They carouse all day and all night . . . The only thing to do is to get out of town and *stay* out . . . Who is responsible for asking them here, anyhow? . . .

Boston's Mayor Tobin went to Los Angeles two years ago, appeared before the Legion convention and asked them to come to Boston in 1940. Last year he made the same sort of trip, this time to Chicago, and this time Glenwood J. Sherrard went with him. The mayor asked the delegates to make it Boston in '40, and Mr. Sherrard had in his pocket a certified check for \$27,050. Sherrard represented Boston business, members of the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Boston Hotel Association. Prize plum among all conventions, the Legionnaires must be guaranteed against loss and assured of an attractive concession. The mayor and the check spoke convincingly — and in September, '40 the Legion took over Boston.

But, murmured the average Bostonian, why? The answer is that a Legion convention is big business, and good business. The boys who were mustered out in 1918 now average forty-seven years old; their hair is thinner, their waists are thicker; wives and daughters

come to conventions with them. It takes quite a lot of money to make long trips. The Legionnaires who make those trips have the money, and they spend cash. When the last Legionnaire had left Chicago last year, the Chamber of Commerce calculated that 300,000 visitors had left behind them \$15,000,000. And the Legion's membership has, this year, reached an all-time high. Total membership, 1,069,267 — the greatest fraternity and lodge and club in the world. When Poland fell, when France collapsed, men joined the Legion in thousands.

So they began to come, by train, by car, by bus, by plane — 300,000 visitors in a city of 750,000. Three million the day of the parade. . . .

The vanguard hit the town on Sunday — names of every state in the Union on their caps, medals on their uniforms, belts straining a little over middle-aged bow windows, carrying canes, and maps, and pamphlets, waving at the girls, or taking pictures of the State House, with their wives, or without them, short and tall and fat and thin, a slice of America cut right across. All the one breed, all so much the same in their faces, their walk, the tunes their bands played, that only by the states' names on their caps and flags, or the accent they used when they asked you the way, could Boston tell one from another.

By three in the afternoon no car could move on Boston's cowpath streets. The Legion took charge of the traffic, snarled it up, scored bull's-eyes

on the female anatomy with water pistols, rang their bells and tooted their horns, and every now and then sent some incautious passer-by into mild hysterics with a hotfoot from those innocent-looking shock boxes they carried. They held reunions and bull sessions in bars and hotel rooms, they made genial passes at good-looking girls. But they never took advantage of anybody, they paid cash, they kidded just so far and then said, 'Well, on our way! So long, Beautiful.' . . .

Boston found a lot of them, that bright Sunday, on the Esplanade. A band from a small Ohio post had got hold of a couple of dozen chairs and were practising under the trees — playing pretty complicated march music, not playing it very well. Earnest, interested, middle-aged Americans, blowing too loud on the brasses, scraping too thin on the strings; taking it over and over, at the hoarse pleading of their distracted leader: 'You'll never win like this, boys.'

La Société des Quarante Hommes et Huit Chevaux, with its deliberately pigeon-French titles, its elaborate and noisy reproductions of what someone thought a French boxcar used to look like, is to blame for a good share of the reputation for general hell-raising that Legion conventions have acquired — and its members don't give a damn. Their horizon-blue uniforms are always in evidence. Their wives are La Boutique des Huit Dames et Quarante Chapeaux. The commander is Chef de Chemin de Fer. They have a secret, slapstick ritual. They drive their engines the wrong way on one-way streets, bells clanging and sirens screaming. They are the 'Hi, Toots!' shouters, the water throwers, the singers of 'Mademoiselle from Armentières.'

The night of La 21st Promenade Nationale, Ville de Boston, was bedlam. The parade is a moving column of vaudeville acts and circus, and a million and a half people watched it. The Forty and Eights are out for fun, frolic, foolishness,

and — philanthropy. They happen to be America's chief source of supply for diphtheria immunization serum for small city and town hospitals. The Forty and Eights raised the devil, and the kids at the hospitals they visited were crazy about the shows they put on. They lifted nice, hard-working (pretty!) girls right off the sidewalk and carried them for blocks on their Voitures, before they set them down again three miles nearer home than they could have got through the crowds. . . . A tough, irresponsible bunch of men who are old enough to know better, really.

This year in Boston the Legion policed its own members. More than a thousand Legionnaires, on the police force in other cities, were made members of the B.P.D. with right to arrest, put on special red caps, and were guardians and monitors of their own. . . . There was only one case on the police blotter in which Legionnaires figured. Two of them went into their hotel room, found a sneak thief going through their things, locked the door, and beat him up. His cries attracted the police, who broke down the door and rescued him. There was no vandalism. Breakage and damage in hotels and restaurants were less than with the convention of the American Bankers Association or the American Bar Association, — not less in proportion, less in *actual dollars*, — though both those conventions had brought into the city only a twentieth of the total number of people the Legion brought. Damage on the streets was under \$1500 — all in unprotected plate-glass windows pushed in by the crowds.

II

The big parade started at nine on Tuesday morning, and ended somewhere around ten at night. The streets were tight-packed canyons of watching humanity. Thirty thousand people paid \$2.75 apiece for seats on the reviewing stands on the Common, on Beacon

Street, on the State House lawn. Folding chairs sold like popcorn. Hour after hour the Legion marched by . . . over 350 bands . . . flags . . . standards . . . fife-and-drum corps . . . Sons of the Legion . . . drum majorettes . . . women of the Auxiliary . . . women of the Ex-Service groups . . . more people than most of the spectators would ever again see in any twelve hours of their lives. People worth thinking about, worth trying to find out something about. Americans. People it would take years, and volumes of books, really to know or tabulate. But, watching from those stands, you could draw at least a few generalizations.

The essential difference between a Legion convention and a convention of a professional organization is that the Legion, lacking specific professional subject matter, reaches a more universal level of interest. Each Legionnaire in that parade knew the emotions of men who see their old battle flag carried, knew what thoughts were in parents' hearts when the Sons of the Legion, smart in their uniforms, marched by.

No new generation comes into the Legion. The organizing group were A.E.F. officers, and pretty high up socially. The common touch came later. Leadership has passed along naturally, as time went by. Ten years ago General Harbord told the Legion that within fifteen years it would have controlling membership in both Houses, and a member in the White House. So far the Legion has not produced a leader who has fired the country; but it is too soon to say Harbord was wrong.

Bankers and business men originally undertook to finance the Legion; frequently their argument for funds was that the Legion would prove a bulwark against radicalism. But it is doubtful if the generally conservative attitude of the Legion is any more pronounced than that of any other men of their age in organized groups.

That long parade day, the Legion's

voice was unanimous, its language the only Esperanto that has ever succeeded — band music. They had marched in a lot of parades, those men, and seen a good deal of water run over the dam. They organized, after the war, so that they could do something for themselves and for their buddies. They found their organization was a weapon, and found that they needed a weapon. They used it. When they went into the army nothing was too good to say of them. Their jobs would be waiting when they got 'back from Over There.' A few years later nothing was too harsh to say about them; many of their jobs were *not* waiting for them. They had to take off their coats, roll up their sleeves, and dig in for a living. Maybe that's why so many of them have money to spend today in convention cities. It may also be why, for twenty-two years, Veterans' Hospitals all over the country have been living testimony to Legion finance.

In the '20s it was smart to laugh at the Legion. They were damned for demanding bonuses, adjusted compensation, civil-service preferment. They were bitter, and from their point of view they had a right to be. They had fought a war for an ideal that educators scoffed at. Some of their comrades were in hospitals or insane asylums. Some of them were dead. Lots of them were very poor. Then, in the boom years, the Legion was regarded as a nuisance. Legionnaires behaved like hoodlums in off hours at their conventions. In session they passed resolutions urging a more adequate national-defense program, which editorial writers, economists, college professors, and other twelve-cylinder thinkers pronounced half-witted. They warned against Communism when it was merely a new and interesting political philosophy, fit meat for academic discussion. They were reminded of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, and told to mind their own business. They were Babbitts.

The public attitude toward the Legion may be changing, but the attitude of the

Legion toward the public is unchanged. Within the past few years Legionnaires have grown more thoughtful, more apprehensive, grimly determined to hang on to some of that idealism they were told they were fighting for the last time.

Still, as the state banners, the troop colors, the Forty 'n' Eights, the costumed kids, roared by those stands, it was more like a party — a circus party — than a crusade. People ate sandwiches and took a swig out of their flasks, and wondered how in the world they were ever going to get home through all that mob. The Edison Legion Post swung by, singing:

'We have no wives with us,
We have no wives with us,
The hell with the guys
Who brought their wives —
We *have* no wives with us!'

III

Maybe they hadn't, but 30,000 of Boston's visitors were women, most of them Legion Auxiliary members. One Legionnaire in ten had his wife along. The American Legion Auxiliary is the most democratic woman's club in America. There are a half-million members, whose policies complement and interweave the Legion's work. By and large they are quiet, home-keeping folks in middle-class circumstances, who spin a cocoon of home and community interests and rarely get outside it. They share an emotional unity born of war stress which few other groups can rival. The sole membership qualification is blood or marriage relationship to a United States soldier in the first World War. Race, color, creed, have no significance.

The bone of contention within the Auxiliary is uniforms. The Ex-Service women objected to the blue capes and overseas caps which were fast becoming the 'uniform' of all the Auxiliary women. They wanted to monopolize this distinctive — and flattering — costume. Last year in Chicago they forced through a resolution confining the caps to Ex-

Service women. And the Auxiliary resented it. They think that a woman who struggled along at home, alone, on a soldier's pay, with a houseful of little children, did 'her bit' quite as realistically as the unmarried girl who fought the battle of Paris in a custom-tailored uniform. They don't resent war nurses. But hundreds of Auxiliary members had already bought cape, cap, insignia, and white marching shoes to the tune of about fifty dollars. To the chagrin of being denied a becoming, all-round useful costume was added the vexation of having wasted money.

They don't like the drum majorettes much, either. Brazen little hussies, they say — the sort of folderol a person never heard of until a few years ago. Mostly, the drum majorettes are not relatives of Legionnaires, but 'ringers,' who make a profession of band music. But bear in mind that it takes a professional to *toe-dance* on city pavements for four straight parade hours, as one of the girls did in Boston, or, like another, to turn continuous cartwheels wearing an Indian headdress that weighed fifteen pounds. That's not the sort of thing dear little Minny Jones can just pick up during the high-school gym period. The great majority of the band gals are hard-working professionals, with professional trainers and managers who 'protect their virtue' for the good of the profession. The most the Legionnaires, or anybody else, gets from them is an eyeful.

So actually the Auxiliary ladies don't worry much. They are loyal enough members to keep the miaow-miaow of feminine fight in the family. In their community projects they present a hundred per cent solid front to the nation. Every month, in nearly 10,000 communities from Maine to California, Auxiliary meetings are held. They are not social meetings, but purposeful business conferences which have educated all classes of women in Robert's *Rules of Order*, and resulted in inestimable progress in community enterprises. Officially, the Aux-

iliary initiates no policies of its own. It adopts and fights for the ones the Legion endorses.

The Auxiliary endorses the Dies Committee. Its annual \$4000 scholarship was won this year by a boy from the Middle West who lambasted the American Youth Congress and Communism. The Auxiliary is immune to partisan politics because any administration has to recognize its strength and its demands. The only thing it fears is Communism or Totalitarianism, either of which might wipe out the prestige built up around volunteer military service. If it ever became as glorious for a machinist or bus driver to serve the state as for a man in uniform, the whole Legion theory would be done for.

The Auxiliary came along with the men, to sight-see, to take a vacation, to shop in unfamiliar stores, and to talk over in a pretty shrewd way the Legion enterprises its members run, and can run, and will run. Few grocers sell bad berries to Auxiliary members.

The score on Wednesday morning was that 530 street cleaners, 54 city trucks, six motorized and two horse-drawn street sweepers, had removed 210 truckloads of paper and rubbish, 400 truckloads of bottles, boxes, peachbaskets, and such-like improvised seats. The police had taken care of a hundred lost children. One man had died watching the parade. One drummer had appendicitis. Fifty women fainted. One boy fell out of a tree.

IV

The last two days, crammed with committee meetings, with elections, with resolution passing, were the ones in which the Legion signposts for the coming year were lettered and set up.

The business sessions were held in a hall with a capacity of only 2600 — which suggests pretty plainly how small a part of the visitors are official voting delegates. The 1451 voting delegates represent, for the most part, a similar

core of 'professional Legionnaires' in their local posts. Most of them are consistent yearly conventiongoers. The rest of the boys see the town and have a good time; but the delegates come with their resolutions, their candidates, their various understandings with other groups, all set to control policy and elections. The boys elect them because they know the ropes and do the work, and because, to a considerable extent, they control the organization.

This clique of close-up workers makes an essential backbone for the Legion, a nucleus of policy formers, and is the means of projecting the organization's views into the arena of public life. The way the Legion is organized, by departments, with permanent central officials and differentiated state and local powers, makes it about as hard for the rank and file of members to be felt with any force by the inner hierarchy as it is for the rank-and-file voters in political parties. As a matter of fact, the electioneering at a Legion convention is pretty much like that at a national political convention — and so are the trappings, the massed standards, the state roll calls, the platform operations, the abracadabra of the Resolutions Committee, and the rest of it. The Legion has proved a natural nursery for politicians. The same qualities win in a post election as in a public election, and once Legion preferment is won, it is a powerful push for any politician to have behind him.

The Legion's most effective national political activities have been in its own interest. It finally won the bonus. It has increased veterans' compensation and relaxed the rules for compensation eligibility, so that the Veterans' Bureau is now a vast bureaucracy, dispensing dizzily incalculable sums. It secured the Veterans' Preference Acts — which means a virtual monopoly on great areas of public office holding. It can lay a million and a half votes on the line.

In some ways public opinion has

caught up with the Legion. For twenty years it has been urging selective draft, and 'draft industry' was always a component of its draft plan. But in its resolution to extend the fullest coöperation to England and China the Legion was catching up with public opinion. Last year the Legion was for complete neutrality; this year it called neutrality 'mealy-mouthed appeasement.' This reversal, incidentally, was one instance when the inner hierarchy failed to hold its customary control. It intended to stick to last year's neutrality stand. But some of the original influential Legionnaires are now prime movers in that new and potent force for shaping American opinion, the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. These men got a professional organization for testing public opinion to poll the general Legion sentiment before the convention, were satisfied with what they found out, and notified the national Legion leaders that attempts to pass isolationist resolutions would be fought from the convention floor.

The Legion has often let itself be fooled by sensation-mongers and reactionaries. Its most intolerant phase was before 1936, when it issued blanket accusations of radicalism against schools, teachers, and textbook writers. However, it has now made a gesture of joining hands with the National Education Association, whose president addressed the Boston Convention, though he was compelled to take a largely defensive attitude and led off from an article in the Convention issue of the *American Legion Magazine*, 'Treason in the Textbooks,' which he described as 'casting suspicion on 1,000,000 American teachers.' A couple of years ago the Legion produced a school history book which was to be the perfect answer to the textbooks it condemned. But unfortunately it never caught on. To be exact, it was a flop.

Nor has the Legion always been as

acute a prophet as it has proved itself in its stand on military preparedness. In its great attack on 'un-Americanism,' the book *Isms*, published in 1939, gave 252 pages to Communism, just sixteen to Naziism, and one and a half pages to Fascism. Rather an overwhelming demonstration of the ability to look in the wrong direction for major menaces.

The American Legion is the United States of America. These men and women gathered for four days in Boston and separated to translate into action a program they had formulated. Among these thousands there was not a trace of racial discrimination or racial hatred. Negro Legionnaires rubbed shoulders with white Southern Legionnaires, and if the whites resented it they did not show it. The date of the Legion convention is always calculated not to interfere with Yom Kippur; Jewish Legionnaires were fellow committeemen with Catholic and Protestant Legionnaires. No one even remarked on any of these things, or bothered to point them out as a boast.

As life grows tougher — and it seems very likely to — the Legion's stubborn hardness may be a brand of Americanism we have needed, and lost, in our century of isolationism.

By Thursday night they had pretty well all left Boston. . . . The Kansas car with the sign reading 'Please drive carefully: we have lived through drought, dust storms, prohibition, and the New Deal, and we want to see what happens next,' had turned its nose west again. The Voiture from Mississippi rumbled back south (Hi, Toots!). Boston prepared to heave the sigh of relief it had been looking forward to for weeks. Those people . . . all those thousands and thousands of people! . . . Boston heaved the sigh, but there was in it a curious, indefinable wistfulness. It isn't every day you get a chance to see a slice of America, cut right across.

THE BOTTLENECKS OF BUSINESS

BY SHELBY CULLOM DAVIS

SEVERAL years ago Wendell Willkie was introducing Thurman Arnold to a dinner audience of industrialists and financiers in New York City. 'I have read this man's book, *The Folklore of Capitalism*, three times,' he began. The distinguished diners looked surprised. But the happy author was ablaze with satisfaction. Then the deluge: 'But I have yet to understand what Mr. Arnold is driving at.'

Wendell Willkie certainly would not make such a statement about Thurman Arnold's new book, *The Bottlenecks of Business*. The Assistant Attorney General of the United States has written a clear and concise exposé of what ails our economic machine, and what he, as the master mechanic, proposes to do about it. It is the most significant contribution of the New Deal toward an understanding of our economic problems.

Unlike most of the New Deal's economic policies, this contribution is rooted deeply in American tradition. In short, Mr. Arnold believes firmly in the maintenance of a free market, 'the first concern of every democracy.'

He charges that the market place of today in the United States is shot through with restraints of trade and 'economic toll bridges' in the hands of private groups. They cause disparity of prices. They create the need for subsidies to balance that disparity and for special privileges to unorganized groups to offset those of long standing held by organizations that have too strong a hold to be deprived of them by a democratic

government. Mr. Arnold warns that 'this pyramiding of subsidies and special privileges cannot go on indefinitely without threatening our political institutions.'

In fact, he explains the rise of Hitler by the loss of the free market in Germany. Industry was regimented into trade associations and cartels which exercised arbitrary power in prices without public control. By 1927 a commission was appointed to study the monopoly problem. It produced nearly forty volumes in three years, but no practical results. With the destruction of the free market, state control of distribution had to follow. And Mr. Arnold adds: 'Had it not been Hitler it would have been someone else.'

Mr. Arnold is bound that this will not happen here. In Germany there was no strong tradition of free enterprise. Here the Sherman Act is half a century old. In truth, it is so old that we have taken it for granted. That is the trouble, according to Mr. Arnold. The Anti-trust Division of the Department of Justice has been allowed to lapse into innocuous desuetude. Like a toothless lion, it has merely emitted feeble roars.

In 1933 the Division boasted of only fifteen lawyers, who were supposed to police the enforcement of a law covering the industrial activity of 130,000,000 people. At the same time these lawyers had to handle all legal proceedings connected with thirty-one other major acts of Congress. You cannot keep order in a nation with a corporal's guard, says Mr. Arnold.

'Well,' the reader may say with a yawn, 'this is just trust-busting, isn't it?' Mr. Arnold shuns that explanation. He would rather call it maintenance of free trade between the states. This is necessary to prevent the 'Balkanization of America.' Besides, Mr. Arnold is not opposed to bigness as such. He is concerned with the evils of industries which are not efficient or do not pass efficiency on to consumers.

Specifically, he finds two kinds of restraints of trade instrumental in destroying a free market. One type protects inefficiency by eliminating standardized materials and the products of mass production. For years, Mr. Arnold points out as an example, it has been impossible in Chicago to use ready-mixed concrete in the construction of a house. Every consumer has had to have it puddled in the building site in an expensive and obsolete way.

The other type of restraint of trade is more complicated. The Assistant Attorney General finds it to lie in the control of new, more efficient processes of production by a few large combinations which dominate the market in such a way that the savings are not passed on to consumers. By way of illustration, Mr. Arnold points to the tobacco industry, whose increased efficiency in production has not been offset by lower prices for cigarettes.

In addition to these two restraints of trade, there are two others of a rarer variety: one, the monopoly, 'the rarest type of all,' the nearest approaches being the Aluminum Company of America and the United Shoe Machinery Company; the other Mr. Arnold calls the 'Chinese bandit system of restraint in unorganized industry,' tolls levied on the small business man by racketeers.

Many of the restraints of trade are arrived at in 'smoke-filled rooms.' Others are seemingly arrived at more openly. Take cheese, for example. It is not so generally known, Mr. Arnold points out in a burst of understatement, that on

Friday afternoon of each week a few men interested in cheese go to Plymouth, Wisconsin, only a few miles from Madison. After a good lunch they meet for a few minutes at the Plymouth Cheese Exchange. After friendly conversation, the Secretary of the Exchange calls for offerings of cheese and then, after a ceremonious interval, for bids. Miraculously the friendly gentlemen all seem to have the same price in mind, and this becomes the basic settlement price for the whole week for millions and millions of pounds of cheese bought and sold throughout the United States.

If this 'hocus-pocus' were limited to cheese, avers Mr. Arnold, it would not be so bad, but it applies in a greater or less degree to a multitude of farm products. It is somewhat disillusioning to learn that at terminal markets, at precisely the same time every day, a printed circular oracularly announces the price of spinach for the spinach world.

Mr. Arnold believes that combinations in restraint of trade exist at every stage of the industrial process; that business men, by themselves, are unable to change the general pattern of distribution in their industry. They have to violate the law in order to survive against aggressive combinations which attack them. In spite of his recognition of the plight of the business man, Mr. Arnold has not hesitated to resort to criminal procedure against respectable violators. This has been his right, according to law, but it has undoubtedly resulted in increased antagonism in business circles which, at least by their professions of faith, should favor safeguarding free enterprise.

There are many other examples which Mr. Arnold gives of the bottlenecks choking business. Some of these, such as the case of building materials, have received wide attention in the press.

In one city, for example, the stopping of illegal practices in the building trades has brought about substantially lower building prices. Lumber prices dropped

18 per cent and sand and gravel prices declined 22 per cent. The low bid on a large electrical contract which was re-advertised was 21 per cent under the previous low bid. In Pittsburgh a newspaper editorial complimented Mr. Arnold by warning him: 'Don't Drop This Great Work.'

Six months ago a clear-cut victory for Thurman Arnold's Antitrust Division in the Ethyl case opened the way to consumer savings in everyday articles. The Supreme Court had declared illegal the methods of the Ethyl Corporation. The distribution of Ethyl fluid had been controlled by refusing to license persons who did not follow the 'marketing policies and posted prices' of the major oil companies or their market leaders.

Because of this decision the price of spectacles, which had been maintained by a similar arrangement, was reduced. A pair of eyeglasses selling for \$20 could be profitably sold for \$7.50, according to one estimate. After the Ethyl decision and at the suggestion of the Department of Justice, the Du Pont Company voluntarily abandoned its proposed plan of price control for Nylon stockings.

Mr. Arnold has been particularly active in attempting to remove the bottlenecks between farm and table, and he has already succeeded in a number of instances. In the famous Chicago milk case he found a 'combination of farmers, large dairy companies, a labor union, and members of the Board of Health, was forcing upon the poor a luxury system of distribution.' At the beginning of this proceeding, milk was selling at thirteen cents a quart in Chicago, delivered at the doorstep. It could not be purchased cheaper without some risk. Now, after the Supreme Court upheld Mr. Arnold, milk is available at 8½ cents, store delivery. By eliminating restraints of trade he estimates the consumers of Chicago have been saved about \$10,000,000 a year.

There is still plenty of work for Mr. Arnold to do in this field. Rhode Island,

for example, is cited as permitting the sale of milk from sources beyond the regular milkshed only if it is first colored red!

No section of society is immune from Mr. Arnold's fearless probing. To our captains of industry, humiliated by being dragged into the public docks, it is at least some consolation that the sins of labor are recognized. 'Many unions are interested in restricting output, in building trade barriers between states, and even in discriminating against working men themselves for the advantage of a few,' the author charges. In fact, 'corruption in unions has become notorious.'

Mr. Arnold has moved more cautiously with regard to the economic toll bridges erected by labor. Yet the fact that he has moved at all is an indication of his sincere belief in the necessity for maintaining free trade in our democracy. It is not just another anti-business crusade.

Since taking office in 1938, Mr. Arnold has quadrupled the number of men in the Antitrust Division. Yet, uniquely enough, it seems to be more than paying its way. At date of writing, the Division had collected in fines this year three times as much as it had spent, and had 'a potential of \$5,000,000 more.' Surely this is an extraordinary government bureau; but then Mr. Arnold, as his book shows, is an extraordinary man.

Besides, the consumer has been benefited in every case. We are all consumers, and to most of us — 85 per cent, says Mr. Arnold — prices are very important. We are interested in saving pennies which, in the end, add up to a goodly portion of our incomes.

'The root of the currency problem,' observed Mr. Dooley, 'is the fact that the people who need money the most don't have any.' Mr. Arnold's vigorous revival of the Sherman Act is supplying money, in increased buying power, to that great class which needs it the most — the American consumer. In so doing, by methods in keeping with our traditions, he is safeguarding our democracy.

GOLD IS NOT ALWAYS

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

I

WHEN they drew near the commissary, Lucas said: 'You wait here.' 'No, no,' the salesman said. 'I'll talk to him. If I can't sell it to him, there ain't a —' Then the salesman stopped. He did not know why. He was young, not yet thirty, with the slightly soiled snap and dash of his calling, and a white man. Yet he stopped and looked at the Negro in battered overalls, whose face showed only that he was at least sixty, who was looking at him not only with dignity but with command.

'You wait here,' Lucas said. So the salesman leaned against the lot fence in the bright August morning while Lucas went on up the hill and mounted the gnawed steps beside which a bright-coated young mare with a blaze and three stockings stood under a heavy comfortable saddle, and entered the commissary, with its ranked shelves of tinned food and tobacco and patent medicines, its hooks from which hung trace chains and collars and hames, and where, at a roll-top desk beside the front window, his landlord was writing in a ledger. Lucas stood quietly looking at the back of the white man's neck until the other looked around. 'He's done come,' Lucas said.

Edmonds swiveled his chair about, back-tilted. He was already glaring at Lucas before the chair stopped moving; he said with astonishing violence: 'No!'

'Yes,' Lucas said.

'No!'

'He done fotch the machine with him,'

Lucas said. 'I seed hit work. I buried a dollar in my back yard this morning and it went right straight to whar it wuz and found it. He just wants three hundred dollars for it. We gonter find that money tonight and I can pay it back tomorrow morning.'

'No!' Edmonds said. 'I tell you and tell you and tell you there ain't any money buried around here. You've been here sixty years. Did you ever hear of anybody in this country with enough money to bury? Can you imagine anybody in this country burying anything worth as much as two bits that some of his kinfolks or friends or neighbors or acquaintances ain't dug up long ago?'

'You're wrong,' Lucas said. 'Folks finds it all the time. Ain't I told you about them two strange white men that come in here after dark one night three years ago and dug up twenty-two thousand dollars and got out again before anybody even seed um? I seed the hole whar they had done filled it up again. And the churn hit was buried in.'

'Hah,' Edmonds said. 'Then how do you know it was twenty-two thousand dollars?' But Lucas only looked at him. It was not stubbornness. It was an infinite, an almost Jehovah-like patience, as if he, Lucas, were engaged in a contest, partially for the idiot's own benefit, with an idiot. 'Your paw would a lent me three hundred dollars if he was here,' he said.

'Well, I ain't,' Edmonds said. 'You've

got damn near three thousand dollars in the bank. If I could keep you from wasting any of that on a damn machine to find buried money, I would. But then, you ain't going to use any of your money, are you? You've got more sense yourself than to risk that.'

'It looks like I'm gonter have to,' Lucas said. 'I'm gonter ask you one more time —'

'No!' Edmonds said, again with that astonishing and explosive violence. Lucas looked at him for a time, almost contemplative. He did not sigh.

'All right,' he said.

When he returned to the salesman, his son-in-law was there too — a lean-hipped, very black young man with a ready face full of white teeth and a ruined Panama hat raked above his right ear.

The salesman looked once at Lucas's face and hunched himself away from the fence. 'I'll go talk to him,' he said.

'No,' Lucas said. 'You stay away from there.'

'Then what you going to do about it?' the salesman said. 'Here I've come all the way from St. Louis — and how you ever persuaded them to send this machine out without any down payment in the first place, I still don't see. And I'll tell you right now, if I got to take it back and turn in an expense account for this trip and no sale, something is —'

'We ain't doing no good standing here, nohow,' Lucas said. The other two followed him, back to the gate and the highroad, where the salesman's car stood. The divining machine rested on the rear seat and Lucas stood in the open door, looking at it — an oblong metal box with a handle for carrying at each end, compact and solid, efficient and businesslike and complex with its knobs and dials, and Lucas standing over it, sober and bemused. 'And I seed hit work,' he said. 'I seed hit with my own eyes.'

'Well?' the salesman said. 'What you going to do? I've got to know, so I can

know what to do, myself. Ain't you got three hundred dollars?' Lucas mused upon the machine. He did not look up yet.

'We gonter find that money tonight,' he said. 'You put in the machine and I'll show you whar to look, and we'll go halves on hit.'

'Ha, ha, ha,' the salesman said harshly. 'Now I'll tell one.'

'We bound to find hit, cap-tin,' the son-in-law said. 'Two white men slipped in here three years ago and dug up twenty-two thousand dollars one night and got clean away wid hit fo' daylight.'

'You bet,' the salesman said. 'And you knew it was exactly twenty-two thousand because you found where they had throwed away the odd cents.'

'Naw, sir,' the son-in-law said. 'Hit mought a been even more than twenty-two thousand dollars. Hit wuz a big churn.'

'George Wilkins,' Lucas said, still half inside the car and still without turning his head.

'Sir,' the son-in-law said.

'Shut up.' Now Lucas turned and looked at the salesman; again the salesman saw a face quite sober, even a little cold, quite impenetrable. 'I'll swap you a mule for it.'

'A mule?' the salesman said.

'When we find that money tonight, I'll buy the mule back for your three hundred dollars.' The son-in-law had begun to bat his eyes rapidly. But nobody was looking at him. Lucas and the salesman looked at one another — the shrewd, suddenly attentive face of the young white man, the absolutely impenetrable face of the Negro.

'Do you own the mule?'

'How could I swap hit to you ef'n I didn't?'

'Let's go see it,' the salesman said.

'George Wilkins,' Lucas said.

'Sir,' the son-in-law said. He was still batting his eyes constantly and rapidly.

'Go up to my barn and get my halter,' Lucas said.

II

Edmonds found the mule was missing as soon as the stablemen brought the drove up from pasture that evening. She was a three-year-old, eleven-hundred-pound mare mule named Alice Ben Bolt, and he had refused three hundred dollars for her in the spring. But he didn't even curse. He merely dismounted and stood beside the lot fence while the rapid beat of his mare's feet died away in the darkling night and then returned, and the head stableman sprang down and handed him his flashlight and pistol. Then, himself on the mare and the two Negroes on saddleless mules, they went back across the pasture, fording the creek, to the gap in the fence through which the mule had been led. From there they followed the tracks of the mule and of the man who led her in the soft earth along the edge of a cotton field, to the road. And here too they could follow them, the head stableman walking and carrying the flashlight, where the man had led the unshod mule in the softer dirt which bordered the gravel. 'That's Alice's foot,' the head stableman said. 'I'd know hit anywhar.'

Later Edmonds would realize that both the Negroes had recognized the man's footprints too. But at the time his very fury and concern had short-circuited his normal sensitivity to Negro behavior. They would not have told him who had made the tracks even if he had demanded to know, but the realization that they knew would have enabled him to leap to the correct divination and so save himself the four or five hours of mental turmoil and physical effort which he was about to enter.

They lost the tracks. He expected to find the marks where the mule had been loaded into a waiting truck, whereupon he would return home and telephone to the sheriff in Jefferson and to the Memphis police to watch the horse-and-mule markets tomorrow. There were no such marks. It took them almost an hour to

find where the tracks had vanished on to the gravel, crossing it, descending through the opposite roadside weeds, to reappear in another field a hundred yards away. Supperless, raging, the mare which had been under saddle all day unfed too, he followed the two shadowy mules at the backstretched arm of the second walking Negro, cursing the darkness and the puny light which the head stableman carried, on which they were forced to depend.

Two hours later they were in the creek bottom four miles away. He was walking too now, lest he knock his brains out against a limb, stumbling and thrashing among brier and undergrowth and rotting logs and branches where the tracks led, leading the mare with one hand and fending his face with the other arm and trying to watch his feet, so that he walked into one of the mules, instinctively leaping in the right direction as it lashed out at him with one hoof, before he discovered that the Negroes had stopped. Then, cursing out loud now and moving quickly again to avoid the invisible second mule which would be somewhere to his left, he discovered that the flashlight was now off and he too saw the faint, smoky glare of the lightwood torch among the trees ahead. It was moving. 'That's right,' he said rapidly. 'Keep the light off.' He called the second Negro's name. 'Give the mules to Dan and come back here and take the mare.' He waited, watching the light, until the Negro's hand fumbled at his. Then he released the reins and moved around the mules, drawing his pistol and still watching the moving flame. 'Hand me the flashlight,' he said. He took the light from that fumbling hand too. 'You and Oscar wait here.'

'I better come wid you,' the Negro said.

'All right,' Edmonds said. 'Give Oscar the mules.' He didn't wait, though from time to time he could hear the Negro behind him, both of them moving as quietly and rapidly as possible. The rage was not cold now. It was hot, and

there was an eagerness upon him, a kind of vindictive exultation as he plunged on, heedless of brush or log, the flashlight in his left hand and the pistol in his right, gaining rapidly on the moving torch, bursting at last out of the undergrowth and into a sort of glade, in the centre of which two men stood looking toward him, one of them carrying before him what Edmonds believed at first to be some kind of receptacle of feed, the other holding high over his head the smoking pine-knot. Then Edmonds recognized George Wilkins's ruined Panama hat, and he realized not only that the two Negroes with him had known all the time who had made the footprints, but that the object which Lucas was carrying was not any feedbox and that he himself should have known all the time what had become of his mule.

'You, Lucas!' he shouted. George flung the torch, arching, but the flashlight already held them spitted; Edmonds saw the white man now, snap-brim hat, necktie, and all, risen from beside a tree, his trousers rolled to the knees and his feet invisible in caked mud. 'That's right,' Edmonds said. 'Go on, George. Run. I believe I can hit that hat without even touching you.' He approached, the flashlight's beam contracting on to the metal box which Lucas held before him, gleaming and glinting among the knobs and dials. 'So that's it,' he said. 'Three hundred dollars. I wish somebody would come into this country with a seed that had to be worked every day, from New Year's right on through to Christmas. As soon as you niggers are laid by, trouble starts. I ain't going to worry with Alice tonight, and if you and George want to spend the rest of it walking back and forth with that damn thing, that's your business. But I want that mule to be in her stall by sunup. Do you hear?' Edmonds had forgotten about the white man until he appeared beside Lucas.

'What mule is that?' he said. Edmonds turned the light on him for a moment.

'My mule, sir,' he said.

'I've got a bill of sale for that mule,' the other said. 'Signed by Lucas here.'

'Have you now,' Edmonds said. 'You can make lamplighters out of it next winter.'

'Is that so?' the other said. 'Look here, Mister What's-your-name —' But Edmonds had already turned the light back to Lucas, who still held the divining machine before him.

'On second thought, I ain't going to worry about that mule at all,' he said. 'I told you this morning what I thought about this business. But you're a grown man; if you want to fool with it, I can't stop you. But if that mule ain't in her stall by sunup tomorrow, I'm going to telephone the sheriff. Do you hear me?'

'I hears you,' Lucas said.

'All right, big boy,' the salesman said. 'If that mule is moved from where she's at until I'm ready to move her, I'm going to telephone the sheriff. Do you hear that too?' This time Edmonds jumped, flung the light beam at the salesman, furious and restrained.

'Were you talking to me, sir?' he said.

'No,' the salesman said. 'I'm talking to him. And he heard me.' For a while longer Edmonds held the light beam on the other. Then he dropped it, so that only their legs and feet showed, planted in the pool and its refraction as if they stood in a pool of dying water. He put the pistol back into his pocket.

'Well, you and Lucas have got till daylight to settle that. Because that mule is to be back in my barn at sunup.' He turned and went back to where Dan waited, the light swinging and flickering before him; presently it had vanished.

'George Wilkins,' Lucas said.

'Sir,' George said.

'Find that pine-knot and light it again.' George did so; once more the red glare streamed away in thick smoke, upward against the August stars of more than midnight. 'Now grab a holt of this thing,' Lucas said. 'I got to find that money now.'

But when day broke they had not found it, the torch paling away in the wan, dew-heavy light, the white man asleep on the wet earth now, drawn into a ball against the dawn's wet chill, unshaven, with his dashing city hat, his necktie, his soiled shirt and muddy trousers rolled to his knees, and his mud-caked feet whose shoes gleamed with polish yesterday. They waked him. He sat up, cursing. But he knew at once where he was, because he said: 'All right now. If that mule moves one foot out of that cotton house, I'm going to get the sheriff.'

'I just wants one more night,' Lucas said. 'That money's here.'

'What about that fellow that says the mule is his?'

'I'll tend to him in the morning. You don't need to worry about that. Besides, ef'n you try to move that mule yourself, the sheriff gonter take her away from you. You leave her whar she's at and lemme have one more night with this-here machine. Then I kin fix everything.'

'All right,' the other said. 'But do you know what it's going to cost you? It's going to cost you just exactly twenty-five dollars more. Now I'm going to town and go to bed.'

He put Lucas and George out at George's gate. They watched the car go on down the road, already going fast. George was batting his eyes rapidly. 'Now whut we gonter do?' he said. Lucas roused.

'Eat your breakfast quick as you can and come on to my house. You got to go to town and get back here by noon.'

'I needs to go to bed too,' George said. 'I'm bad off to sleep too.'

'Ne'mine about that,' Lucas said. 'You eat your breakfast and get up to my house quick.' When George reached his gate a half hour later, Lucas met him, the check already written out in his laborious, cramped, but quite legible hand. It was for fifty dollars. 'Get it in silver dollars,' Lucas said. 'And be back here by noon.'

It was just dusk when the salesman's car stopped again at Lucas's gate, where Lucas and George, carrying a long-handled shovel, waited. The salesman was freshly shaved and his face looked rested; the snap-brim hat had been brushed and his shirt was clean. But he now wore a pair of cotton khaki pants still bearing the manufacturer's stitched label and still showing the creases where they had been folded on the store's shelf. He gave Lucas a hard, jeering stare as Lucas and George approached. 'I ain't going to ask if my mule's all right,' he said. 'Because I don't need to. Hah?'

'Hit's all right,' Lucas said. He and George got into the rear seat beside the divining machine. The salesman put the car into gear, though he did not move it yet.

'Well?' he said. 'Where do you want to take your walk tonight? Same place?'

'Not there,' Lucas said. 'I'll show you whar. We was looking in the wrong place. I misread the paper.'

'You bet,' the salesman said. 'It's worth that extra twenty-five bucks to have found that out —' The car had begun to move. He stopped it so suddenly that Lucas and George, squatting gingerly on the front edge of the seat, lurched forward before they caught themselves. 'You did what?' the salesman said.

'I misread the paper,' Lucas said.

'What paper? Have you got a letter or something that tells where some money is buried?'

'That's right,' Lucas said.

'Where is it?'

'Hit's put away in the house,' Lucas said.

'Go and get it.'

'Ne'mine,' Lucas said. 'I read hit right this time.' For a moment longer the salesman sat, his head turned over his shoulder. Then he looked forward. He put the car in gear again.

'All right,' he said. 'Where's the place?'

'Drive on,' Lucas said. 'I'll show you.'

It was not in the bottom, but on a hill overlooking the creek — a clump of ragged cedars, the ruins of old chimneys, a depression which was once a well or a cistern, the old worn-out fields stretching away and a few snagged trees of what had been an orchard, shadowy and dim beneath the moonless sky where the fierce stars of late summer swam. 'Hit's in the orchard,' Lucas said. 'Hit's divided, buried in two separate places. One of them's in the orchard.'

'Provided the fellow that wrote you the letter ain't come back and joined it all up again,' the salesman said. 'What are we waiting on? Here, Jack,' he said to George, 'grab that thing out of there.' George lifted the divining machine from the car. The salesman had a flashlight himself now, quite new, thrust into his hip pocket. He didn't put it on at once. 'By God, you better find it first pop this time. We're on a hill now. There probably ain't a man in ten miles that can walk at all that won't be up here inside an hour, watching us.'

'Don't tell me that,' Lucas said. 'Tell hit to this-here three hundred and twenty-five dollar buzz-box I done bought.'

'You ain't bought this box yet, big boy,' the salesman said. 'You say one of the places is in the orchard. All right. Where?'

Lucas, carrying the shovel, went on into the old orchard, the others following. The salesman watched him pause, squinting at trees and sky to orient himself, then move on again, pause again. 'We kin start here,' he said. The salesman snapped on the light, handcupping the beam on to the metal box which George carried.

'All right, Jack,' he said. 'Get going.'

'I better tote it,' Lucas said.

'No,' the salesman said. 'You're too old. I don't know yet that you can even keep up with us. Get on, Jack!' So Lucas walked on George's other side, carrying the shovel and watching the small bright dials in the flashlight's

contracted beam as they went back and forth across the orchard. He was watching also, grave and completely attentive, when the needles began to spin and jerk and then quiver. Then he held the box and watched George digging into the light's concentrated pool and saw the rusted can come up at last and the bright cascade of silver dollars about the salesman's hands and heard the salesman's voice: 'Well, by God! By God!' Lucas squatted also; they faced each other across the pit.

'I done found this much of hit, anyhow,' he said. The salesman, one hand upon the scattered coins, made a slashing, almost instinctive blow with the other as if Lucas had reached for the coins. Squatting, he laughed harshly at Lucas across the pit.

'You found? This machine don't belong to you, old man.'

'I bought hit,' Lucas said.

'With what?'

'A mule,' Lucas said. The other laughed at him, harsh and steady across the pit. 'I give you a billy sale for hit.'

'Which never was worth a damn. It's in my car yonder. Go and get it whenever you want to.' He scrabbled the coins together, back into the can. He rose quickly out of the light, until only his legs showed in the new, still-creased cotton pants. He still wore the same low black shoes. He had not had them shined again — only washed. Lucas rose also, more slowly. 'All right,' the salesman said. 'This ain't hardly any of it. Where's the other place?'

'Ask your finding machine,' Lucas said. 'Ain't it supposed to know?'

'You damn right it does,' the salesman said.

'Then I reckon we can go home,' Lucas said. 'George Wilkins.'

'Sir,' George said.

'Wait,' the salesman said. He and Lucas faced each other in the darkness, two shadows, faceless. 'There wasn't over a hundred here. Most of it is in the other place. I'll give you ten per cent.'

'Hit was my letter,' Lucas said. 'Hit ain't enough.'

'Twenty. And that's all.'

'I wants half,' Lucas said. 'And that mule paper, and another paper to say the finding machine belongs to me.'

'Tomorrow,' the salesman said.

'I wants hit now,' Lucas said. The invisible face stared at his own invisible one. Both he and George seemed to feel the windless summer air moving to the trembling of the white man's body.

'How much did you say them other fellows found?'

'Twenty-two thousand dollars,' Lucas said.

'Hit mought a been more,' George said. 'Hit wuz a big —'

'All right,' the salesman said suddenly. 'I'll give you a bill of sale for the machine as soon as we finish.'

'I wants it now,' Lucas said. They went back to the car. While Lucas held the flashlight, they watched the salesman rip open his patent brief case and jerk out of it and fling toward Lucas the bill of sale for the mule. Then they watched his jerking hand fill in the long printed form with its carbon duplicates and sign it and rip out one of the duplicates.

'You get possession tomorrow morning,' he said. 'It belongs to me until then. O.K.?'

'All right,' Lucas said. 'What about them fifty dollars we done already found? Does I get half of them?' This time the salesman just laughed, harsh and steady and without mirth. Then he was out of the car. He didn't even wait to close his brief case. They could see him half running back toward the orchard, carrying the divining machine and the flashlight both.

'Come on,' he said. 'Bring the spade.' Lucas gathered up the two papers, the bill of sale which he had signed for the mule, and the one which the salesman had signed for the divining machine.

'George Wilkins,' he said.

'Sir,' George said.

'Take that mule back whar you got hit. Then go tell Roth Edmonds he can quit worrying folks about her.'

III

Lucas mounted the gnawed steps beside which the bright mare stood beneath the heavy saddle, and entered the commissary, with its ranked shelves of tinned food, the hooks from which hung collars and trace chains and hames and plough-lines, its smell of molasses and cheese and leather and kerosene. Edmonds swiveled around from the roll-top desk. 'Where've you been?' he said. 'I sent word two days ago I wanted to see you.'

'I was in bed, I reckon,' Lucas said. 'I been had to stay up all night for the last three nights. I can't stand hit no more like when I was a young man.'

'So you've found that out at last, have you? What I wanted to see you about is that damn St. Louis fellow. Dan says he's still hanging around here. What's he doing?'

'Hunting buried money,' Lucas said.

'What?' Edmonds said. 'Doing what, did you say?'

'Hunting buried money,' Lucas said. 'Using my finding box. He rents it from me. That's why I been had to stay up all night. To go with him and make sho' I'd get the box back. But last night he never turned up, so I reckon he's done gone back wharever it was he come from.'

Edmonds sat in the swivel chair and stared at him. 'Rents it from you? The same machine he sold you?'

'For twenty-five dollars a night,' Lucas said. 'That's what he chawged me to use hit one night. So I reckon that's the regular rent on um. Leastways, that's what I chawges.' Edmonds stared at him as he leaned against the counter with only the slight shrinkage of the jaws to show that he was an old man, in his clean, faded overalls and shirt and the open vest looped across by a heavy gold watch chain, and the thirty-dollar

handmade beaver hat which Edmonds's father had given him forty years ago above the face which was not sober and not grave but wore no expression whatever. It was absolutely impenetrable. 'Because he was looking in the wrong place,' Lucas said. 'He was looking up there on that hill. That money is buried down there by the creek. Them two white men that slipped in here that night three years ago and got clean away with twenty-two thousand dollars —' At last Edmonds got himself out of the chair and on to his feet. He was

trembling. He drew a deep breath, walking steadily toward the old Negro leaning against the counter, his lower lip full of snuff. 'And now that we done got shut of him,' Lucas said, 'me and George Wilkins —' Walking steadily toward him, Edmonds expelled his breath. He had believed it would be a shout, but it was not much more than a whisper.

'Get out of here,' he said. 'Go home. And don't come back. Don't ever come back. When you need supplies, send your wife after them.'

LINES FOR PROSPECTIVE WAR MEMORIAL

BY GEORGE ALLEN

THIS was the beautiful country of their birth,
 Their native mother by the living loved,
 Their sun and moon shone here; they dug this earth
 Thinking thoughts hither, here they lived and moved.

Without alternative their instinct fought
 When war was here, each at his brother's side.
 This was their living country; they with thought,
 Not only instinct, served her till they died.

But now a deeper and maturer land
 Is theirs; the international dead increase.
 The living take their sides with war at hand,
 But only once; and they die in peace.

The dead are forgiven, if they need forgiving;
 They have no country — that is for the living.

THE WINNER LOSES

A Picture of Occupied France

BY GERTRUDE STEIN

I

WE were spending the afternoon with our friends, Madame Pierlot and the d'Aiguys, in September '39 when France declared war on Germany — England had done it first. They all were upset but hopeful, but I was terribly frightened; I had been so sure there was not going to be war and here it was, it was war, and I made quite a scene. I said, 'They shouldn't! They shouldn't!' and they were very sweet, and I apologized and said I was sorry but it was awful, and they comforted me — they, the French, who had so much at stake, and I had nothing at stake comparatively.

Well, that was a Sunday.

And then there was another Sunday and we were at Béon again that Sunday, and Russia came into the war and Poland was smashed, and I did not care about Poland, but it did frighten me about France — oh dear, that was another Sunday.

And then we settled down to a really wonderful winter.

We did not know that we were going to stay all winter. There is no way of heating this stone house except by open fires, and we are in the mountains, there is a great deal of snow, and it is cold; but gradually we stayed. We had some coal, enough for the kitchen stove, and one grate fire that we more or less kept burning day and night, and there is always plenty of wood here as we are in wooded mountains, so gradually we

stayed the winter. The only break was a forty-eight-hour run to Paris to get our winter clothing and arrange our affairs and then we were back for the winter.

Those few hours in Paris made us realize that the country is a better place in war than a city. They grow the things to eat right where you are, so there is no privation, as taking it away is difficult, particularly in the mountains, so there was plenty of meat and potatoes and bread and honey and we had some sugar and we even had all the oranges and lemons we needed and dates; a little short in gasoline for the car, but we learned to do what we wanted with that little, so we settled down to a comfortable and pleasantly exciting winter.

I had not spent a winter in the country, in the real country, since my childhood in California and I did enjoy it; there was snow, and moonlight, and I had to saw wood. There was plenty of wood to be had, but no men to saw it; and every day Basket II, our new poodle, and I took long walks. We took them by day and we took them in the evening, and as I used to wander around the country in the dark — because of course we had the blackout and there was no light anywhere, and the soldiers at the front were indulging in a kind of red Indian warfare all that winter — I used to wonder how anybody could get near without being seen, because I did get to be able to see every bit of the road

and the fields beside them, no matter how dark it was.

There were a number of people all around spending the winter unexpectedly in the country, so we had plenty of society and we talked about the war, but not too much, and we had hired a radio wireless and we listened to it, but not too much, and the winter was all too soon over.

I had plenty of detective and adventure stories to read, Aix and Chambéry had them left over, and I bought a quantity every week, and there was an English family living near Yenne and they had books too, and we supplied each other.

One of the books they had I called the Bible; it was an astrological book called *The Last Year of War*, written by one Leonardo Blake. I burnt my copy the day of the signing of the armistice, but it certainly had been an enormous comfort to us all in between.

And so gradually spring came, a nice early spring, and all the men in the village had leave for agriculture and they all came home for a month, and nobody was very uneasy and nobody talked about the war, but nobody seemed to think that anything was going to happen. We all dug in our gardens and in the fields all day and every day, and March and April wore away.

There were slight political disturbances and a little wave of uneasiness, and Paul Reynaud, as the village said, began to say that there were not to be any more Sundays. The post-office clerks were the first to have their Sundays taken away. The village said it as a joke, 'Paul Reynaud says that there are not to be any more Sundays.' As country people work Sundays anyway when there is work, they said it as a joke to the children and the young boys, 'Paul Reynaud says that there are not to be any Sundays any more.' By that time all the men who had had an agricultural leave were gone again, and April was nearly over.

The book of astrological predictions

had predicted all these things, so we were all very well satisfied.

Beside these astrological predictions there were others, and the ones they talked about most in the country were the predictions of the curé d'Ars. Ars is in this department of the Ain, and the curé, who died about eighty years ago, became a saint; and he had predicted that this year there would be a war and the women would have to sow the grain alone, but that the war would be over in time for the men to get in the harvest; and so when Alice Toklas sometimes worried about how hot it would be all summer with the shutters closed all the evening I said, 'Do not worry, the war will be over before then; they cannot all be wrong.'

So the month of March and April went on. We dug in the garden, we had a lot of soldiers in Belley, the 13th Chasseurs and the Foreign Legion being fitted out for Norway; and then Sammy Stewart sent us an American Mixmaster at Easter and that helped make the cakes which were being made then for the soldiers and everybody, and so the time went on. Then it was more troublesome, the government changed, — the book of prophecy said it would, so that was all right, — and the soldiers left for Norway; and then our servant and friend Madame Roux had her only son, who was a soldier, of course, dying of meningitis at Annecy, and we forgot everything for two weeks in her trouble and then we woke up to there being a certain uneasiness.

The book of prophecy said that the month of May was the beginning of the end of the Nazis, and it gave the dates. They were all Tuesdays — well, anyway they were mostly Tuesdays — and they were going to be bad days for the Nazis, and I read the book every night in bed and everybody telephoned to ask what the book said and what the dates were, and the month began.

The dates the book gave were absolutely the dates the things happened.

The first was the German attack on the new moon, the seventh, and that was a Tuesday.

Tuesdays had begun.

Everybody was quiet; one of the farmers' wives — the richest of the farmers and our town councilor — was the only one who said anything. She always said, '*Ils avancent toujours, ces coquins-là.*' 'The rascals are always coming on,' she said.

There was nothing else to say and nobody said it, and then the Germans took Sedan.

That gave us all so bad a turn that nobody said anything; they just said how do you do, and talked about the weather, and that was all — there was nothing to say.

I had been in Paris as a child of five at school, and that was only ten years after the Franco-Prussian War and the debacle which began with Sedan, and when we children swung on the chains around the Arc de Triomphe we were told that the chains were there so that no one could pass under it because the Germans had, and so the name Sedan was as terrible to me as it was to all the people around us and nobody said anything. The French are very conversational and they are always polite, but when there is really nothing to say they do not say anything. And there was nothing to say.

The next thing was that General Weygand was appointed the head of the army and he said if they could hold out a month it would be all right. Nobody said anything. Nobody mentioned Gamelin's name — nobody.

I once said to a farmer that Gamelin's nose was too short to make a good general, in France you have to have a real nose, and he laughed; there was no secrecy about anything, but there was nothing to say.

We had the habit of going to Cham-béry to do our shopping once a week; we always went on Tuesdays because that suited best in every way, and so it was Tuesday, and nobody was very cheerful.

We had a drink in a café, Vichy for me and pineapple juice for Alice Toklas, and we heard the radio going. 'What's the news?' we asked mechanically. 'Amiens has fallen,' said the girl.

'Let's not believe it,' I said; 'you know they never hear it straight.' So we went to the news bulletin, and there it was not written up, and we said to the girl in charge, 'You know, they are putting out false news in the town; they told us Amiens was taken.' 'No,' she said, 'but I will go and ask.' She came back; she said, 'Yes, it is true.'

We did not continue shopping, we just hurried home.

And then began the series of Tuesdays in which Paul Reynaud in a tragic voice told that he had something grave to announce.

That was that Tuesday.

And the next Tuesday was the treason of the Belgian king.

And he always announced it the same way, and always in the same voice.

I have never listened to the radio since.

It was so awful that it became funny.

Well, not funny, but they did all want to know if next Tuesday Paul Reynaud would have something grave to announce.

And he did.

'Oh dear, what a month of May!' I can just hear Paul Reynaud's voice saying that.

Madame Pierlot's little granddaughter said not to worry, it was the month of the Virgin, and nothing begun in the month of the Virgin could end badly; and the book of prophecy had predicted every date, but exactly. I used to read it every night; there was no mistake, but he said each one of these days was a step on in the destruction of the Third Reich, and here we were. I still believed, but here we were, one Tuesday after another; the dates were right, but oh dear!

Of course, as they were steadily advancing, the question of parachutists and bombing became more active. We had all gotten careless about lights, and

wandering about, but now we were strict about lights, and we stayed at home.

II

I had begun the beginning of May to write a book for children, a book of alphabets with stories for each letter, and a book of birthdays, — each story had to have a birthday in it, — and I did get so that I could not think about the war but just about the stories I was making up for this book. I would walk in the daytime and make up stories, and I walked up and down on the terrace in the evening and made up stories, and I went to sleep making up stories, and I pretty well did succeed in keeping my mind off the war except for the three times a day when there was the French communiqué, and that always gave me a sinking feeling in my stomach, and though I slept well every morning I woke up with that funny feeling in my stomach.

The farmers who were left were formed into a guard to wander about at night with their shotguns to shoot parachutists if they came. Our local policeman, the policeman of Belley, lives in Bilignin, and he had an up-to-date anti-parachutist's gun. He did not look very martial and I said to him, 'What are you going to do with it?' and he said, 'I — I am not afraid.' Well, Frenchmen are never afraid, but they do like peace and their regular daily life. So now nobody talked about the war; there was nothing to say about that. They talked about parachutists and Italy and that was natural enough — we are right here in a corner made by Italy and Switzerland.

The women did say, 'They are advancing all the time, the rascals,' but the men said nothing. They were not even sad; they just said nothing.

And so that month was almost over; and then one day, it was a Sunday, I was out walking with Basket just before lunch, and as I came up the hill Emil Rosset and the very lively servant they

had, who had been with them for twenty-five years and had had a decoration and reward by the government for faithful service on a farm, and who in spite of all that is very young and lively, were standing pointing and said, 'Mado-moiselle! Mademoiselle! Did you see them?' 'What?' I said. 'The airplanes — the enemy airplanes! There they go, just behind the cloud!'

Well, I just did not see them; they had gone behind the clouds.

There were eight, they told me, and were flying very feebly.

We have a range of hills right in front of the terrace; on the other side of these hills is the Rhone, and that is where they had come from.

Of course we were all really excited; enemy airplanes in a city are depressing, but in the open country, with wooded hills all around, they are exciting.

We have several very religious families in Bilignin and one with four girls and a boy, and they all go into Belley to Mass, and Madame Tavel said to me, 'I knew it,' — it was her day to stay home with the animals, — 'I knew it: they always come on Sunday and burn the church.' She had been a young girl in French Lorraine in the last war and met her husband there, who had been a prisoner.

'But,' she said, 'of course we have to go to Mass just the same.'

It was she who later on said to her little girl, who was to go out into the fields with the cows and who was crying, Madame Tavel said, 'Yes, my little one, you are right to cry. Weep. But, little one, the cows have to go, and you with them all the same. *Tu as raison, pleures, ma petite.*'

We went over to Culoz, which is about twelve kilometres away, to see our friends and to hear the news. Culoz is the big railroad station in this part of the world where trains are made up for various directions, and there they had dropped bombs. All the veterans of Culoz turned out to see the bombs drop

and they were disappointed in them; they found them to be bombs of decidedly *deuxième catégorie*, very second-rate indeed.

It was the only time we had bombs really anywhere near us, and one of the German airplanes was brought down near a friend's house not far away and a country boy seventeen years old brought in the aviators, and it was a pleasant interlude, and we could all talk again and we had something to talk about and the veterans all were very pleased for the first time in this war; one of our friends remarked that it really was a *fête pour les anciens combattants*.

The war was coming nearer. The mayor of Belley came to Bilignin to tell the mothers that two of their sons were killed.

It was sad; they were each one the only sons of widows who had lost their husbands in the last war, and they were the only ones, now the war is over we know, who were killed anywhere in this countryside.

They were both hard-working quiet fellows twenty-six years old, and had gone to school together and worked together and one of them had just changed his company so as to be near the other, and now one bomb at the front had killed them both.

That month was over and June was commencing.

I had finished the child's book and had settled down to cutting the box hedges. We have what they call a *jardin de curé*, with lots of box hedges and little paths and one tall box pillar, and I found that cutting box hedges was almost as soothing as sawing wood. I walked a great deal and I cut box hedges, and every night I read the book of prophecy and went promptly to sleep.

And none of us talked about the war because there was nothing to say.

The book of prophecy once more gave the significant days for June and they were absolutely the days that the crucial events happened, only they were not the

defeat of Germany but the downfall of France.

It made me feel very Shakespearean — the witches' prophecy in *Macbeth* about the woods marching and Julius Cæsar and the Ides of March; the twentieth century was just like that and like nothing else.

And then Italy came into the war and then I was scared, completely scared, and my stomach felt very weak, because — well, here we were right in everybody's path; any enemy that wanted to go anywhere might easily come here. I was frightened; I woke up completely upset. And I said to Alice Toklas, 'Let's go away.' We went into Belley first and there there were quantities of cars passing, people getting away from Besançon, both of us and all the Belley-siens standing and looking on; and I went to the garage to have my car put in order and there were quantities of cars getting ready to leave, and we had our papers prepared to go to Bordeaux and we telephoned to the American consul in Lyon and he said, 'I'll fix up your passports. Do not hesitate — leave.'

And then we began to tell Madame Roux that we could not take Basket with us and she would have to take care of him, but not to sacrifice herself to him; and she was all upset and she said she wished we were away in safety but that we would not leave, and she said the village was upset and so were we, and we went to bed intending to leave the next morning.

I read the book of predictions and went to sleep.

The next morning I said, 'Well, instead of deciding let us go to see the *préfet* at Bourg and the American consul at Lyon.'

We went; it was a lovely day, the drive from Bourg to Lyon was heavenly. They all said, 'Leave,' and I said to Alice Toklas, 'Well, I don't know — it would be awfully uncomfortable and I am fussy about my food. Let's not leave.' So we came back, and the village was

happy and we were happy and that was all right, and I said I would not hear any more news — Alice Toklas could listen to the wireless, but as for me I was going to cut box hedges and forget the war.

Well, two days after when I woke up, Alice Toklas said sooner or later we would have to go.

I did not have much enthusiasm for leaving and we had not had our passports visaed for Spain, and the American consul had told us we could, so I said, 'Let's compromise and go to Lyon again.'

The car's tire was down and Madame Roux said, 'You see, even the car does not want to leave.'

Just then Balthus and his wife came along; they had come down from Paris, sleeping two days in their little car, and they were going to their summer home in Savoy and after, if necessary, to Switzerland, Madame Balthus being Swiss. Well, anyway we went to Lyon.

On the way back we were stopped every few minutes by the military; they were preparing to blow up bridges and were placing anti-aircraft guns and it all seemed very near and less than ever did I want to go on the road.

And at the same time when Alice Toklas would say about some place on the road, 'Look, what a lovely house that is!' I said, 'I do not want to look at it — it is all going to be destroyed.'

So just before we got to Belley, at a little village near a little lake, there were Doctor and Madame Chaboux.

'What,' said we, stopping, 'are you doing here?'

'We are paying for our year's fishing rights,' they said; 'and you?' said they. 'Well,' said we, 'we are trying to make up our minds what to do, go or stay.'

'Now,' said I, 'tell me, Doctor Chaboux, what shall I do?'

'Well, we stay,' said they. 'Yes,' said I, 'but a doctor is like a soldier — he has to stay.'

'Yes,' said they.

'But now how about us? Should we or should we not?'

'Well,' said Doctor Chaboux, reflecting, 'I can't guarantee you anything, but my advice is stay. I had friends,' he said, 'who in the last war stayed in their homes all through the German occupation, and they saved their homes and those who left lost theirs. No,' he said, 'I think unless your house is actually destroyed by a bombardment, I always think the best thing to do is to stay.' He went on, 'Everybody knows you here; everybody likes you; we all would help you in every way. Why risk yourself among strangers?'

'Thank you,' we said, 'that is all we need. We stay.'

So back we came and we unpacked our spare gasoline and our bags and we said to Madame Roux, 'Here we are and here we stay.'

And I went out for a walk and I said to one of the farmers, 'We are staying.'

'*Vous faites bien,*' he said, '*mademoiselle.* We all said, "Why should these ladies leave? In this quiet corner they are as safe as anywhere," and we have cows and milk and chickens and flour and we can all live and we know you will help us out in any way you can and we will do the same for you. Here in this little corner we are *en famille*, and if you left, to go where? — *aller, où?*'

And they all said to me, '*Aller, où?*' and I said, 'You are right — *aller, où?*'

We stayed, and dear me, I would have hated to have left.

III

The Kiddie has just written me a letter from America and he says in it, 'We have been wondering what the end of war in France will mean for you, whether you could endure staying there or the exact opposite, whether you could endure not staying there.'

So I said to Alice Toklas, 'I am cutting the hedges, even the very tall one on a ladder, and I am not reading the prediction book any more, and I am walking and I am not knowing what the news is,'

and Alice Toklas began making raspberry jam, — it was a wonderful raspberry year, — and the long slow days passed away.

They did not really pass.

One day I said to her, 'Ten days ago when we were in Lyon,' and she said, 'Nonsense, it was three days ago.' Well, it seemed like ten, but the days all the same did pass one day at a time.

In the afternoons Basket and I always walked.

We walked in the country roads and every now and then a little girl would appear through the bushes; she was sitting with the cows and knitting, but when she heard us she came to the road. They are often blue-eyed, the little girls, as we are in the hills, and hills seem to make people's eyes blue, and she would say, 'How do you do, Mademoiselle? *Vous êtes en promenade* — you are out for a walk,' and I would say, 'Yes, it is a nice day,' and she would say, 'Yes,' and I would say, 'And you are alone,' and she would say, 'Yes, my mother was here, but she went home — perhaps she will come again,' and then she would say, 'And have you heard the airplanes?' and I would say, 'No, have you?' and she would say, 'Oh yes,' and I would say, 'Were they German or French?' and she would say, 'I do not know,' and I would say 'Perhaps they are French,' and she would say, 'Perhaps,' and then I would say good-bye and she would say good-bye and disappear back through the bushes into the field, and it was always the same conversation and it was a comfort to us both, to each little girl and to me.

We went to Belley to buy food and the rest of the time I cut box hedges and Alice Toklas went on making raspberry jam; we had lots of raspberries; and as I did not listen to any news any more it was heavy but peaceful.

Then came the next Sunday.

I went out for a walk in the morning and stopped to talk with one of the farmers, Monsieur Tavel. 'Well,' said

he, 'the battle of Lyon has commenced.' 'What?' said I. 'Are they at Lyon?' From then on they were always spoken of as 'they'; they did not have any other name. 'Yes,' he said, 'but it is all right; there are lots of soldiers there and it is all right.' 'But why is it all right?' I said. 'Well,' he said, 'because there is an old prophecy which says that the day will come when France will be betrayed by a Catholic king, not her own king but another king — that another king will be crazy, and that all the Paris region will be occupied by the enemy and, in front of Lyon, France will be saved by a very old man on a white horse.'

'Well,' he said, 'the king of the Belgians was a Catholic king and he betrayed us, the king of Italy has gone mad, and the Maréchal Pétain is a very old man and he always rides a white horse. So it is all right,' said Monsieur Tavel.

Well, Lyon was awfully near and if there was going to be a great battle — well, anyway it was a bright sunny day, and I came back and I was tired and so I took out my deck chair and sat in the sun on the terrace and I went sound asleep. Then there was a half-past-twelve communiqué and I woke up just to hear that the Maréchal Pétain had asked for an armistice.

Well, then he had saved France and everything was over. But it wasn't, not at all — it was just beginning for us.

The village did not know what to say and nobody said anything; they just sighed; it was all very quiet.

We thought we could keep the shutters open and light the light, but they said no, not yet, the armistice was not signed and they, the Germans, might be anywhere.

The boys between sixteen and twenty — we have five of them in the village — were frightened lest they should be taken into the German army; they went to Belley to try to enlist in the French army, but naturally that could not be done. They came back with tears in their eyes and nervous. The peasants

could not work — nobody did anything for a day or two. And then news commenced again; the man who bought the milk of Bilignin had met somebody who had seen the Germans and they had been quite kind — had given them gasoline for their car. They had been stuck somewhere without gasoline because, as the Germans advanced, the order had come that the gasoline should be poured away. Some did it and some did not. Belley is very law-abiding and so all the people who sold gasoline did.

The man who had the milk route which included Bilignin told them he would not come for the milk any more, nor would he pay them, but they could have three of his pigs. They had no way of getting them, so they asked me and I supplied the means of locomotion, and we brought back three pigs and somebody from Belley came out and butchered them and they gave us a beautiful big roast of pork, and with that and a ham we had bought and what there was to eat in the village we were very well fixed.

Everybody was getting more and more nervous and on Tuesday we went in to Belley; there was no armistice yet, but we thought we might get some soap and other things we needed.

We were in the biggest store in Belley, a sort of a bazaar, when all of a sudden the proprietor called out, 'Go to the back of the shop!' Well, naturally we didn't, and we heard a rumbling noise and there two enemy machine-gun tanks came rushing through the street, with the German cross painted on them.

Oh my, it did make us feel most uncommonly queer. 'Let's go home,' we said, and we did not do any more shopping; we went back to Bilignin.

And there we waited.

The boys between seventeen and twenty went up into the hills; they were badly frightened and excited. Their parents did not say anything. They had each taken with them their bicycles and a large loaf of bread. Naturally that did

not last long and in two days they were back again. One of them, a boy named Roger, who was working for a farmer, was so frightened he ate nothing for three days and turned green with fright. He had two brothers in the French army — that was all right, but to be a German soldier! We all tried to cheer him up, but he sat in the corner and couldn't move.

The only news we had about Belley or about anything, because the electricity and the post office were cut off, was by way of the policeman of Belley, who lives in Bilignin. He had to go back to sleep in Belley, but he always managed to get out once during the day to see his mother and give us the news — yes, the Germans were there in Belley; yes, so far they had behaved very correctly; no, nobody knew anything about the armistice.

I remember the last newspaper the postman brought to us. I went out and said, 'It is nice to see you.' 'I wish,' said he, 'that I could bring you better news, and I do not think I will come again,' and he did not, not for more than three weeks.

Basket and I had begun to walk again, the cows and the children began to go out again, and then we began to hear cannon.

Every day we heard the cannon; it seemed to be all around us, which, as it turned out, it was and in some strange way we all cheered up at the sound of the cannonade.

We all began to talk about hearing the cannon, we all began to try to locate the direction of the cannon; some of the *anciens combattants* thought it came from the Alps, others thought it came from right near by, and then one evening I smelt the brimstone, and the color of the earth in the setting sun was a very strange yellow green and there were clouds, strange clouds, the kind of clouds I had never seen before, thick yellow-green clouds rolling past the hills, and it reminded me of pictures of the Civil War, the battle of Lookout Mountain

and that kind of thing — it looked like it and it smelled like it, and in a strange way it was comforting.

The policeman in his daily visit home told us that it was cannon and that it was all around us; the French had blown up the bridges of the Rhone all around us, some only about four kilometres away, and in all the places we knew so well there were machine guns and cannon and fighting and quantities of Germans; armored cars were going through Belley, and in all the villages around there were Germans and some motorcycle Germans came through our village.

And then came another bad Sunday; some of the children went in to Mass and came back with an exciting story that everybody that had any gasoline in their possession was going to be shot. Well, I had some extra gasoline besides what was in my car and I did not want to be shot. So, very nervous, I rushed off to the farmer, our neighbor, who is one of the municipal councilors of Belley, and asked what I should do. 'Do nothing,' he said; 'unless they put up a notice here in Bilignin you do not need to do anything. Besides,' said he, 'I am going to Belley to find out all about it.' And he came back and told us that what had happened was that Belley had gotten rid of all its gasoline and a German company had come along and they had had an accident and lost their gasoline tank, and they had asked at a garage for gasoline. Monsieur Barlet, our very gentle garage keeper, had said that he had none, and the Germans had not believed him and said they would shoot him if he did not produce it, and the mayor, who is also a gentle soul, but efficient, said he would put up a notice and have the town crier announce what was happening, and everybody who had any gasoline would bring it, and everybody in Belley did, and very soon the Germans had more than they needed and everybody went home with their gasoline and Monsieur Barlet was not shot. But he was and is our local hero,

and he was quite pale for some days after and we all thanked him for not being shot, and he always carries around in his pocketbook the order that was posted that saved him from being shot.

That was absolutely the only unpleasant incident that happened in Belley, and that was on the Sunday when the Germans were very nervous; they were held up at the Rhone, and as the Rhone makes many bends, and the Chasseurs Alpains were fighting hard there, they thought they were caught in a trap.

IV

Well, then came Tuesday and Wednesday, and the rain poured and poured and the notice of the signing of the armistice was signed by the mayor of Belley and the German Colonel in command there, and posted up in Bilignin. I will never forget that day. It was about noon, and Basket and I went out for a walk and there in the pouring rain sadly were the five young boys of Bilignin leaning on their sticks with which they lead their oxen; they were in the middle of the road and desperate.

Nobody else was around except one farmer's wife and she said to me, 'Well, I suppose we will go on working even if we are no longer masters in our own home.'

The next day was a little better. It had stopped raining and the terms of the armistice were broadcast; we once more had electricity and we knew our little corner was not going to be occupied territory, neither the Bugey nor Lyon, and we gave a sigh of relief. Monsieur Premilieu said to me, 'Of course we are going to have bad days, many bad days, but it is better to bear them indirectly than directly.' The boys cheered up and began to eat, and we went in to Belley to shop and, well, in short to begin to move about; and besides — happy moment — we could leave our lights burning at night and the windows and the shutters open.

Even now, a good month after it is

finished, every night when I go out walking and see all the lights shining I know the difference, and I cannot help feeling sorry, particularly for the English, but even a little for the Germans who are there in the dark and afraid of bombardment.

Cannonading is not agreeable, but it is bearable, but bombing from above, and not very far above, is mighty unpleasant.

The soldiers and civilians are all agreed about that.

So we went in to Belley and there they were.

All the time they were here they were not spoken of as anything except they, *eux*.

It was impossible, but there they were, and we were seeing them.

Belley is a town of about five thousand inhabitants, a small town but important, as it is the capital of a rich country, has a hospital, a seminary, many schools, a county court, a *sous-préfecture*, and a garrison. There are also a good many convents, and so, although the population is not large, it has a number of very large buildings and feels like a small capital. It was also just about the centre of all the recent fighting, and so the Germans had made it the headquarters for all the troops in this part of the country.

So when we went in to Belley — we are about a mile out of Belley, on a small country road — we saw them, quantities of soldiers in gray uniforms, trucks, motorcycles, armored cars. We could not believe our eyes, but there they were.

It was not real, but there they were; it looked like photographs in a magazine, but there they were.

I sat in the car and waited while Alice Toklas shopped and then she sat in the car and waited while I went to see Madame Chaboux and shopped. We always stayed, one of us, in the car because of the dogs and the car — even though the Germans were very polite and very correct. That is what everybody was saying. 'They are correct.'

It was strange sitting there watching the people up and down on the main street of Belley, like all country towns; there are always a good many people going up and down on the main street of a country town, and now added to it were these familiar and unfamiliar German soldiers, familiar because we had seen their photographs in illustrated papers all winter and unfamiliar because we never dreamed we would see them with our own eyes.

They did not look like conquerors; they were very quiet. They bought a great deal, all sugar things, cakes and candies, all silk stockings, women's shoes, beauty products and fancy soaps, but always everlastingly what the American soldiers in the last war called 'eats' — that is, anything sweet — and anything that looked like champagne.

They went up and down, but they were gentle, slightly sad, polite; and their voices when they spoke — they did not seem to talk much — were low, not at all resonant.

Everything about them was exactly like the photographs we had seen except themselves; they were not the least bit like we thought they would be. They admired Basket II and said to each other in German, 'A beautiful dog.' They were polite and considerate; they were, as the French said, correct. It was all very sad; they were sad, the French were sad, it was all sad, but not at all the way we thought it would be, not at all.

The French, the girls and boys and the older men and older women, who also went up and down about their own affairs, had that *retenue* that is French — they neither noticed nor ignored the Germans. In all the three weeks that the Germans were in Belley there was no incident of any kind.

When the Germans left, in Belley, in Yenne, in Lyon, and I imagine everywhere else in France, they thanked the mayors and congratulated them upon the extraordinary discipline of their populations. The Germans called it

discipline, but it was not — it was the state of being civilized that the French call *retenue*. It was all not at all what we had feared and expected, and it all was very wonderful and very sad.

The days went on; everybody began to work in the fields, nobody had anything to say, and everybody was waiting, waiting for the Germans to go away — 'they.'

Everybody, when I went out walking and they were with the cows, would ask a little anxiously, 'Is it eight o'clock yet?' Everybody was supposed to be at home and with the shutters closed by eight o'clock. We went into Belley quite often and it was always just that, neither more nor less than just that.

And then finally one day we went in and as we turned into the main road they whistled. We did not suppose it had anything to do with us and in a way it did not, except that nobody was supposed to be on the main roads for two days because they were leaving, and the roads were to be kept open for them. We had not stopped when they whistled, but they did not bother us; they did not, one might say, bother anyone.

And then miles and miles of them went away and they were gone.

Everybody breathed again.

Everybody began to talk again, not about anything in particular, but they all just began to talk again.

The post office was open again and everybody began to worry about everybody's husband and brother and father and nephew and son, everybody, and nobody had heard anything for so long.

Slowly they began to hear; some did not hear for a very long time, but more or less they all began to hear and they all began to write all the soldiers about coming home, and they said they were coming home and they did come home.

Gradually everybody began to realize that very few Frenchmen were dead; a great many were prisoners, but very few were dead; and a great load was lifted off France. It was not like the last

war, when all the men were dead or badly wounded; practically nobody was wounded and very few were dead. Everybody forgot about being defeated, it was such a relief that their men were not dead.

The Germans had said that when they were here; they said lots and lots of Germans had been killed and very, very few French.

Later on I asked the returned French soldiers how they had succeeded in killing so many Germans and not any of them being killed themselves. They explained that there was terrific aerial bombardment, but that all the soldiers had to do was to lie down and the bombs exploded before they were hit. They said that the bombs were made to explode on buildings, not in the ground, and so civilians in a city like Auxerre were killed, but as the soldiers were in the open country they were not killed. Then, while the air bombardment was going on, the tanks broke through the French line, and opened out in a fan behind the French line; the German infantry, being in serried formation behind the tanks, were shot down and so a lot of them were killed, but as there were so many of them they finally exhausted the capacity of the French to kill them and they came through too, and so the French were made prisoners except a great many who made off into the fields and, walking twenty-five kilometres a day or finding a stray bicycle, got home.

Georges Rosset made it all very clear, his only regret was that he had lost all his accoutrement and particularly a very nice pair of socks that Alice Toklas had knitted for him out of very lovely wool. He wrote all about that before he managed to get home, but Alice Toklas said to his mother to write that she would immediately start another pair and anyway he would have a chocolate cake when he came home, and she did make a chocolate cake for him when he did come home, and he is home. They all are. The curé d'Ars had said that the women

would plant the grain and the men would harvest it and here they were — they are harvesting it, and it is all harvested.

He also said that when everything was at its worst, then it would turn out to be at its best.

V

It is very true that all the old predictions are that there will be a complete disaster; one said that the cock would completely lose its feathers and that afterwards its feathers would be more beautiful than ever. The French do naturally not like that life is too easy, they like, like the phoenix, to rise from the ashes. They really do believe that those that win lose.

In the meantime the government of France had changed, but that did not worry anyone.

It was natural that, since the Third Republic had not defended them from their enemies, it would end.

As I said in *Paris France*, to the French a government is something outside which does not concern them; its business is policing, defending them from their enemies; it is to be hoped that it will not cost too much, and naturally it leaves everyone to lead their own French life.

And so naturally the government had changed, but their life was to go on all the same.

Everybody was happy, because their men were alive and a good many of them had come home. There were a great many difficulties, mostly concerning themselves with the question of gasoline and the question of butter.

These were the two things that bothered everybody the most.

French farmers need bread, wine, vegetables, and butter. Meat is a luxury, not a necessity, to be eaten when had, but never thought about in between; sugar and coffee a half luxury — you can do without but you miss it; but bread and wine and vegetables and butter you must have.

There was no lack of bread, wine, and vegetables; there was a moment of hesitation about bread, but the harvest was excellent, and there was no real lack; vegetables and wine are always there, and suddenly there was a question of butter. Whether it was because the Germans made such a fuss about butter that made the French think that butter could be a luxury or what I do not know, but suddenly butter became, as everybody said, *une chose rare*.

It was a puzzle — there were the same number of cows and so there was as much milk, but where was the butter?

Of course there was the trouble about gasoline. There being no gasoline, the milkmen could not make their rounds, but even so, what with bicycles and horses, milk was gathered in. But the butter?

There was a wild flurry about butter. The most sober of the farmers' wives were fussed. Their milk was under contract to go to the dairies, and the dairy would not give them butter. Nobody in France talked about anything but butter. Well, one way or another, one did get enough butter to cook with and to eat, but everybody went somewhere else to get it and it was purchased silently; it was a whole history of intrigue and it did a great deal to make everybody forget about war and about government, and then all of a sudden everybody had butter and that was over.

Everybody breathed again; everybody could have bread, butter, wine, and vegetables, and so they forgot their troubles.

They settled down to get in their harvest. Just tonight one of the wagons, with its oxen, was coming in very late at night, about ten o'clock, loaded with wheat, and I said, 'It is late. Is the harvest all in?' 'Yes,' they said, 'yes. There is our bread.' It did not look like bread yet; it looked more like straw — but it was bread.

The only trouble left was the question of gasoline and that is still a trouble, and very complicated.

Of course there is none in France and they are trying to substitute for it charcoal, and that does very well for trucks, but it does not do for small cars, and how will there be any gasoline if the English keep blowing it up and besides not letting it pass?

The only way at present is not to use any, and to gather in what there is. Well, that seems to work all right, only it stopped all business, and so from time to time a day was given in which everybody who had any gasoline could go out. You could not buy any, but you could go out. And just now, the eighth of August, everybody says that everybody who has any gasoline can go about. 'But,' said I to Madeleine Rops, 'it did not say so in the paper.' 'Ah, my dear,' said Madeleine, 'after all you do not yet understand French logic. Nobody was allowed to *rouler*, and then all of a sudden they announced that after the twenty-fifth of August nobody is allowed to *rouler*. So, *ma chère*, that means that now everybody can *rouler*, otherwise why should they say that after the twenty-fifth it will all be *contrôlé*? *C'est simple*,' said Madeleine Rops. So we got out the car and went shopping into Belley, most exciting; it used to be a bit of a bore to have to go shopping into Belley, but now, as it can only be done unexpectedly, it is most exciting.

And so everybody is very busy accommodating themselves to everything, and I must say the French are really happy in combining and contriving and intriguing and succeeding, and above all in saving. This evening, in going out walking, I met the town's people bringing in as much wood as they could carry; of course there are lots of woods around here and fallen branches and everybody is carrying in some for autumn burning.

I have been talking to the young people and asking them how they like it all and they said they are very pleased. They say now they can begin to feel that they have their future to create, that

they were tired of the weak vices that they were all indulging in, that if they had had an easy victory the vices would have been weaker and more of them, and now — well, now there is really something to do — they have to make France itself again and there is a future; and then there is to be lots of electricity and they want France to be self-sufficing, and they think it will be and they all think that French people were getting soft, and French people should not be soft. Well, anyway they are looking forward, and then besides they won't all just go into the bureaucracy the way they were doing; they will have to find other things to do. In short, they feel alive and like it.

The older people, once they have gotten over the shock, do not seem to mind either; nobody seems to mind, as Madeleine Rops said after having come all the way from Bordeaux to Belley. Really, you know, you would not think that it was a defeated country — not at all; they seem much more wide-awake than they were.

Well, yes, they do a little regret the predictions, but still all the predictions said that the cock would lose its feathers but would come out more crowing than ever, and they all said that when the worst was there the best would follow; and then there was Sainte Odile, who said that after her blood flowed in June, four months after, France would be more glorious than ever. Well, why not?

I had my own private prediction, and that was that when I had cut all the box hedges in the garden the war would be all over. Well, the box hedge is all cut now today, the eighth of August, but the war is not all over yet. But anyway our light is lit and the shutters are open, and perhaps everybody will find out, as the French know so well, that the winner loses, and everybody will be, too, like the French, that is, tremendously occupied with the business of daily living, and that that will be enough.

THOSE WHO COME BACK

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

IT is interesting to note the number of intellectual people who of late have been returning to religion. Alfred Noyes, Middleton Murry, T. S. Eliot, Dorothy Sayers, Elliott Coleman, Ross Hoffman, Arnold Lunn, Aldous Huxley, Gilbert Chesterton, Jacques Maritain, Henry A. Wallace, Ralph Adams Cram, William Orton, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Paul Elmer More, Heywood Broun (to name only a few) — these differ widely in interests; but they all possess good minds, are educated and ‘modern,’ and have come from something that has varied between indifference and a scornful skepticism to a thoughtful and sincere religious devotion. Their published works may be read with interest and profit by anyone concerned with trends in contemporary thought; with some of them I have had the advantage of repeated conversation, and five of those named have been good enough to call me friend.

Even more interesting, perhaps, is that host of others who have gone through the same process of religious development but, for various good reasons, have not become articulate about it. There are, for instance, to my own small knowledge, thirty-one such persons among the scholars teaching and pursuing research in what is generally esteemed our leading American university, all of whom have journeyed from a lack of interest in religion, and in the case of some of them from an advertised unbelief, to a conviction and practice as definite and as devout as that of any of the

better-known figures whose names have been mentioned. In a second great university, I know of twenty-nine such savants; in a third, almost as many; on the staff of one of our leading colleges for women are at least ten of them, and at least nine on the staff of another. There are doubtless many more of similar mind in these same institutions (I can speak only of those about whom I happen myself to know); and in the over seven hundred American homes of the higher learning there must quite literally be some thousands of such men and women. Casual contacts, too, with people of the learned professions outside the universities — with lawyers, economic experts, doctors, and so on — keep revealing scores who have of late become, or are fast becoming, reinterested in religion, and that in no merely casual or academic fashion.

For some time I have been trying to find out, from such of this way of thinking as are willing to talk of their faith, something of the path they have followed. Information about the matter would seem of general interest. In particular, what they have to say surely can throw light upon effectiveness, or lack of it, in the technique of our churches, and upon the relationship of their message to the need of the modern educated. This paper is the result of a reëxamination of many case records, and tries to sum up what has been revealed in the books and articles written by converts of intellectual reputation, and in long talks with

them. In it I shall try to generalize from what they themselves say it is that has impelled to the finding of a renewed faith. I am commissioned by none of them, nor by any group of them, to act as spokesman; but what is written below is based on such a number of cases as insures, I think, against any gross misrepresentation.

II

It is interesting to note certain aspects of religion which have failed to attract, and sometimes definitely have retarded, their renewed interest. These have had to be deliberately overlooked, even forgiven, by some of those who at length have resumed a religious affiliation and practice. In other cases, while there has been no positive repulsion, there has certainly been little of allurements. Two of these elements may well be noted before one goes on to consider what it is that does draw people of this sort back to belief and worship.

It seems quite plain that the hearty fellowship of the usual congregation — its social good times, its friendly handshakes and welcoming smiles — has small appeal for the man of intelligence. He is no snob and is, more often than not, a friendly soul; but he is not looking for social comradeship when he goes to church — at least if one may judge from what he writes and says and, even more significant, from what he fails to mention. When one asks about the matter, one often gets the reply that modern communities are so complex that ecclesiastical *bonhomie* seems unreal and forced (a bad thing when one draws near to God). Friendly churches, it is insisted, are almost always 'class' churches and give an impression that conformity to social type is desired rather more fervently than such an adoration as will make caste and class preposterous. 'It does help a good deal,' says a well-known woman novelist, 'if I may be allowed to be anonymous in the house of God.' The returned pilgrims of whom we

are thinking are not apt to be vocal either, or even visible, in church clubs, societies, sodalities, guilds, 'ladies' aids' or 'auxiliaries'; while if you find one of them on a vestry or board of elders, or a delegate to a church convention, you may be sure that a sense of duty rather than desire has been the cause of it.

Nor is this sort of person greatly impressed by that other very human accompaniment of visible religion, the beating of the big bass drum on behalf of denominational enterprises. He normally refuses to take in a church paper, on the ground that these are for the most part little more than the trade journals of a secularized business, not much occupied either with things of the mind or with concerns of the spirit. Church drives, every-member campaigns, forward movements and the like, leave him cold. These promotional devices have for him no lure, while the carefully manufactured enthusiasm visible at conventions, synods, conferences, seems to him pathetically imitative of methods used for the stimulation of secular enterprises. Even of 'Missions' he is suspicious, usually because on behalf of the same there is likely to be invoked almost every argument and inducement except a spiritual one.

In short, there are many thoughtful non-churchgoers, people deeply concerned about spiritual things, who resent 'organized religion' because it seems to them too patently organized and too timidly religious. A lady who is the leading spirit in one of New York's more intellectual social circles said, one day this summer, 'The purpose of organizing religion seems to be to keep the clergy and their flocks from ever committing themselves. In a day of world emergency, that is, to say the least, a bit unfortunate.' 'The human gets in the way of the divine in most of the churches,' writes a well-known bacteriologist. 'It was only when I had come desperately to need and desire God that I was able to overlook the thrusting assertiveness of

the Church as a going concern.' A young woman who does excellent copy-writing for an advertising company, a Vassar graduate, writes: 'Religion and the Church to me, as to many of my friends, are not only unconnected but antithetical. Why? Because most parsons seem to regard the Church as more important than God; and I am quite sure that almost all vestrymen make that curious mistake.' A medical man from Ohio remarks, 'I wish one could go to worship and not have to listen to the clergyman. A man in Holy Orders should speak as a voice for God, or else keep silent. Our rector is quite all right during the prayers; but when it comes to the sermon, he takes on the manner of a polite but determined book agent. And I am afraid that what he is out to sell is not God, but rather the denominational enterprise. I do not mind much, now that at last I am back home and at peace with God; but in those days when I was going through my internship, beginning to practise medicine, and trying to find myself as a human being, the dear man was more of a nuisance than a help.'

III

Again, the person of intelligence is not much likely to come back to God because of conviction that religion is a necessity for the preservation of the political or economic status quo. He is usually informed enough to know that the great geniuses of religion — Moses, the prophets, the saints, most of all Jesus Christ — have released and, if taken seriously, continue to release forces which, quite as often as not, are socially disruptive and revolutionary. He is aware, too, that religion has functioned effectively under empires, dictatorships, oligarchies, democracies, tyrannies, and what not else in the way of political system, and that the Church has watched and evaluated the operation of almost every conceivable sort of economic scheme (except the Single Tax). He usually has a sense of

humor strong enough to make him realize the absurdity of calling in the Church to buttress social arrangements. If a given civilization is in fact decent, fair, just, fraternal, it will not need the Church to prop it up; if it is none of those things, it would be blasphemous to seek to preserve it by way of religion. And if this man of intelligence who is groping religiously happens to look into the Gospels, which he is just as likely as not to do, he finds that, in so far as one may judge from the record, Jesus Christ was little concerned with matters economic and political, and refused to become involved in controversy about them. Jesus seems to have believed that if one could get the folks to take God's commandments seriously — the commandments to love Him completely and one's neighbor as one's self — all the social evils would speedily be corrected; and that until those commandments were recognized as of obligation, there would be no decent Society. Jesus seems also to have been sure that the privileged classes and the equally carnal mob between them are as likely as not to do those in who try to obey God. He saw from the beginning of His ministry that such a fate would be His own. That was not to be resented. Obedience in the face of a non-obedient Society was the only effective technique for social reform. One need not mind too terribly, since by being willing to get 'liquidated' one would release the power of God for the healing of the nations.

The intelligent man is apt to have a fairly good understanding that this actually was, and presumably still is, the attitude of Jesus to Society; to perceive what happens, according to the saints, to people who insist on regarding the community *sub specie eternitatis*. In consequence, he is not much impressed by those who urge him to be religious for the sake of preserving America, or the British Empire, or the German Reich, or the embattled clans of Dahomey, each or even all of them as is. The man of intel-

ligence may be quite prepared to believe that 'apart from a return to God there can be no stable Society'; but he knows quite well that it is not for the sake of the latter that a man of perception seeks the former. Society is a means, God is an end; not the other way about. He may, indeed, after he has been converted, come at last to a state of mind where he can charitably tolerate the nationalistic prophet or the high ecclesiastic who is forever pointing with pride and viewing with alarm; he may even in moments of national excitement become in his devotions as excited as anyone; but as long as he still remains outside the fold he is not attracted to religious enthusiasm by a clerical echoing of patriotic slogans. 'I must have Religion for a better reason than as a social insurance policy.' So has said one of America's best historians. There are no end of his brethren who say 'Amen' to that.

IV

Once we perceive, then, as we shall if we listen to those who have come back, that it is not likely to be the social side of religion, in either the larger or the smaller sense of the word 'social,' which draws those of intelligence from indifference to a vital faith in God; once we understand, too, that the devices of ecclesiasticism are hurdles, to be jumped with difficulty, then we are in a position to ask what that is, of disillusionment and spiritual need, which does in fact impel men and women to resume the spiritual quest.

The thing which leads to a renewed religion seems almost always to be a desire to be freed from intolerable pressure, not a pressure exerted by external circumstance, but rather one arising from interior maladjustment. No amount of secular knowledge, no acquiring of technical skills, no distraction or amusement, no pursuit of ambition, has served to free these people from a sense of being under a duress which grows the more intense the longer they go on.

When they find that nothing else can free them, then at last they look to God, and ask the Church to help them to that liberation which from time immemorial God has given to souls in similar bondage. These whose religion has been for a long time merely conventional, or dormant, or even something flatly to be rejected, turn to the God of their fathers, asking for rescue from a thralldom to this world, hoping for salvation. They are usually little concerned with being delivered from a hell which may be awaiting them after they are dead; rather, they seek to escape an inner damnation here and now.

V

First, there are those who seek to escape lack of a sense of meaning, such as commonly results from too close an absorption in scientific pursuits.

The agnosticism which prevails today is not the facile sort of skepticism common at the turn of the century. That had its doubts only about a polite theological abstraction. The newer agnosticism suspects that man is unable of himself to discover anything about purpose, the purpose of the universe or the purpose of himself within that universe. He may learn any number of those facts which are revealed by scientific observation, he may arrange those facts ever so accurately; but there is nothing in all that which shows the why of anything, or of everything. The realization of this inadequacy in modern man's approach to knowledge is devastating to many thoughtful people. They insistently go on asking 'Why?' They are sure that unless one may discover an objective toward which the universe is moving, and toward which they themselves deliberately may move, life is not worth the living. They are not content to lapse into animality. They find no sufficient joy merely in satisfaction of the hungers for food, drink, play, rest, and sex, no matter how much these hungers are commended to them in high-sounding liter-

ary language. They will not, they find they cannot, abdicate from a humanity the sole distinguishing feature of which is the search to know the reason for things.

Convinced at last that meaning is to be found neither by drifting day by day, immersed in inconsequential phenomena, nor by scientific research, they seek meaning elsewhere. Impelled by a hunger for purpose, yet recognizing man's hopeless limitations in discovering the same, these unhappy souls, rent by inner conflict, do what vast numbers of similar intellectuals have done in all the ages past. They cry aloud for a God who can reveal to them what they must know, yet cannot ascertain. Driven by this pressing need, they turn to the long record of man's spiritual yearnings, his religious searchings; to the cults and creeds and codes which reflect those aspirations. They seek meaning in terms of service rendered to an ultimate Intelligence, confident that in the Supreme One all may live with purpose, convinced that in adoration of Him-who-reveals-Himself lies the answer to the otherwise insoluble riddle. Such of them as examine anew into Christianity, a Christianity which perhaps was nominally theirs in earlier years, perceive that the essence of that religion is a faith that in Jesus the Ultimate Person for man's salvation has appeared in terms of humanity, sharing its limitations but revealing, despite those limitations, all of God that man can hope to understand.

When they get that far, they come back, with a sense of inner certainty that to know God is life eternal. Religion ceases for them to be a minor decorative art and becomes an interpretative necessity. In the light of God, they find that they are able to remain sane in a mad world, and to function with courage and serenity. Though there be those who think such people obscurantists, they themselves are sure that they alone see clearly; nor do they think that in thus gaining insight of divine purpose they

have denied one truth which man has discovered, or blinked one fact.

VI

Secondly, there are those who return to religion to escape the pressure of possessions.

Modern life is cluttered up with things. We are so occupied in designing them, manufacturing them, selling them, owning them, protecting them, using them up, discarding them, destroying them, that we have mighty little time left for the doing of anything else. Most people seem fairly content thus to restrict activity and to accept as adequate measure for a satisfactory standard of living a large number of gadgets and a certain amount of amusement, chiefly mechanical. In this they are encouraged by a continuous barrage of meretricious advertising. But, strange as it may seem to the multitude, there are those whose dearest wish it is to break away from servitude to all this smothering plenty and to come at spiritual independence.

To get that desired release is not so simply done as might at first be supposed. Would I flee away to the happy cloister of a university? I find that former sanctuary of the spirit turned into a polytechnic school, a place wherein contemplation is subservient to research and metaphysics is an intrusion. In a fit of revolt, I may indeed smash my wireless set to bits; but those of my neighbors blare away, half-heard, and I find it not easy to avoid a sneaking suspicion that I ought, like my brother, to be listening to this, that, or the other program of practical progress. Should I determine to give away my earthly goods, whither shall I go? To be a vagrant in a world where concrete goods are almost all that matters is not to escape that world, but only to defy it. In defiance is small peace.

No, if I would live serene in this over-stuffed age, I must not run away. Indeed, I cannot run away. I must stay on

where I am and learn, without change of physical habitat, to live in terms of the spirit. I must be in the world, yet not of the world. Realization of that difficult necessity moves in the minds of more and more of our contemporaries.

This longing to live above material things can be decisive. 'I could not live, I think,' writes one of the world's most harassed statesmen, 'in a world I know to be carried on largely in terms of a struggle for possessions, if I could not go to Mass. I assist several times a week. To adore God is to escape, for a moment at least, into a realm of nobler things than most men dream of. You ask how it was that I became a Christian in my middle years. It was the need for worship, for release thereby from noise and things, which made me search and find. I adore God; and then some of me, the best of me, lives all day long in Heaven.'

VII

Thirdly, there are those who resume the practice of religion in a revolt against the tyranny of force.

Man left to himself, these perceive, is not only a greedy beast, but cruel. In constant quest of wealth, and with an unquenchable lust to dominate, more and more he throws off the mask of benevolence, discards even lip service to an honorable fraternity, and makes a frank appeal to arms. As in the days of Christ, so now, the kings of the earth are they that lord it over their fellows, while those who enjoy special privilege are called benefactors. Aggressors rule, while would-be aggressors wait a turn of fortune; and the only defense men trust in is one cut from the same harsh goods as the aggression. A world thus occupied by ravening wolves, some attacking in packs and the rest defending in packs, the tools of competition only refinements of tooth and claw, seems to many a man of sensitivity a world so chaotic as to imperil sanity. It may be that such a man can see no way to extricate himself

from complicity in carnage. He may grimly acquiesce. Or it may be that he accepts the horrors of his time as penalty for a human sin in the guilt for which he is himself involved. But such a tragic turmoil surely cannot be the rightful end of man. Wherein lies salvation from this madness — salvation for himself, for his children, for humanity as a whole?

Suddenly before such a one appears the figure of Jesus Christ, complete antithesis of violence and yet possessor of a strength beside which iron-hearted tyrants and embattled democrats alike seem soft as putty. It is not always easy for the war-embittered to hear what Jesus may be saying as He looks at us, who know not the things which belong to our peace. Above the turmoil, however, Jesus does speak with a new vividness to many a one in these days, from half-forgotten memory of early religious training, from chance perusal of the Gospels, sometimes in moments of mystical understanding. 'You shall hear of wars and rumors of wars. Be not frightened. Though this be come to pass, the end is not yet. When you see these things, lift up your heads, for your redemption draws nigh.' Once more the crowd cries, 'Away with this Man! No king for us but Cæsar!' — and Jesus says never a word. Or it may be that what is heard is 'Peace I give unto you; but not as the world gives, give I unto you.' He who hears such things begins again to understand that, though men destroy one another, though the heavens and the earth pass, there remains that which does not pass, a love too strong for inhumanity to kill. When men and women grew sick of violence, back in the Dark Ages, it was to God they fled, and served Him in the houses of religion. From thence they came forth to remake a world which brutality had well-nigh destroyed. Some were dragged from monastery and altar to martyrdom, not without fruit. It was a God of peace these served; and by that God they made the peace again. It is not hard to under-

stand all that, as we look into the past. It ought not to be impossibly difficult to see that today the more the violence, the more is sure to be the revival of true faith.

VIII

A fourth impetus to renewed religion is a desire thereby to escape the pressure of self-consciousness.

There can be little doubt in the mind of any candid observer of contemporary life and thought that most impulses today tend to produce in man an introspection dangerous to psychic health. Constantly one is being urged to remember himself, to improve himself, to develop himself, to express himself—all these in terms of here and now. Our educational system urges this, in season and out of season, and so do the other agencies which mould common opinion. The person of intelligence, like everyone else, feels the supposed necessity; and yet at the same time, because he is no fool, he is apt to realize quite clearly that, in terms of here and now, this self-expressionism is a futile folly, that all earthly careers are of necessity frustrated careers, that death destroys accomplishment and buries each man's mundane fame in swift oblivion. While perhaps unable to think out the nature of his dilemma, he nevertheless feels that something is very wrong in his pursuits. There comes only too often, from realization of this dilemma, a morbid resentment, a constant irritation, even a fundamental despair; but there may result, instead, and frequently does result, a search for some great cause in service of which one may lose one's self.

The desire for self-release has had a great deal to do with the rise of those political pseudo-religions whose rival claims now threaten civilization. The rank and file of human beings, bored beyond endurance by too long having lived in a self-expressive world, a world wherein each must act, or try to act, as a little god, have sought and to some ex-

tent found, in nationalistic, secularistic patriotism, a program in the advancement of which they may lose themselves and so find that most necessary of freedoms, freedom from self. The masses have felt the impulse of a fundamental discontent with life lived selfishly and have been led, sometimes into wickedness and more often into folly, by plausible prophets who have promised liberating self-oblation in an attempted realization of some totalitarian Paradise.

Such a solution to the problem of how to escape from one's self, however, is not satisfactory to those who are reasonably well-read in history and have a competent knowledge of human behavior. They understand quite well the defect inherent in the nationalistic pseudo-religions. Man's greed and man's desire to coerce have always been strong enough, still are strong enough, soon to bring to ruin every such secularistic social structure. The attempt to 'build Jerusalem amid these dark Satanic mills' is a holy and necessary venture; but for all that, 'here have we no continuing city.' The vision of the fathers fades into complacency in the children; and that in turn means corruption of the children's children. Those who come to that conclusion see plainly that, while Paradise is something to be striven for on earth, it is to be attained only beyond earth. This proximate pessimism impels them toward a passionate search for the ultimate optimism inherent in a supernatural religion. Their search for joy in terms other-worldly does not, in point of fact, render them indifferent to the sufferings of a maladjusted society. Quite commonly they are found in the forefront of every battle for social righteousness; but notwithstanding, the hope in terms of which they live and work is a hope laid up for them in Heaven. They put not their trust in princes, nor in any child of man. They seek to lose themselves in the comradeship of the saints and holy ones, their Master He whose word can never pass away.

IX

Revolt against an unhealthy domination by this transient world, then, is what is behind the return of many of our intellectual leaders to religious faith and practice. They seek relief from pressures which originate in a secularist obsession: the pressure of an ignorance of purpose inevitable if one conceives of knowledge merely in scientific terms; the pressure of possessions; the pressure of material force; the pressure of such self-conscious-

ness as makes men and women cry out for something greater than themselves, in service of which they may gladly live and bravely die. Religion for these (as for all men in every age, for that matter) is an escape device; but not, they insist, one by which they seek to hide from Reality in a dream world. They conceive of it, rather, as a method of refuge in Reality from phenomena incomprehensible, terrifying, destructive, except one learn to see them in the light of That-which-is, of Him-who-knows.

WALK IN SHADOW

BY MILDRED BOIE

WE walk in shadow, in the stippled shade
 Of knotty consciousness; we cannot grade
 Our roads of action evenly, or find
 A straight-cut channel for the tumbling mind;
 The thickets of desire are brambled still,
 And still impale and thorn the pushing will.

But sometimes in the shooting dawn of love
 We see an acre, clear of brush, above
 The tangled lowlands; sometimes in the noon
 Of work we see the cool, the coming moon;
 And sometimes in the utter night we ride
 Through wilderness of self on an unfailing tide.

SCULPTORS OF TODAY

BY JACOB EPSTEIN

I

FOR those artists who feel the urge to creative work, the position today is hazardous and beset with difficulties.

We imagine that we have at last emerged into a period of enlightenment; that no longer can a Cézanne be misunderstood and neglected, nor a Van Gogh or a Modigliani be unable to earn a living during his lifetime. This is far from true. The creative artist of today is in exactly the same position as his predecessors. He has against him a formidable array of enemy forces, who attack him directly and obliquely. To start with, those who handle his work, the dealers. They are not content to be mere dealers. They wish to be, and often are, the dictators of the artist's production. They admonish the artist as to what the public will like or dislike, and they can also keep him in poverty, so that he is easier to control.

The commonest grouse of the dealer is that the artist is a self-willed person who does not know on which side his bread is buttered. I myself have often been asked to furnish the dealer with what he considers the most salable of all work, the small female nude, which can ornament a mantelpiece or a smoking-room table. I have never succumbed to this demand, and it has even set me against this form of sculpture. The really popular works of Maillol are those little nudes, of which I have seen a hundred copies at one time cast by a dealer in Paris, all ready for the market.

A landscape artist I know, whose

spring and summer landscapes sold well, was advised by his dealers to go on doing spring and summer landscapes, and they looked with disfavor on his attempts to paint autumn and winter landscapes. Also, the subjects which the dealer finds tragic or sinister he often thinks unsuitable for the public.

The dealer demands of newcomers 33½ per cent of the price of any work sold, and only artists with big reputations can reduce this to 25 per cent.

The art racket rarely is in favor of the artist. A favorite trick is to take great care that the work does not sell. This can be easily managed, as exhibitions must necessarily be in the hands of the dealers. I once tried this out on a dealer; he had a work of mine for sale sent in by the owner, who was told that there were no claimants for it. I had sent a friend who admired the work, and who was genuinely interested in it. He could not get any information as to the price by calling or writing. So far as any effort was made to connect him with the object, he was as far off at the end as at the beginning. Naturally the work fell into the dealer's hands. It was my first carved work in marble, and he put a big price on it.

In Gauguin's letters he complains of a celebrated dealer who handled his work while he was in the Marquesas, and who kept on writing to him that there was no demand, or even inquiry, about his paintings. Gauguin expresses a natural astonishment at this, and asks

his friend to find out if his paintings are really being shown at all. That this dealer had a great quantity of Gauguin's work later, after his death, was altogether natural and satisfactory to the dealer.

The majority of the dealers will not, of course, settle with the artists until they themselves are paid. This seems fair; but, as things are, dealers often give very long credits for works sold, to please their clients, and, while they can afford this, the artist waits and waits.

There is a peculiar attitude about the purchasing of works of art. I have heard an average collector say that he expected two years' credit if he bought anything. This man probably never realized that he was keeping the artist waiting for two years.

There is something in the art-dealing business, an element of gambling, which can convert an ordinary business man into a potential inmate of a jail sooner than almost any other occupation. Dealers as a rule adopt toward the artist an attitude of benevolence such as the poor-house inmate meets at the hand of the County Council visitor or Charity Organization Inspector. He is just a poor devil who would starve if not for them. Perhaps he would. To bend one's energy to the creation of work, and to make one's living at the same time, is beyond the power of the average artist.

The artist has not only the dealer to contend with. He has also the art critic, art patron, and art director, or keeper of galleries and art institutions of all kinds. Take the art critic first. He is often a journalist who has accidentally taken up the function of critic of exhibitions, or an unsuccessful artist, one who found he could make an easier living by writing than by painting. His pen is dipped in gall and venom. He gets back at those artists who have persevered and still keep on working. He knows how to write as if he could do the thing himself, and achieves sometimes a tremendous reputation as a 'know-all in art,' on just fine writing. There is now a school

of such critics in all countries. In the field of Old Masters, they are the experts who command thousands of pounds a year for their services to great dealers. With modern work in their hands, their pens are also for sale to the dealers.

On one occasion when my friend Matthew Smith was holding an exhibition, I remarked on one critic's praise, knowing that that same critic had often written disparagingly of Matthew Smith's work. I said, 'How strange this new view is.' The dealer merely remarked that with regard to this critic they had 'loaded the dice.'

In any other occupation or trade on earth this would be considered libelous or damaging. Not so with the artist. Hit him and hit him hard. If he shows the slightest sign of originality, close the doors of the academies against him. Rob him. Drive him out of his profession.

Taxation is another enemy of the artist. He is taxed on his work, which is his principal, instead of on 'purely income.' Sculptors work, as it were, in gold and cannot get it all repaid. The cost of producing a work of sculpture is left out of account when it comes to the price of even the smallest work. If it is in clay, there is first the clay model to be made and then cast into plaster; then the bronze casting, which is costly. In stone, there is the material to be bought, and the carving takes a long time. Yet artists are considered 'lucky beggars.' Perhaps they are.

The uncertainty in which artists live with regard to their incomes makes them into Micawbers, who are always expecting something to turn up. If they are accused of extravagance, this only argues the inherent hopefulness in the artist's nature. The artist is the world's scape-goat. He has a reputation for profligacy in living. One critic wrote that Gauguin could not possibly make fine works as he had had illegitimate children in Tahiti. Did not Stephen Crane say that, if an artist is seen just clinking a glass of beer, it is immediately called from the house-

tops, 'Look at Jones, the artist. What a drunkard!'

Was not Rembrandt a terrible drunkard? Look at his portraits of himself. It is said that he has condemned himself out of his own self-portraits alone. Degas said that to make a fine work of art was similar to committing a crime — a cryptic saying from a master, a saying with wide implications. Toulouse-Lautrec is an artist with a reputation for debauchery. Yet look at his drawings and paintings, and where do you see the results of debauchery? There is nothing loose, careless, or feeble in them. The drawing is sensitive and tense; the compositions are thought out, the work of a great artist with acute observation.

Of an exhibition of portraits of my daughter Peggy-Jean, aged two to four years, a well-known writer-critic said, 'Even the soul of a child is not safe in his hands,' and another newspaper man professed to discover that I had done a criminal child. When I made an inquiry as to who could have written this filthy stuff, and why, I was told that it was that newspaper's 'crime expert.' Dealers, critics, patrons, artists — a host of enemies waiting for the man of talent.

II

I have always been attracted by children as models for plastic work. I feel that the life of children has hardly been touched upon in sculpture, and this representation is avoided perhaps because of the difficulties which confront an artist who sets out to present a child. For one thing, the child cannot sit still, and to compel a child to be quiet is to destroy at once the spontaneity and charm which lie in its frank and natural expressions. Yet I have attempted time after time this most difficult subject for sculpture. In Joan Greenwood there is the precocious child with elfin smile, and in portraits of Peggy-Jean. I made many studies, Peggy-Jean 'Laughing Studies' and Peggy-Jean 'Sleeping Studies.'

Lately I have indulged my fancy for this expression in sculpture by studies of colored children, and the studies of Jackie and others in bronze, and drawings, of which I have made a whole series of endless moods and variety of movement. Here again I have not restrained myself, but freely given what I have observed and felt, and I know that I have by no means exhausted the subject. The Florentines had a special love of children — from Donatello's mad incarnations of robust vitality, to graceful Verrocchio's, to the waywardness of a Desiderio da Settignano.

To work from a child the sculptor has to have endless patience. He must wait and observe, and observe and wait. The small forms, so seemingly simple, are in reality so subtle, and the hunting of the form is an occupation that is at once tantalizing and fascinating. At the end of an hour or two, the nerves of an artist are torn to shreds, and neurasthenia and eye strain might well result from a too-prolonged preoccupation with this form of sculptural expression.

The 'Babe' confronts time and his destiny with round, creased arms and hands held out before him, as if in self-protection. He boldly and trustingly looks out upon a world newly born to his vision. This is a man-child, and his sturdy frame is like that of an Egyptian king in its compact lines. Every form is full, complete, and with a sense of new, fresh power. This man-child confronts a world which we older ones know only too well, and our gray, haggard glance must light up at this fresh revelation — an undying flame of life embodied again.

To have a child to work from was delightful. Little Peggy-Jean was a real source of inspiration. I never tired of watching her, and to watch her was for me to work from her — to make studies in clay of all her moods; and when she tired and fell asleep, there was something new to do, charming and complete. To work from a child seemed to me the only work worth doing, and I was prepared to

go on for the rest of my life looking at Peggy-Jean, and making new studies of her. I exhibited these later in one of my exhibitions, and the reactions of some persons were far from amusing. Of the 'Peggy-Jean Asleep,' one kind soul said, 'How cruel of Mr. Epstein to compel a child to pose like that.' Others said, 'She is not at all a pretty child,' as if it were the sole business of the artist to find a 'pretty' child to work from.

I regret that I have not done more children, and I plan some day to do only children. I think I should be quite content with that, and not bother about the grownups at all. I should love to fill my studio with studies of children. Children just born. Children growing up. Children nude. Children in fantastic costumes *en prince*, with pets of all kinds, and toys. Dark children, pickaninnies, Chinese, Mongolian-eyed children.

This is a fancy, a dream of mine; but naturally I must sometimes turn to and earn a living like other persons, and not indulge too much in strange and unrealizable longings and desires.

I begin the drawings of Jackie, and at first my drawings are somewhat sketchy, loose; although from the beginning I know what I want to render. It is the life, free, careless and apprehensive at the same time, of the little boy with his lively intelligence and quick ways, especially his eyes, and also his expressive hands in their infinite and unconscious gestures, that I wish to capture. I find that I must have great patience, as there is no such thing as posing; I have to watch for the return of a gesture and the movement of the head. The same movement of the arms or hands never seems to recur, and I often rise after an hour or two, enervated and discouraged, with nothing to show but an abandoned beginning. Gradually I seem to gain in swiftness and assurance, and the drawings become more satisfactory. I reject a dozen drawings, and one seems to me to have got something of the little fellow's peculiarity. I have him read to, and that

fixes his attention. The stories with pictures hold him, especially drawings of animals — Rabier's graphic accounts above all. At the adventures of the monkey, the rabbit, the hedgehog, and the ducks, he roars with delight, and I then work with devoted fury.

In time I see hundreds of things to do, all different. The drawings are like preludes and fugues, or, to put it better, variations on a theme — the theme of young child life. An endless series of variations. I can see no monotony in my studies of this boy, although that is the easiest and readiest criticism. Today, variety means something different from what it once did. To me the changes of expression in a child's head, the change of the direction of the pupil of the eye, the contraction and expansion of the eye, the change in nostrils and cheeks, give great variety, such variety as it would take a highly sensitive and skillful observer to record. A technique must be at one's command, transcending mere stylism. The aim must be achieved, whatever the means.

As I say, I work with fury and appetite, and before the miracle of the child's moods I am almost nonplused; but a partial achievement spurs me on, and with the multiplicity of drawings I feel the abundant harvest has made my efforts well worth while. I look upon this body of drawings of a child as a legacy well worth achieving. In reviewing them now, I see a development in technique and a final mastery, also great variety of line and rendering of form, through light and shade. I compare these drawings with any others I have made, and am pleased at their lightness and solidity. I feel really sorry that I have sold a number, as I should like to have kept them intact as a collection. My drawings of Jackie present a period of my life, and mark out a plastic expression I am proud of. To capture the fugitive and endless expressions and changes of movement of a child has been a rare experience.

III

With Rodin a new era in sculpture began; and, though every schoolboy now seems able to pick holes in him, he was a revivifying force that compelled sculpture into paths which it is still following. Before Rodin — with Houdon, Rude, Carpeaux — the form, solely realistic and decorative, remained in itself uninteresting. With Rodin, modeling became interesting and individual for its own sake; an element of imagination entered sculpture which included the grotesque. Rodin was a sculptor who, in his search for expression, was not afraid to be grotesque and, in one or two instances, even ridiculous, which of course no living sculptor could ever afford to be. I find Rodin now much underrated, and the wiseacres of today will only admit that his drawings have the stuff of immortality in them. This is an absurd judgment, and we need only wait a few years for the pendulum to swing the other way. For one thing, the vast output of Rodin makes his lifework difficult to sum up. Where a sculptor of today makes one work, Rodin made a hundred, and his own fecundity tires and bewilders us all in such a collection of his works as the Hôtel Biron possesses.

I find that a sculptor who is much lauded today, Despiau, really has his foundation in Rodin. Actually Despiau worked for Rodin, carving marble for him. I could point to a head in the Rodin Musée which contains the whole of Despiau, and to me Despiau's work is monotonous and often insensitive. He is very popular, more especially in America, where works of an æsthetic, or washed-out, character have a great vogue — for example, Whistler, Marie Laurencin, 'abstract art,' Brancusi. His nudes amount to school works which any clever student can produce. To compare this quite talented but limited sculptor with Rodin is nonsense.

Rodin did not possess a sense of the

architectural, and that is why his 'Porte d'Enfer' is such a failure architecturally. From even a little distance it has all the appearance of an anthill in commotion. Rodin concentrated on the individual groups and figures, and the 'Porte d'Enfer,' to be appreciated, must be studied close to, when the tragic and splendid qualities of the groups reveal themselves.

When I was a student in Paris, I was taken to Rodin's studio by a fellow student, an Englishman. One afternoon we went together to the Rue de l'Université, where Rodin had several studios adjoining one another, given him by the State. I saw there the large Victor Hugo in marble, still unfinished, and many smaller works in marble and bronze. One large low table was laden with hundreds of small studies and sketches brought, I should say, by aspiring sculptors and 'mothers of genius' for Rodin's inspection. How anyone had the impudence to impose on him in this fashion is incomprehensible to me. Rodin himself, short, bearded, with a sort of round flat cap on his head, looked calm and watchful at the same time. His neck was of enormous thickness and gave his head a tapering shape upwards. He went about among his guests, and he would roll tissue paper around a small bronze head and show it in that way. I did not speak to him, as I had only just arrived in Paris and knew no French. I was quite content to look at things, and watch Rodin himself.

A sculptor totally unknown in England, and to the rest of Europe, is the American, George Grey Barnard. I knew his work in America and thought his first large work, 'The Two Natures,' now in the Metropolitan, a very great work in sculpture. It is one of the finest conceptions of our day. He spent a long life devoted to sculpture and was 'a law unto himself,' going his own way. His statue of Lincoln, which was offered to London in 1917, was most unfairly and bitterly assailed by a stupid art critic,

Sir Claude Phillips. I answered this on October 6, 1917, defending Barnard's 'Lincoln' as a great work, in the *Daily Telegraph*. My letter I give here.

I read with astonishment the pontifical judgments of your art critic, Sir Claude Phillips, upon the statue of Abraham Lincoln by George Grey Barnard, the American sculptor, based solely upon what he admitted was a very blurred photograph; and he is equally astonishing to me when he is full of respect and solemnity towards his own suggestions of what a monument to Lincoln should be. These two attitudes are by no means uncommon to critics. George Grey Barnard is a very great sculptor, an artist whose achievement is so superb that his statue of Lincoln should be awaited with the eager expectancy due to a new unknown work by a great master. What there may be behind this by no means accidental attack and Press campaign against the Lincoln statue I do not know, but undoubtedly Barnard, like all men of genius, and of independent mind, would have ready waiting for him the usual pack, who at the first opportunity would fasten upon him. I raise the only protest I know of against this chorus of calumny, because Barnard has given the world works for which we will always be grateful, and the attack on his statue of Lincoln in England is manifestly unfair and one-sided.

In sculpture, although I had my first lessons from Barnard, we were poles apart in conception and execution. Barnard had a passion for the heroic, derived from an intensive study of Michelangelo, and I believe in all his thoughts and actions he had Michelangelo somewhere in the background. He even boasted of having made more figures and groups of heroic size than the great Florentine himself. To my mind he never achieved the intimate and personal which so appeals to me. On my return to America I was surprised to find that Barnard's reputation had sunk very low, and mere tyros thought him academic and spoke scornfully of him.

Brancusi is perhaps, of all modern sculptors, the man who brought the

greatest individual touch into sculpture; and he now has his imitators and followers by the hundreds. Indeed, his formula — for a formula it became — is used for window decorating, mannequins, and posters. His work was strongly influenced by Negro art, and also by Cycladic sculpture; but in our own period of tortured and realistic work his highly sophisticated art seems fresh and strange — a paradox. Brancusi himself, when I first met him, I found charming and simple in manner, and in appearance like a sailor or a farmer. He was deeply serious but with plenty of humor. We sat on a log, the only seat in his studio in Montparnasse, and he offered his guests sweets out of a paper bag. He was fond of telling funny stories about his sculpture. He had carved a bird and someone asked him why he had not done the feet of the bird. His answer was that 'the bird's feet were in water and could not be seen.'

Ortiz de Zarate said humorously that whenever Easter came round he was reminded of Brancusi by the eggs. This referred to the fact that a good deal of Brancusi's work took naturally an egg shape.

Twenty years later I again visited Brancusi. Looking about me, I could imagine it to be the first visit: the work was the same, Brancusi was the same, somewhat grayer and thinner. Instead of drinking sour milk he now drank hot water: he said that hot water cured one of all ills, even of love. As I was saying good-bye to him in the courtyard, a French artist passed with the inevitable girl, going into their studio. We exchanged glances, and Brancusi turned to his studio with its abstract and arid shapes.

IV

In my portraits it is assumed that I start out with a definite conception of my sitter's character. On the contrary, I have no such conception whatever in the beginning. The sitter arrives in the stu-

dio, mounts the stand, and I begin my study. My aim, to start with, is entirely constructive. With scientific precision I make a quite coldly thought-out construction of the form, giving the bony formations around the eyes, the ridge of the nose, mouth, and cheekbones, and defining the relation of the different parts of the skull to each other. As the work proceeds I note the expression and the changes of expression, and the character of the model begins to impress itself on me. In the end, by a natural process of observation, the mental and physiological characteristics of the sitter impose themselves upon the clay. This process is natural and not preconceived. With close and intensive study come subtleties and fine shades. From turning the work round so as to catch every light comes that solidity that makes the work light-proof, as it were. For in a work of sculpture the forms actually alter with the change of light, not as in a painting or drawing, where the forms only become more or less visible.

It is said that the sculptor as an artist always depicts himself in his work, even in his portraits. In only one sense is this true — that is, in the sense in which the artist's own nature colors his outlook. To illustrate what I say, take a portrait by Frans Hals. We observe that his outlook on humanity is cold and detached; he observes his models without any emotions and never warms to them. He seemed unfortunate in his sitters; as human beings they evidently aroused in him no feeling of sympathy, and he turned to their clothes with greater pleasure than he got from their faces. He obviously enjoyed his own technique and reveled in his marvelous skill.

With Rembrandt the opposite seems the case. His great heart seemed to warm toward the men and women who sat for him, and he seemed to penetrate into their inner selves and reveal their very souls — in children their lively joy, and in grownups the burden of living, their sorrow and disappointments. There

is a great wisdom in him, and his people look out of his canvases, human beings whose trades and business you cannot tell, but they have deep human thoughts; they are not just tradesmen and shrews, as in Hals. A beggar in the hands of Rembrandt is some ancient philosopher, a Diogenes content in his tub; a manservant in a borrowed cloak becomes a king of the East with splendor wreathing him round. So with the portraits of Goya. His men are witty, cynical, brutal, and his women lovely, gallant, and lecherous.

Rarely have I found sitters altogether pleased with their portraits. Understanding is rare, and the sitter usually wants to be flattered. How Goya ever got away with his superb portraits of the Spanish Royal Family is still an inexplicable mystery.

I recall the naïve expression of one of my sitters who asked me if his nose was as I depicted it, and, when I assured him that it was so, cajolingly exclaimed, 'Can't you cheat nature a little?'

Another will feel the bump at the back of his neck and look ruefully at my bust. On the whole, men sitters are more vain than women sitters. Shaw was terribly nervous about his bust; so was Priestley; and I have found that rarely does a wife see eye to eye with the artist. Always the artist 'has just missed something that she wants in or has put in something that she has never observed.'

My best portraits, of course, have been those of friends and people I have asked to sit for me. The model who just sits and leaves the artist to his own thoughts is the most helpful one — not the model who imagines she is inspiring the artist. It seems to me that Mona Lisa said nothing; that 'enigmatic' smile was quite enough for Leonardo to bother about.

Sometimes the sitter impresses his own conception of himself upon the artist. This can never result in a successful work — one that renders the character of the model. Sir Hugh Walpole was one

of these sitters. He insisted on sitting to me like a Pharaoh, with head held high and chin stuck out. In reality Sir Hugh is the most genial of men, with sparkling, twinkling humor in his eye, and his mouth wreathed in a kindly, genial smile. But with the rigidity of Sir Hugh's pose I could do nothing. I knew that the head was well modeled, but as for a portrait of my model's real self, I never thought it was that for a moment. It was Sir Hugh Walpole in the rôle of Benito Mussolini.

Muirhead Bone had arranged that I should do a bust of Conrad for him. I had desired ten years before to work from him, and had spoken to Richard Curle about it. I had been informed by him that Conrad could not sit for me, owing to the intervention of a painter 'friend.' At the time I was deeply disappointed and dropped the idea. But in 1924 the commission was finally arranged. My admiration for Conrad was immense, and he had a head that appealed to a sculptor, massive and fine at the same time, so I jumped at the idea of working from him at last. After a meeting in London it was arranged with him that I should go down to his place at St. Oswalds, near Canterbury, and at my suggestion I should live in an inn in a near-by village while working on the bust. This arrangement always suits me best, as I prefer to be free outside my working hours.

I set out from London on a cold March morning, feeling somewhat ill and downhearted. I hated working away from my studio, amidst uncertain and perhaps disagreeable conditions. Before beginning a work I am timid and apprehensive. What will the lighting be? A good start is everything; and with a subject like Conrad I wanted to do justice to myself. My taxi contained my working materials, stands, clay, and working tools. It seemed a long journey to Kent. I arrived toward dark with snow falling. Conrad met me, and we arranged the room in which I should work, where I un-

packed my baggage. I was then conducted across a park to the village of Bridge and the inn where I was to stay. This inn seemed to be of the gloomiest and coldest type. The whole mood of the place, with the sodden countryside, promised a cheerless beginning.

Conrad was an absorbing study. He took posing seriously and gave me good long sittings until one o'clock, when we lunched and talked. From the beginning he called me 'Cher Maître,' embarrassing me by this mode of address from a much older man who was a great master of his own craft. His manners were courtly and direct, but his neurasthenia forced him at times to outbursts of rage and irritability with his household, which quickly subsided. I already had a fairly clear notion as to how I should treat the bust. A sculptor had previously made a bust of him which represented him as an open-necked, romantic, out-of-door type of person. In appearance he was the very opposite. His clothes were immaculately conventional, and his collar enclosed his neck like an Iron Maiden's vise or a garroter's grip. He was worried if his hair and beard were not trim and neat as became a sea captain. There was nothing shaggy or bohemian about him. His glance was keen despite the drooping of one eyelid. He was the sea captain, the officer, and in our talks he emphasized the word 'responsibility.' Responsibility weighed on him, weighed him down. He used the word again and again, and one immediately thought of *Lord Jim* — the conscience suffering at the evasion of duty. It may have been because I met him late in life that Conrad gave me a feeling of defeat — but defeat met with courage.

He was crippled with rheumatism, crotchety, nervous, and ill. He said to me, 'I am finished.' There was pathos in his pulling out of a drawer his last manuscript to show me that he was still at work. There was no triumph in his manner, however; and he said that he did not know whether he would ever

finish it. 'I am played out,' he said; 'played out.'

We talked after the sittings, mostly in the afternoons when we had tea together, and Conrad was full of reminiscences about himself. We were generally alone together. There in his country house he seemed to live alone, although the house was filled with servants. A few visitors came at the week-ends, but he seemed a lonely, brooding man, with none too pleasant thoughts.

He was a good sitter, always strictly punctual, and he stuck to the stand, giving me plenty of opportunity for work and study. I was with him for twenty-one days. Once, while posing, he had a heart attack, and he felt faint. His manservant brought him a stiff whiskey, and he insisted on renewing the sitting. I had no hesitations while at work, owing to his very sympathetic attitude. A doubtful or critical attitude of the sitter will sometimes hang like a dark cloud over the work and retard it. Conrad's sympathy and good will were manifest. He would beam at me with a pleased expression and forget his rheumatism and the tree outside the window at which he railed. The tree was large and beautiful, but to Conrad it was a source of misery.

The house was roomy, and set among low hills. To Conrad it was a prison set in a swamp. He must move. He must find another house. He would set out in his car, one step from the door to the sealed vehicle, to search for the new house. No outdoors for him. The sea captain hated out-of-doors, and never put his nose into it.

To return to the bust; Conrad had a demon expression in the left eye, while his right eye was smothered by a drooping lid, but the eyes glowed with a great intensity of feeling. The drooping, weary lids intensified the impression of brooding thought. The whole head revealed the man who had suffered much — a head set on shoulders hunched about his ears. When he was seated, the shoulders gave the impression of a pedestal for the

head. His gnarled hands were covered with woolen mittens, and his habit of tugging at his beard when in conversation or in thought gave me the idea of including the hands in the bust; but he recoiled from so human a document.

On anything connected with the plastic arts, Conrad frankly confessed ignorance, although perhaps to flatter me he attempted to draw a parallel between the process of building up a work of sculpture and that of writing a novel. Of music he said he knew nothing, nor did it interest him; but he admitted being impressed by the sound of drums coming across the waters in Africa at night.

The walls of his house carried a few indifferent family portraits in oil. He turned over lovingly the family portrait album of his ancestors: his father, a distinguished Polish nobleman named Korzeniowski, who had suffered under the Czar; photographs of himself very young, which showed him as being extremely handsome.

I looked at Conrad's bookshelf. He had not many books, in no sense a library; but he had a complete edition of Turgenev in English. We talked of books, and I mentioned Melville's *Moby Dick*, expecting him to be interested. Conrad burst into a furious denunciation of it. 'He knows nothing of the sea. It's fantastic, ridiculous,' he said. When I mentioned that the work was symbolical and mystical: 'Mystical, my eye. My old boots are mystical.' Meredith? His characters are ten feet high. D. H. Lawrence had started well, but had gone wrong. 'Filth. Nothing but obscenities.' For Henry James he had unqualified admiration. Of his own novels he said it was a tossup at one time as to whether he would write in English or in French. He emphasized the amount of labor he gave to a novel to get it to satisfy himself.

At a few of the sittings Conrad dictated letters to the secretary. His English was strongly foreign, with a very

guttural accent, so that his secretary frequently failed to get the right word, which made Conrad growl. I would try to detach myself from the work to listen. His composition was beautiful. Sentence followed sentence in classic 'Conrad,' totally unlike his conversational manner, which was free, easy, and colloquial.

The work on the bust was nearing completion. One day, at the end of the sittings, Mrs. Conrad appeared at the door to see it. She gave one glance and fled. Perhaps a wife, a lover, can never see what the artist sees. At any rate, the fact is that they rarely ever do. Perhaps a really mediocre artist has more chance of success in this respect. When George Bernard Shaw was sitting to me I asked him why he had given sittings to a very incompetent artist. Shaw exclaimed: 'Why, he is a fine portrait painter — my wife, on entering the room where the portrait was, actually mistook it for myself.'

Conrad's own opinion about my portrait of himself was conveyed in a letter he wrote to Richard Curle, his biographer and literary executor. 'The bust of Ep has grown truly monumental. It is a marvelously effective piece of sculpture, with even something more than a masterly interpretation in it. It is wonderful to go down to posterity like that.' Later Sir Muirhead Bone offered the bust to the National Portrait Gallery. It was refused.

At last the work was completed. I wired my moulder to come and carry it away to London to be cast. I said goodbye to the old Master and traveled with the bust. Five months later I opened a newspaper and read that Joseph Conrad was dead.

V

In 1933 rumors of the intended assassination of Einstein caused his flight to England. He left Belgium and was a refugee under Commander Locker-Lampson's care at a camp near Cromer. I had some correspondence with Commander Locker-Lampson about my

working from Einstein, and we arranged for a week of sittings. I traveled to Cromer, and the following morning was driven out to the camp, situated in a secluded wild spot very near the sea.

Einstein appeared, dressed very comfortably in a pullover with his wild hair floating in the wind. His glance contained a mixture of the humane, the humorous, and the profound. This was a combination which delighted me. He resembled the aging Rembrandt.

The sittings took place in a small hut, which was filled with a piano so that I could hardly turn round. I asked the girl attendants, of whom there were several, secretaries of Commander Locker-Lampson, to remove the door, which they did; but they facetiously asked whether I would like the roof off next. I thought I should have liked that too, but I did not demand it, as the attendant 'angels' seemed to resent a little my intrusion into the retreat of their Professor. After the third day they thawed, and I was offered beer at the end of the sitting.

I worked for two hours every morning, and at the first sitting the Professor was so surrounded with tobacco smoke from his pipe that I saw nothing. At the second sitting I asked him to smoke in the interval. Einstein's manner was full of charm and *bonhomie*. He enjoyed a joke and had many a jibe at the Nazi professors, one hundred of whom in a book had condemned his theory. 'Were I wrong,' he said, 'one professor would have been quite enough.' Also, in speaking of Nazis, he once said, 'I thought I was a physicist; I did not bother about being non-Aryan until Hitler made me conscious of it.'

At the end of the sittings he would sit down at the piano and play, and once he took a violin and went outside and scraped away. He looked altogether like a wandering gypsy, but the sea air was damp, the violin execrable, and he gave it up. The Nazis had taken his own good violin when they confiscated his property in Germany.

Einstein watched my work with a kind of naïve wonder and seemed to sense that I was doing something good of him.

The sittings unfortunately had to come to a close, as Einstein was to go up to London to make a speech at the Albert Hall and then leave for America. I could have gone on with the work. It seemed to me a good start, but, as so often happens, the work had to be stopped before I had carried it to completion.

Later I exhibited the head in London in December 1933. During the exhibition, while the gallery was without attendants for a short time, it was discovered on the floor, fortunately only bent on to its stone pedestal, which could easily be remedied. Who had overthrown it? This version was bought by the Chantry bequest, and is at present in the Tate Gallery.

I met Lord Rothermere on the *Aquitania* on my return from New York in January 1928. He asked me if I would do his bust in London. Of this meeting with Rothermere on the *Aquitania* I recall a dinner which he gave on board, at which the great steel magnate, Charles Schwab, and P. G. Wodehouse, the English humorist, were present. Lord Rothermere asked Schwab how much he thought his fortune amounted to, and Schwab answered very impressively that he 'really couldn't compute it.' I was, of course, referred to as the 'greatest' sculptor in the world, and in the eyes of these moneyed men that meant the sculptor who made the most money. Wodehouse discussed stocks and shares, and altogether I got a strange impression of the values that rich and successful men place on things, and of how they are interested in wealth, which to an artist is only a means to finer ends. Lord Rothermere, although he prided himself upon owning a fine collection of Old Masters, answered when I asked him what Rembrandts he possessed, 'But Rembrandt isn't any good, is he?'

The sittings in London for the bust characteristically began with a film com-

pany's making a film of myself and the sitter at work. Altogether the proceedings went on, as it were, in public, as Rothermere liked company and conducted his various businesses in my studio. I did not mind this, as it showed the sitter animated by subjects that really interested him. I have long ago been forced into the habit of ignoring those around me when at work and thinking only of the work in hand. Financiers and millions of pounds were discussed. Rothermere was monumental and offered strange psychological problems to the artist. Also, he possessed a natural sense of humor and did not expect me to flatter him. He jocularly remarked that I was not making an Ivor Novello of him. The work progressed, but my model had a disconcerting habit of leaving for foreign parts suddenly and sending me a wire that he would turn up in about a week or fortnight and 'join me in the clay bin,' as he put it.

This habit of the wire finally decided me to call it a day, and the bust was declared finished.

Rothermere pretended to no knowledge of modern art, but collected Old Masters. I will say that when he showed me these I was not very much impressed. A critic had collected them for him. This critic let me see that he was eager that I should not show him up too much to Lord Rothermere over the pictures. On the occasion when the collection was shown to me, one evening at dinner at Lord Rothermere's at Sunningdale, the critic waylaid me previously and made a personal appeal to me not to criticize the pictures to Lord Rothermere. To my amusement, he added that Lord Rothermere could be very useful to both of us. The use of 'us' made me laugh.

The occasion of this dinner was the placing of Rothermere's bust in the Sunningdale house, which took place five years after I had finished the work. Rothermere had apparently forgotten the bust for that period. This bust, with its somewhat formidable character,

seemed to have to be handled carefully, for when I had proposed exhibiting it on some previous occasion I was advised not to do so, as a General Election was coming on and it might possibly exert some baneful influence on events.

Lord Rothermere's secretaries seemed particularly upset by the work. This I take as tribute to the sincerity and truth of the rendering of the character. What these 'yes men' expected me to do, I do not quite know; but their hostility was expressed quite frankly. I think of it as one of my best portraits.

Shaw sat on condition that I was commissioned to do the work. He thought I ought to benefit materially and not just do his bust for its own sake. Orage arranged a commission for me from Mrs. Blanche Grant, an American. Shaw sat with exemplary patience and even eagerness. He walked to my studio every day, and was punctual and conscientious. He wisecracked, of course. In matters of art he aired definite opinions, mostly wrong; and I often had to believe that he wished to say smart, clever things to amuse me. On seeing a huge block of stone, unworked, in the studio, he asked me what I intended to do with it. Not wishing to tell him exactly what my plans were, I merely remarked that I had a plan. 'What!' he exclaimed. 'You have a plan? You shouldn't have a plan. I never work according to a plan. Each day I begin with new ideas totally different from the day before.' As if a sculptor with a six-ton block to carve could alter his idea daily! Shaw believed that sculptors put into their portraits their own characteristics, and of a bust done of him by a prince he remarked that it contained something very aristocratic. This was amusing in view of the fact that this particular bust was peculiarly commonplace.

One day Robert Flaherty brought along the Aran boatman, Tiger King, who was the chief character in the film,

Man of Aran, written about fishermen. In the studio, when Tiger King was introduced, Shaw immediately started talking to him on how to sail a boat, what happened in storms, and generally instructed him in sea lore.

Shaw was puzzled by the bust of himself and often looked at it and tried to make it out. He believed that I had made a kind of primitive barbarian of him, something altogether uncivilized and really a projection of myself, rather than of him. I never tried to explain the bust to him, and I think that there are in it elements so subtle that they would be difficult to explain. Nevertheless, I believe this to be an authentic and faithful rendering of George Bernard Shaw physically and psychologically. I leave out any question of æsthetics, as that would be beyond Shaw's comprehension. When the bust was finished, we were filmed; and Shaw was wonderful as an actor, taking the filming very seriously.

In 1934, when the work in bronze was done, I offered Shaw a copy of the bust through Orage, but was told that Shaw could not think of having it in his house. This I believe was because of Mrs. Shaw's dislike of it.

Throughout my life in England, Shaw has been an outspoken champion of my work, on several occasions giving the great British public lively smacks on my behalf. I will not say that he understands what I have made. He seems deficient in all sense of the plastic, but has a lively notion of how stupid the newspapers can be. He is generous to young talent, but seems likely to be taken in by cleverness or pretense. I would say that Shaw is not really interested in the plastic arts, although he can be got to take a passing or journalistic interest in controversial work. On one occasion, on visiting an exhibition of paintings of Epping Forest, not knowing what to say, he asked me if I had done the paintings with brushes.

NEW HARMONY, INDIANA

BY KATHARINE DOS PASSOS AND EDITH SHAY

'Yet in a day of small, sour and fierce schemes, one is admonished and cheered by a project of such friendly aims and of such bold and generous proportions.' — RALPH WALDO EMERSON

I

IN the years 1825–1826, liberals, radicals, reformers, and sightseers from all over the world were making their way by keelboat down the Ohio to visit the little Indiana town of New Harmony. Here, in America's Far West, the English philanthropist and reformer, Robert Owen, was staging a great socialistic experiment. The way led through a wild frontier region of ignorant squatters, trappers, and fighting river boatmen to a surprising goal. Set down as if by magic in the fertile river valley of the Wabash was an Old World village of neat gardens, gabled roofs, avenues of black walnut trees. In this idyllic setting, nearly a thousand men and women of widely different backgrounds and nationalities were happily organizing balls, debates, concerts, theatricals, going on picnics, boating on the river, while engaged in the uplifting work of social revolution. The inn was doing a land-office business, and many of those who came to jeer remained to play.

'Revolution' is such a grim word today, it is hard even to imagine the mood of high-hearted confidence and universal good will in which the New Harmony project was conceived. Owen believed that happiness is the only rational object of man's pursuit. He believed that man's character is formed for him, not by him, and that good circumstances will — ultimately — make good men. He had tried

to create good circumstances for the workers in his great cotton-spinning mills at New Lanark, Scotland, and people came from all over the world to see his model schools and village, but he was impatient with the limitations of his benevolent paternalism. He believed co-operation was the only cure for social ills, and by the time he was fifty-three, in 1824, he had evolved a utopian Plan. His ruling passion now was for a great stage on which to try it out.

The Plan was vast, but simple. It aimed at the ultimate breakdown of all society into thousands of coöperative associations of from 1500 to 2000 people who should own land and houses in common and labor for the benefit of the community. It was to begin with the establishment of one such community as an example to the world. No destruction, violence, or force was involved in Owen's scheme. The various communities as they arose could live peaceably within the framework of capitalistic, nationalistic states until by multiplication they embraced the world.

While Owen dreamed, walking about New Lanark with a sharp eye out for dirt or drunkenness, a German religious brotherhood on the banks of the far-off Wabash had been preparing his stage. The curious sect of Rappites, vowed to celibacy, to communal living, to subservience to their leader, George Rapp,

had built first a thriving community at Zelenople, Pennsylvania, re-created their success in Indiana in the town they called Harmonie, and, in 1824, were prepared to move again, no one quite knows why. That summer Richard Flower, Rapp's emissary, turned up in England to find a buyer for the estate and visited the famous reformer-philanthropist. Owen snapped the offer up and got a made-to-order earthly paradise.

About 30,000 acres of fertile land, nearly 3000 acres of which were under cultivation by the Rappites; nineteen detached farms; 600 acres of improved land occupied by tenants; five orchards; eighteen acres of bearing vines; and the village of Harmonie, with houses, church, sawmills, gristmills, silk factory, brickyard, brewery, distillery (soon to go), woolen mill, great dyehouse, and various other manufacturing establishments — all this he bought for \$150,000, very much less than it was worth. Five years before, the wealth of the Rappites had been estimated at \$1,000,000, or \$2000 for every person, about ten times the per capita wealth in the United States at the time. Perhaps Owen even saw with his own eyes the grave-faced Rappite brothers who are said to have been occupied for days in carrying sacks of bullion from Rapp's cellar to the river landing when they moved.

Here was concrete evidence that co-operation could be made to pay. But Owen, like all visitors to the Rappite community, saw something else; that the Rappites, though well-clothed, well-housed, and well-fed, were a dour-faced, unhappy lot. His gentle reason repudiated their religious fanaticism, the unnatural restraints of their life, the iron dictatorship of Rapp. But, without these drawbacks, what a Utopia *New Harmony* might be! And not only New Harmony — surely, from such a beginning, the Plan would spread until, perhaps in his lifetime, all men would pursue happiness together in one great world coöperative.

The innocent golden dream may seem naïve to-day, but it was respectfully considered in 1825. Owen, Engels tells us, was 'a man of almost sublime and childlike simplicity of character,' but he was also a successful business man, a reformer-politician who had hobnobbed with England's great, and a speaker of persuasive eloquence. When he lectured in the spring of 1825 in the Hall of the House of Representatives on his New Social System, he had a large, distinguished, and enthusiastic Washington audience. America was a world where anything could happen.

The community got under way on April 27, 1825, when all the lovely Wabash valley was in flower. Several hundred people had already arrived in response to a public invitation Owen had issued to 'the industrious and well-disposed of all nations.' He addressed them in a speech of welcome in the old Rappite church and proposed a constitution which was adopted on May 1. At this second meeting, the Preliminary Society of New Harmony was formed.

The purpose of this society was 'to improve the character and conditions of its members, and to prepare them to become associates in independent communities, having common property'; its particular object, 'the happiness of its members'; its general object, 'the happiness of the world.'

Since Owen was taking all the financial risks, he reserved the right to appoint the governing committee for the first year. The second year the Preliminary Society could elect three additional committee members. Between the second and third year, Owen figured their character and conditions would be sufficiently improved to justify the formation of a Permanent Community of Equality to whom he would turn over the land.

The members of the Preliminary Society were to live in houses provided for them by the committee but supply their own household utensils and small

tools. In return for their living, education for their children, care in sickness and old age, they might contribute either their labor or an annual sum. All were to live on equal terms, but some choice in food and clothing was provided for by a system of debits and credits at the local store. Each family received a credit in proportion to its useful members and was charged for merchandise at the market price. If the value of their services, estimated by the committee, exceeded their expenditure in a year, the surplus was to be placed to their credit but could be drawn against only for goods produced by the community and with the consent of the committee. An exception was made for those who wished to travel. They might, with the consent of the committee, withdraw half the funds to their credit, not to exceed a hundred dollars a year unless they were going more than six hundred miles.

All members were required to sign the constitution, undertaking 'never, under any provocation whatever, [to] act unkindly or unjustly toward, nor speak in any unfriendly manner of, any one either in or out of the society.' Dissatisfied members could quit the society by giving a week's notice and take with them the value of what they had brought, plus any credit accruing to them at the close of the preceding year. Members who failed to coöperate could be dismissed on the same terms.

Children over two were to be removed from their parents and placed in common boarding schools to be educated along lines which would ensure their growing up with similar views and similar wants. The young people were to be organized into militia and drilled for their health's sake, but taught that war was contrary to the spirit of the New Social System. The grown people were urged to meet constantly for discussion and debate.

The whole business has undoubtedly the look of a very authoritarian little state. But, like some far vaster experi-

ments in social reform, it was organized on the principle that democracy was only deferred until the organism had achieved its growth. And, at New Harmony, at least the tyranny was of a very innocuous sort. There was no provision for punishments, even for coercion. The worst that could happen to a nonconformer was to be cast out, no worse off than when he came.

About a month after the Preliminary Society was started on its careening way, Owen left for England to wind up his affairs and bring back his family.

II

A golden haze of fun and adventure hangs about those first months at New Harmony to this day. While the momentum of the Rappites' disciplined industry carried on, life there seems to have combined the attractions of a co-educational university, a summer resort, a camp meeting, and a pioneer boom town.

There were present that first Elysian summer about eight hundred people — 'a heterogeneous collection of radicals, enthusiastic devotees to principle, honest latitudinarians and lazy theorists, with a sprinkling of unprincipled sharpers thrown in,' Robert Dale Owen later remarked. Of these, one hundred and thirty were children, boarded, clothed, and educated at the public — that is, at Owen's — expense. The old Rappite church, now the town hall, resounded with high-souled argument. Marching corps wheeled and veered in the sunny fields. A fine orchestra was organized. The river teemed with fish, the forest with deer, but there were no 'mischievous animals.' Even the 'mal'aria' which had plagued the Rappites in their early years had almost disappeared. Young Robert Dale Owen, arriving the next winter, found the fare simple, the accommodations rude, but was delighted with New Harmony's 'good fellowship and absence of conventionalism' and

with the great number of 'handsome, interesting, warm-hearted girls; bright, merry, and unsophisticated; charming partners at ball or picnic.'

Backwoodsmen, bringing their corn to be ground or coming to trade at the store, might shake their heads at the dancing and gay times and mutter about atheism, but actually they found a very respectable little Arcadia. The talk of the honest latitudinarians seems to have far outrun their open conduct, and it is young Owen again who tells of the boys and girls who called each other by their Christian name only, strolled out by moonlight in groups, 'sometimes in single pairs; yet withal no scandal.'

The fair surface of the life reflected Owen's dream, but even before he returned some sinister-looking cracks had begun to show in it.

The *New Harmony Gazette*, issuing its first number on October 1, 1825, reviews the first six months of the society's existence with complacency. There is, however, an ominous reiteration. The community owns extensive manufacturing plants, but 'an accession of skilful hands . . . is still desirable.' People are still constantly applying for admission, but no accommodations are ready for them. The cotton-spinning mills could produce between three and four hundred pounds of yarn a week, but 'skilful and ready hands are much wanting.' 'The pottery is doing nothing for lack of hands.' 'We have at present neither saddlers, harness-makers, leather-dressers, coppersmiths, brush-makers, comb-makers, glaziers, painters nor book-binders.' And so on.

Farmers, gardeners, seamstresses, hat-makers, cobblers, a cotton gin of 160 saws, a mercantile store, an apothecary shop, and the tavern were doing well.

III

Robert Owen made a dramatic return to New Harmony in January 1826, bringing with him not only his four sons

but a distinguished, wealthy partner, William Maclure, and a remarkable group of scientists and educators. Maclure was a Scotchman whose early geological maps of America, based on an independent survey and accompanied by an explanatory memoir, had given him the name of 'the father of American geology.' He was the principal founder of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences and its president for twenty-three years. An early believer in industrial education, he had become Owen's friend while visiting New Lanark and had established schools at Alicante, Spain, in Paris, and in Philadelphia.

Maclure's ambition was now to make New Harmony the educational centre of the United States, and he attracted to the venture such men as the Quaker Thomas Say, 'the father of American zoölogy,' a man with a long career of exploration and compilation behind him and also one of the founders of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences; Gerard Troost, an eminent Dutch chemist and geologist who gets credit for the paternity of American mineralogy; Charles Le Sueur, French explorer, artist, and the first naturalist to classify the fishes of the Great Lakes; Joseph Neef, whom Maclure had brought from Pestalozzi's school at Yverdon to introduce the Pestalozzian system into the United States. Then there were a number of lesser luminaries, among them an artist, Miss Sistaire, who became Mrs. Say.

Owen's triumphal return with this 'Boatload of Knowledge' gave a great fillip to the spirits of the community, and he himself was delighted with what he found. Perhaps his ambition so far outran the present reality that its flaws seemed negligible. He decided upon an immediate organization of the Permanent Community of Equality. On January 25, at a meeting of the Preliminary Society, a committee was appointed to draft the permanent constitution. It was presented on February 1, vigorously

debated, revised, and accepted on February 5.

This curious document extols the ideas of communism, equality, man's inherent irresponsibility, kindness, order, and courtesy — all pretty much on the same plane. The power of making laws was vested in the Assembly, which comprised all adult men and women. There was an Executive Council to carry them out, made up of certain officers elected by the Assembly — and holding office 'during the pleasure of the Assembly.' The community was divided into six departments: agriculture; manufactures and mechanics; literature, science, and education; domestic economy; general economy; commerce. Each department was divided into occupations. Each occupation elected its intendant, and the intendants of each department elected their superintendent — subject to confirmation by the Assembly. This all-inclusive body was everything. It was a sudden plunge from the authoritarian structure of the Preliminary Society into a particularly chaotic form of democracy. One almost insane provision, recalling the old explosive game of Truth, required that 'the executive council shall . . . report weekly to the assembly . . . their opinion of the character of each intendant, and the intendants' opinion of the daily character of each person attached to their occupation. . . . The assembly shall also register weekly its opinion of the executive council and the council in a like manner its opinion of the proceedings of the assembly.'

In the new organization, services were no longer rewarded in proportion to their worth, as in the Preliminary Society, but everyone shared and shared alike in everything. The real estate was to be held in trust for the use of the community, but Owen was still cautious enough to retain title to it and every person who left the community forfeited all claim to it. All members of the Preliminary Society who signed the

new constitution became members of the New Harmony Community of Equality, but no new members were to be admitted except by a majority vote of the Assembly.

A considerable number of the more godly original members declined to sign in protest against the absence of religious worship in New Harmony, and set up a community of their own a few miles off which they called Macluria.

The results of the premature reorganization were immediately terrible. Now that the members had their destiny in their own hands, personal and ideological warfare tore New Harmony apart. On February 19, just two weeks later, the Executive Council unanimously requested Owen to assume sole directorship for a year. Order was restored, and the *New Harmony Gazette* printed an illuminating comment: 'Our streets no longer exhibit groups of idle talkers. . . . Our public meetings, instead of being the arena of contending orators, are now places of business.'

But early in March a new schism occurred and the community of Feiba Peveli withdrew. 'Feiba Peveli' was a 'rational' name which expressed the latitude and longitude of the locality through a substitution of letters for numerals.

From this time on, New Harmony, amoebalike, continued to divide and subdivide. The new communities received 10,000-year leases to their land at a low rental from Owen on condition that they continue as coöperative societies, use any surplus property they might acquire to found similar communities, and never permit any distilled liquor to be made. Profiting from the example of the original venture, Owen warned them that they should first make themselves useful before proceeding to the higher development of community life, such as education, and the like. Certain 'considerations' published for those who intended to unite under the new system illumine some of the minor difficulties: —

There must be no abuse, growling or loud talking.

No . . . carping . . . against the work of other individuals; those who shirk their work are deserving of pity.

. . . Adult members should not stalk about the dining-room during meals.

The intemperate must never be abused.

No anger ought to be felt against the female members upon their aversion to the work of coöperation, or when they brawl, quarrel or indulge in loud talk.

But it would be easy to paint too dark a picture of life at New Harmony at this time, even if the first glow of confidence had faded. There were friction, quarreling, growing discontent at Owen's failure actually to turn over the land, but the balls, concerts, picnics, and debates went merrily on. Each new upheaval furnished the hope that the community's problems had been solved. And, above all, life was never dull. If good company is, as Owen believed, as much man's natural right as food, shelter, clothing, his community was successful at least in providing that. It was no mean group of people who were gathered together at New Harmony itself. And here came an unending stream of such visitors as few small American towns have ever known.

Beautiful, red-headed Frances Wright, riding her horse alone through the wilderness from her own Negro community at Nashoba, Tennessee, came often to New Harmony. It was here she fascinated young Robert Dale Owen and here that she made her first public speech. Audubon came to visit the community from Henderson, Kentucky. That picturesque, bearded figure, Constantine Samuel Rafinesque, adventurer, naturalist, first student of our native fishes, blustered in and out. Scientists, educators, and radicals from all over the world made it part of their American tour. And here came royalty in the person of a pompous stuffed shirt, Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

The Duke, like everybody else who

came over here, was writing a book about his travels in America. He visited New Harmony in April, approved the 'pleasing effect' of the fruit trees in bloom, and, although very satirical about the whole venture, had a splendid time. He joined in singing on boating parties by moonlight on the Wabash. He attended an evening concert where he heard the poetry of Byron excellently declaimed. There was a piquant episode where a pretty young lady who was singing and playing for the royal visitor was called away to the 'servile employment' of milking cows. He appeared at a ball where waltzes, cotillions, and a new figure called 'The New Social System' were danced. The distillery was closed, by Owen's orders, and no liquor was sold in the town, but Saxe-Weimar observed that the members, particularly the Irish, did a lot of bootlegging from the river boats. The fare, perhaps, was not what he was accustomed to, — 'I cannot complain of an over-burdened stomach or a headache from the wine,' — but, like so many others at New Harmony, he was not above roughing it a bit for the sake of having fun. He thought the whole project crazy and Owen deranged, but took a serious interest in the scientific and educational aspects of the community, had long talks with Maclure, and renewed an old acquaintance with Say; it struck him as ludicrous to find this distinguished naturalist with blistered hands and wearing white pantaloons buttoned over a boy's jacket of light material — the garb of the society. In spite of the jolly times, he saw a good deal of dissatisfaction and left prophesying a short life for the community.

IV

Actually, things were going from bad to worse, very rapidly. The history of the next few months is one of constant experiment and change. Owen was being publicly heckled for his refusal to

establish complete communism by turning over the land, and always replied that this must wait until the community had proved itself. A new plan was tried of forming separate communities on the basis of occupation, all to be served by the powerful Educational or School Society under Maclure. On July 4 a temporary stimulant was administered to the spirits of the communities by Owen's celebrated Declaration of Mental Independence in which he declared that up to this hour man in all parts of the world had been 'a slave to a trinity of the most monstrous evils that could be combined to inflict mental and physical evil upon the whole race . . . private or individual property, absurd and irrational systems of religion, and marriage founded upon individual property.'

This was the sort of thing his followers loved. Sunday meetings were organized for instruction in the principles of Mental Independence, and the *New Harmony Gazette* came out with a new date line: the first year of Mental Independence. But it was too late for words to shore up the falling structure. The original Community of Equality in the town of New Harmony was divided into occupational societies. The outlying communities were bickering over their dividing lines. The farmers and mechanics quarreled with the School Society and withdrew their children from the schools. When Owen then set up schools for them himself, he bitterly offended his partner, Maclure. But he was still struggling hard. On September 17, he proposed abolishing the existing occupational societies in the town of New Harmony, except for the School Society, which was to continue as it was; this done, he would join with any number of persons to form a new general society to be known as the New Harmony Community No. 1, its government for the first five years to be entirely in his hands and in those of four directors appointed by him.

Community No. 1 had a few brief

weeks of promise, but it suffered from the same pernicious anæmia that attacked all the New Harmony experiments: money, Owen's money largely, was still ebbing away, and no way had been found to get enough effective work out of the heterogeneous untrained group to replace the loss. Towards the end of the year a number of members were expelled for incapacity. Owen excited great resentment by trying to recoup his losses in part by privately selling 1500 acres of land. By early spring the members were leaving in great numbers — eighty went on a single day. Signboards were going up in the leafy streets offering for sale property that was to have been dedicated forever to the coöperative life.

An editorial in the *New Harmony Gazette* on March 28, 1827, written by Robert Dale Owen and William Owen, acknowledged the failure of the experiment in the town and declared that New Harmony was no longer a community; the people who remained there would now have to earn their living in ordinary competitive industry. But high hopes were expressed for the ten outlying communities on the estate. 'It is not in the town itself but on the lands of New Harmony that the community system is in progressive operation.' Owen delivered a farewell address to these societies on May 27 in which he foretold for them a fine future based on 'industry, economy, beauty, order and good feeling,' and prophesied that the day was not far distant when New Harmony itself would again 'join the ranks of the faithful.'

A miserable quarrel with Maclure over money, in which Maclure had his partner arrested, capped the close. Owen paid all debts, contributed \$3000 for education for the first year, and left on June 1, 1827, just a little more than two years after the formation of the Preliminary Society.

When he returned on a visit in April of the next year, the fiasco was complete.

Not one of the promising societies he had left behind had survived.

The fine dream was ended on the Wabash, but Owen went on to make similar experiments in England on a less grandiose scale, and the New Harmony adventure itself had repercussions in social reform which spread far across American life. The town lived on as an important centre of science, education, and liberal thought in the West. Say, Troost, Le Sueur, and the younger Owens remained, or kept their connection with it. It became a base for natural-history expeditions up and down the Mississippi and was, until 1856, the headquarters of the United States Geological Survey, with David Dale Owen in charge. European scientists continued to visit it long after the collapse of the community. Frances Wright returned in the summer of 1828 and, in partnership with Robert Dale Owen, changed the old *New Harmony Gazette* to the *New Harmony and Nashoba Gazette and Free Enquirer*, a radical paper advocating abolition, universal education, rights for women, and other reforms which have become common-places of social achievement. This paper, moved by the partners to New York in 1829, became the *Free Enquirer*, an important instrument in the new workingmen's movement. Owen, Mac-lure, and Neef deeply influenced American education through the example of infant schools, industrial schools, equal education for both sexes, and utilitarian education, all inaugurated at New Harmony. Robert Dale Owen wrote many of their educational ideas into the legislation of Indiana, and in 1851 the women of that state presented him with a silver pitcher 'in acknowledgement of his true and noble advocacy of their independent rights to property,

in the Constitutional Convention of Indiana.'

A hundred and fifteen years have passed since the April day when mild-mannered, soft-spoken Robert Owen first addressed his oddly assorted followers among the blossoming orchards of Indiana on his Plan that was to bring peace, security, and happiness to the world. Since then scores of other communal experiments have come and gone in the United States. In retrospect most of these ventures are bathed in a pensive, halcyon light, but the glow on New Harmony is still hard and bright. This farce, tragedy, comedy, idyll of American life, acted out against the enormous backdrop of the frontier, was no escape, no retreat for an ingrown gathering of congenial spirits, but an instrument for a direct thrust at reality. In its friendly aims, its bold and generous proportions, which admonished and cheered even the satirical Emerson, it towers far above all its followers, even its own celebrated descendant, Brook Farm. There must be a kind of nostalgia for something like it in every American heart. Owen's practice was obviously unrealistic, but was the Plan? Perhaps it only seems childlike today because no one got hurt. Out of it there flowed, for years to come, a stream of social hope, social effort, social accomplishment, that fed life and health to the growing nation. But its chief contribution was a great intangible.

'We insist,' wrote John Humphrey Noyes, forty-five years later, in his *History of American Socialisms*, 'that these social paroxysms have changed the heart of the nation; and that a yearning toward social reconstruction has become a part of the continuous, permanent, inner experience of the American people.'

BATTLE OF WORDS

BY ROBERT DE SAINT JEAN

I

WHEN the war began, Germany had ten thousand more tanks, twelve thousand more airplanes than France — a visible superiority. She also had a propaganda ministry that had been in operation for six years — an invisible superiority no less important than her superiority of arms.

During the night of the thirty-first of August, 1939, the motion-picture department of the *Reichspropaganda Ministerium* delayed the entry of one of the divisions that were overrunning Poland until the arrival of the cameramen designated to film the exploits of this particular division. For the camera was a weapon, a distinct part of the army.

From now on, any nation concerned with its security must possess and perfect propaganda for defense and offense. France tried at the last minute to set up an efficient propaganda machine, but she failed. From the story of this failure America can draw certain useful conclusions.

Only a few days before war was declared, M. Daladier had at last decided to create a 'general bureau of information.' But the unhappy quasi-minister of propaganda, though called Commissioner General, had no office, no fellow workers, no definitely defined powers or duties. He had to look for his own path like Hop-o'-my-Thumb lost in the forest. All this at a time when the powerful German propaganda machine was operating at full speed.

Dr. Goebbels's six thousand workers

had not been in the least discommoded by the German mobilization. The Third Reich had arranged matters for those whose activities would be useful to the state — they were left undisturbed in the neutral countries. Assigned to short-wave radio stations were some sixteen hundred specialists ready to furnish the world with the German version of what was going on. From the beginning of the first week photographers worked at fever heat and foreign newspapers immediately received pictures transmitted by German radio. Nazi solicitude overlooks no one: bulletins carefully rephrased in colloquial style searched out those Saxons who were living in the depths of Transylvania. At the same time extravagantly fine editions of *Kraft durch Freude*, translated into several languages, began to arrive at the addresses of the influential in all the great neutral cities.

But the word 'propaganda' remained without any meaning at all for those who were guiding the destinies of France. The very discussion of it provoked hostility. Most of the ministers were opposed to using propaganda, just as many of the generals were against using mass tank attacks. No one took in the fact that if Napoleon had imposed himself on France by the power of the sword, Hitler had made his own more difficult conquest — that of Germany — by the power of the microphone. It was not until 1934 that a head of the French Government had dared approach a loud-

speaker, and this innovation on the part of M. Doumergue created a scandal in the corridors of the senate.

II

Among the false slogans that did so much harm in France, two were particularly poisonous to her: 'We shall always pull out of this with System D,' and 'At a critical moment the country will find the men it needs.'

'System D'—in more high-flown terms, 'the genius for improvising'—was called in to rescue the infant French propaganda system, but it did not accomplish the miracles that had been expected of it.

The Department of Information was housed in the Continental Hotel. The minute you came in you found yourself facing an elevator which didn't run. If you wanted to telephone, it was a major undertaking. The unhappy director was not only unable to perform miracles, he could not, on the minuscule amounts of money which he was allowed to spend, even have small repairs attended to.

No head of a private enterprise could have worked under the conditions of hostility, strain, and inefficiency which were forced on the very man who was expected to explain his country to his fellow countrymen, on the one hand, and to all the citizens of the world, on the other. The most talented organizer of the biggest business in France would scarcely have been good enough to be Propaganda Chief—to be, as it were, Director of Publicity for 'the House of France.' But no one gave a thought to the necessity for an organizer of such calibre, or bothered to look for a man of action. The job was given to a writer—M. Jean Giraudoux—a writer, certainly, who has done much to uphold the honor of French literature. But there is a French proverb that says, 'You can't make a revolution with archbishops'; by the same token, you can't make one with poets. Nevertheless, some sort of revolu-

tion at the expense of bureaucracy had to take place in order to get rapid enough decisions and sufficient money to make any success of French propaganda.

Many months after the Bureau of Information was formed, M. Daladier—unbelievably enough—had not made up his mind to grant it a budget, taking, it seems, much the same attitude as a father who considers his child still far too young to have an allowance. Moreover, he could not bring himself to raise the department to the status of a ministry—though he had said that he would. And what little work was accomplished at the Hotel Continental was incredibly hampered. The Commissioner saw the little authority he had vanish. People commiserated with him. They joked, 'Don't be Girau-doux any longer. Be Girau-dur.'

But he was forced to struggle on without money and without the coworkers he so badly needed because such men found themselves being mobilized, and almost invariably the military authorities refused his request to allow them to continue working with him. To be sure, General Gamelin did say that at this stage in the war his own job was less important than Giraudoux's. But he did not succeed in impressing this opinion on the military commanders, who rated propaganda as something just about as vital as golf or bridge. M. Giraudoux had finally to give up any attempt at rapid expansion.

The lack of proper propaganda personnel was certainly not due to lack of volunteers. From the very first day of the existence of the Bureau, five thousand applications were filed—and nearly all were refused. Laboriously a staff of four hundred and fifty workers, including a hundred censors, was assembled. This staff was composed in the following curious proportions: professors, 65 per cent; retired diplomats, 20 per cent; writers, 6 per cent; journalists, 2 per cent; others, 7 per cent.

Many of these professors bore dis-

tinguished names. But too many professors are too much of a good thing. Propaganda has little need of abstract intellect. What it does need is the imagination and adaptability to make use of methods of popularization and of infinite reiteration, vulgar though these methods may be. More, it demands a ruthless rapidity of decision positively repellent to any mind accustomed to the niceties and shades of difference which grow out of reflection and careful verification of facts. But for a journalist, accustomed to general reporting, the transition into propaganda is easy. By very virtue of his profession the journalist is forced to guess the thoughts and emotions of his readers; equally, the propagandist must adopt the easy tone that his job demands. Yet the staff in the Continental Hotel was 65 per cent professors to 2 per cent journalists.

Outdistanced by German efficiency, outmanœuvred by the material resources of the Reich, the servants of French Information faced still another major difficulty.

No propaganda has ever been free of lies, either of negation or of omission. But the Germans perfected a new form of lying. They used the positive lie — the myth. By twisting some entirely negligible event, they spread wholly fabricated stories with amazing results. One such example was the excitement over that now-famous map of Europe discovered in the background of the photograph of M. Paul Reynaud receiving Mr. Sumner Welles.

French propaganda, abstaining from such methods, found itself most of the time engaged in trying to refute the German fiction — in other words, condemned to live on the defensive, an attitude just as deplorable in a war of words as in war itself.

III

On those occasions when French propaganda wanted merely to ward off attack, far from making a counter-attack of its

own, it faced the fact that it had not the barest essentials for such a policy. Until the end of March 1940, the propaganda office could not even get control of the radio. Radio was split up into countless branches, many of which were regarded by friends of the Prime Minister as under their individual control. Did a German statement demand immediate reply? The propaganda service had to ask permission to use the microphone — a permission either refused or given too late to be of any value.

On March 21, when at last a Minister of Propaganda was created, M. Frossard succeeding M. Giraudoux, the radio did pass in theory into the control of the Minister. But this adjustment never actually worked. The new Minister, although he had more actual power, obtained smaller results. Everything took too much time. An organizer, rather than a politician, would have been the man to alter this deplorable state of things. M. Reynaud was too intelligent not to realize this — just as he realized that it was necessary to replace General Gamelin. Even so, he did not make this last change until May 19, and not until June 6, when the battle was long since lost, did he replace M. Frossard by M. Jean Prouvost, manager of the *Paris-Soir*.

The Hotel Continental also housed the censor; and the censorship, if I may say so, was one agency which achieved startling results. The Bureau of Information and the censor were brother enemies — the censor was Cain. To be exact, there were a military censor and a political censor, who refused to recognize each other, though they did have in common one method of procedure — morning and night each lulled his listeners to sleep with ever-new assurances that all was going for the best. The military censor developed into a machine to protect the High Command against such independent critics as General Duval, and the political censor set itself to stifling all political opposition.

It is beyond dispute that censorship is necessary in wartime. But the French Government made the mistake of not understanding that a censorship which was all very well in 1914 was no good at all in 1939.

From the point of view of technique, the French radio was not only years behind the German but not even on a par with the BBC or Rome. It might be remarked in passing that an impoverished Germany, with inflated paper currency, made financial allowances for propaganda in lavish sums which appeared to be impossible in France, a nation with much gold in reserve. The contrast was particularly striking in comparing short-wave stations for foreign broadcasts. Anyone in the United States who has listened to DJL, DJD, DXB, and also to 'Paris-Mondial,' must certainly have formed definite conclusions on the relative power and number of Nazi and French transmitters.

Neither is it surprising that so many photographs sent out by the so-called 'French Photographic Service of the Army' were useless. During most of the war these were made by amateurs. The official photographers, regarded as indispensable by the army, were mobilized in barracks, and, one imagines, employed in sweeping.

The only great successful propaganda film was English — *The Lion Has Wings*. One large American company wanted to make a movie on the Maginot Line and even sent its representative to Europe to make the arrangements. But permission to visit one small sector of the Maginot Line was refused to this American — though freely accorded to other visitors who had no intention of spending American money to aid France.

IV

The preparation of propaganda for French consumption faced a number of major difficulties; among others, the English problem and the German propaganda

problem. The moment war broke out, the Nazi radio station at Stuttgart began its anti-British campaign in France. Moreover, unrest was inevitably created between French and English soldiers because of the differences in pay, the small number of effective British forces which had crossed the Manche, and the numerous irritations which are a commonplace when troops of different nationalities and habits find themselves forced to live under identical conditions. It became urgent to explain the English and England to France and the French.

The politicians and professors who stepped to the microphone and undertook this task alienated most of their hearers. Even so, anti-English sentiment nearly faded out until the scuttling of the *Graf Spee*. That event — a propagandist's gold mine — undid most of the results the anti-English efforts had brought about. The day after the *Graf Spee* sank, one official of the French Ministry of Information proposed that English sailors should march through Paris streets. This was opposed as being too undignified. A like sentiment dictated the refusal to make much publicity for aviators who had been especially cited — 'because,' it was remarked, 'this is not a war of movie stars.' Occasion after occasion to dramatize the human interest of the frightful conflict was denied. With the help of the censor, the war took on a perfectly abstract character for the general public, with very serious effects on the morale of a population deprived both of news and of emotion.

During the winter, inaction weighed heavily on the spirits of the soldiers, forced to cool their heels in the rain 'somewhere in France.' M. Daladier decided that they ought to have radios to entertain them. No one dreamed that they would use these radios to listen to the German broadcasts because they thought the French broadcasts bored them too much. The propaganda office

saw the same thing happening behind the lines to civil morale. One newspaper editor remarked that if this state of affairs continued he would 'put the communiqué on the fourth page and run it as an unimportant item.' The few newspaper articles and radio talks addressed to the worker were still too high-brow — plainly, nine times out of ten, prepared by men who had no direct contact with the people and only an academic understanding of their problem. Nothing was ever said to give new life and hope to the worker coming from the factory or the small clerk going home from his office.

There was no human being in France who could strike the real tone of the country in its danger, or find words to rouse the people to inspired action. M. Daladier alone knew, on occasion, how to address the populace successfully, but his speeches were more often designed to reassure than to inspire.

The Commissioner of Information made some speeches which a few people admired because they understood them, and which the majority admired because they did not understand them at all. Who talked to the common soldier on the Maginot Line? To the sailor on his boat? To the peasant alone on his farm? No one. *The Frenchman made war in spiritual solitude.*

Nor was the voice of France heard loudly, or distinctly, or frequently, abroad.

The office of the French ministry of information which dealt with England — pompously called 'the British Section' — consisted of a professor and an assistant professor. Two people — no more, no less. It is not surprising that so many of the English did not guess until after the French defeat the intolerable burden which their ally had borne and of which that ally had told them almost nothing.

Although, actually, the failure of French propaganda was due in large

measure to those general causes which led to the defeat of France, it was due also to specific mistakes — mistakes well worth the attention of any country which desires to make its own propaganda succeed: —

(1) Delay in starting. France should have organized six years before, in peacetime, if she was to meet Germany on equal terms.

(2) Chronic procrastination. You must speak at once or keep quiet. A fifty-page bulletin appearing every two weeks is not worth ten lines printed the day an event occurs.

(3) Misuse of the abstractions of 'literature.' Propaganda is actual events made vivid to the man in the street in his own language.

(4) Mistaken use of professors and their kind. Propaganda is the business of specialists. The Nazis have a school in which propaganda is taught as though it were engineering or chemistry.

(5) Employing too old a staff. Propaganda is a business for youth.

(6) Lack of funds. Propaganda costs money.

(7) Too much division of power. A dictator of propaganda is necessary — someone controlling at one and the same time the radio, the press, the movies, and so forth.

(8) Too much censorship. Censorship exists to help propaganda, not to hinder it. The Nazi censors do not slow things up for the American correspondents in Berlin by interminable red tape.

Certainly propaganda will never take care of every national contingency — and nothing would be more stupid than belief in a mystic cult of propaganda. Tanks are worth more than propagandists in defending a country. But propaganda, whether you like it or not, has taken a definite place in the world. As one French writer has remarked, '*Elle s'impose même au créateur du monde. Dieu n'a-t-il pas besoin de cloches?*'

DEAD RECKONING

BY VIOLA PARADISE

I

THE children were up at daybreak. Eunice and Ted, in the next room, could hear them waking Uncle Luke. 'Will it be good weather, Uncle Luke? Do you think we can go to the party?' And then came Uncle Luke's grunting waking-up noises, and his high-pitched voice.

'Well, my hearties, got to take our position. Mmmm. Not so good. Red sky at mornin', sailors take warnin'. Snow, likely.'

'But we're thousands of miles from the sea,' Oliver protested, and Bobby exclaimed, 'This is Montana!'

'Then again,' Uncle Luke's voice went on, 'maybe your mother don't mind snow. But me, I'd not put foot out today. No, not for a new ship's compass.'

Eunice made an impatient sound.

'Uncle Luke getting on your nerves?' Ted whispered to Eunice.

'It's his everlasting humbugging seagabble,' she whispered in reply. 'Those endless lies of his! And the way the boys hang on his words!'

'Not lies, exactly. Yarns. Won't hurt the youngsters.'

'And his voice, going on and on. No escaping it. And you'll be away, now, for two whole days.'

'Can't be helped, my girl. You're a homesteader's wife.'

'Oh, I know, darling. I'm not really complaining. It's only that the weather has sewed us up so, this winter. I'm famished for *folks*. I'm as crazy to see

Eda Bantling as the boys are to go to Peter's party.'

'Look, Eunice. If I get a decent price for the steers, we'll buy a radio. It's been our best winter. Lost the fewest cattle ever.'

Eunice crossed her fingers and put them against his lips. 'There's still April. . . . I'll make popovers for breakfast,' she added irrelevantly.

At breakfast Oliver said urgently to Uncle Luke, 'Daddy thinks *maybe* it won't snow.'

Uncle Luke squinted toward the window. 'Don't ask *me*. Maybe out here, where folks let their cattle range wild and the temperature likely to plumb down to thirty below — well, maybe out here them clouds don't mean nothin'. But if anyone *should* ask me —'

Any other time the boys would have clamored for his prophecy. Now an awkward silence fell.

Suddenly the sun shone. Bobby and Oliver dashed to the window, shouting, 'The sun! The sun!' But almost immediately the sun was gone.

'Open and shet, sign of wet,' said Uncle Luke. He gulped a swallow of hot coffee, and went on, 'Only good use for snow, melting it down to make coffee with. Flat to drink raw, but better than the alkali well water you haul half a mile. Why, a man could pass his whole life out here and never slake his thirst, except during snow time.'

After breakfast, Eunice and the boys went out to see Ted off. He would

have a three-hour ride to Sweetweather, where he would catch the stage for Miles City. Three hours, that is, if it didn't snow or thaw. For if the ground softened, his horse would have to pick his way, avoiding not only the old snow-drifts but even the shallow coulees, where the wet gumbo would stick so thick to his hoofs that they'd have to suck themselves off the ground with great pancakes of clay at every step.

The sun was shining again and bits of feeble blue appeared between the low-lying clouds. The rolling plains stretched like an unpattered quilt, dun and brown, with great patches of white snow. The country could cheat an unfamiliar eye into believing it level, partly because of its vastness, partly because the snow-drifts had filled up the coulees and the shallower depressions.

Ted, swinging to his saddle, sniffed the air. 'No wind. Watch it, Eunice. Skip the party, rather than take chances. Boys, don't nag your mother if she decides to stay home. Spring is coming, and you'll be seeing Peter and Jimmy often.'

They watched him canter off. Presently he disappeared into one of the hollows which the eye could not detect from a distance. In a few minutes he reappeared, farther along, waved, and vanished again.

Back in the living room, Uncle Luke was sitting on the floor before the stove, cleaning his pipe. He was a slight old man, with a pointed face and pointed ears. Eunice, seeing him bending over his work, the tip of his tongue between his teeth, felt a flash of affection for him, for there was something endearingly childlike in his posture and expression. But the feeling changed immediately Uncle Luke began to talk.

'Take this pipe, now,' he said without looking up. 'Got her just after I took the *Sarah Suzannah* through a hurricane in the Bay of Biscay.'

'I must bake some cookies,' Eunice interrupted before he should get the

story too well launched, 'to take to the Bantlings — if we go.' She hurried into the kitchen.

'Uncle Luke, there's some blue in the sky,' Oliver said. 'Maybe it won't snow.'

'Blue in the sky.' Uncle Luke glanced up from his pipe-cleaning. 'Mmmm. You think you know what blue is. The blue sky, when it's summer-clear — maybe you think that's blue. But you have to see the sea from the coast of Maine when the wind's sharp nor'west to know how blue blue is. Why, it's so blue, even while you look at it you can't believe it's that blue.'

'Is the wind blue in Maine?' Bobby asked.

'Nope. Knew a Irish sea captain once, used to say pigs was the only creatures that knew the color of the wind, and it was pink. But 'tain't. It's no color. Still, I can tell which way the wind is blowin', just from the color of the sea. Out here, now,' Uncle Luke made a scornful gesture towards the window, 'there's no color you could rightly call color, to go by. Out here a seafarin' man's as good as rudderless. I could get lost and never reach port. Except maybe by dead reckoning.'

'What's dead reckoning?' Bobby inquired.

'It's the way you keep a ship to its course with no stars to steer by and no instruments except a compass. You figure how far you've come, the direction you've took, allowin' for the push of the wind and the pull of the tide. Least, so folks say. Me, I do my dead reckonin' by instinct. It's like I got a compass in my heart, tells me how to find my way. Except,' Uncle Luke added, 'in snow. Then my heart goes dead as a herrin', and the ship could sink to Davy Jones's locker for all of me.'

II

Why, thought Eunice, stirring the cookie dough in the kitchen, should Uncle Luke's chatter so exasperate her?

She ought to be glad to have him, with Ted away so much. She remembered other winters, when the nights ached with stillness, accented by the howl of a coyote; fear-swept nights when she lay listening to the frantic winds clawing and tearing at the house; blizzard nights, when tales of men lost in the snow crowded her heart, as she lay clenched with terror that Ted might not have made shelter. Surely it was better now, with Uncle Luke for company!

Could it have been only seven months ago that Uncle Luke's letter had come, and Ted had tossed it to her, with 'Read this, my girl, and tell me a polite way to say no.' And she had read:—

Dear Nevev Ted, I'm not one to say what a small world knowing diffrent but I went to the circus in Portland and got talking to a Wild West Boy and ast him did he know my Great nevev out west and he says no, but danged if he didn't Whip out a Paper where it says Ted Monroe of Sweatweather won a steer Roping contest. Well I got thinking Time I dropped anchor being near 80. What money I've seined up will be yours in the end you being my only kin unless you've married and Hatched me some more. The Doctor says a dry Climate would Go Good with my Rumatisem and Bloods thicker than water even Salt water. So how if I was to Come and Live with you? I get board here in Knife Ledge Harbor for \$6 a week, if Your married I'll pay your Wife the same, if not how much would it cost in your Boarding house. Yours truly Luke Monroe.

If only she had taken Ted's advice and let him say no! But she had exclaimed: 'Wonderful! You never told me the children had a great-great-uncle!'

'I never knew him. He used to work in the shipyards at Bath. Carpenter, I believe. Let's see, there was some story—how he took a trip down to Norfolk once, and got so seasick he wouldn't sail back. Turned up afoot, two years later.'

'And now he's your long-lost uncle! You're his heir, Ted!'

'Don't make up storybook stuff, my girl. He's an old man with rheumatism. Be practical.'

'Oh, but practical is exactly what I am! Listen, Ted. Oliver's going on seven and Bobby's five. In ten or twelve years they'll be ready for college. How are we going to make it? Oh, I know if it weren't for the drought we'd clean up. But there's been a drought every year but two, and one of those half our cattle were winter-killed. And his six dollars a week will make the difference between scrimping and what'll feel like luxury.'

'But we've no room for him.'

That had given her pause. For the house consisted of the living room,—finished only last year,—the kitchen, their bedroom, and the dugout room, where the boys slept; and a shed room for water barrels and fuel and tools and ropes and saddles, and miscellaneous gear, and their car tires in winter. (The car itself, propped up on jacks, spent the winter out of doors, swathed in old tarpaulins.) Then there was a root cellar, for storing supplies. And some corrals.

'Maybe,' Eunice had suggested, 'he'd bunk in with the boys. It's a good-sized room. Why, Ted, when we came, it was parlor, bedroom, and kitchen, all in one!'

Well, Uncle Luke had come. Not the hearty, white-haired patriarch she had expected, but a small creature, who looked as if he had been whittled out of a bent stick. He brought with him an iron-handled pine chest, stuffed with hip boots, an oilskin, a sou'wester, great lengths of rope, fishing tackle, an old ship's lantern, a compass, all manner of small tools, six horseshoes, and some peach stones.

The peach stones, transformed into three sailing sloops, a kitten washing its face, and a dog sitting up to beg, now were ranged along the top of the living-room desk, and represented Uncle Luke's winter. But Eunice, looking at them, could not think of their delicate jeweler-like carving, but only of the constant chatter which had accompanied their creation.

'If I can only hold out till summer!' she thought, as she rolled the cookie dough. In good weather, Uncle Luke spent a little time out of doors, teaching the boys to pitch horseshoes, and helping with the chores. And in good weather she herself could get away.

But since the first snowfall he had stayed indoors. And talked.

'Some folks,' he was saying now, 'get seasick. Me, I get snow-sick. Been that way, man and boy, seventy-odd years. Once fit a lion single-handed in Africa. Didn't even feel scared. Once got shipwrecked six miles off the Azores and swum ashore calm as a dead herring. But put me out in a snowstorm, and my innards slip sidewise, and my head spins round so fast I couldn't catch a plate of fried mackerel set down before me. Had a cat once, felt same as me. Marthy, her name was. First snow every winter, she'd touch one paw to it, and pull it back like it was a hot stove, and spit!'

'But didn't it snow sometimes when you were at sea?' Oliver asked.

'I did my winter sailing in southerly waters. Nope, I wouldn't set foot out in a snowstorm, not if you'd give me a full new set of limbs, free and clear of rheumatism. And corns,' he added.

Eunice, sliding the last pan of cookies into the oven, called, 'Two bowls and a spoon to be licked,' and immediately Uncle Luke and the boys appeared. She left the kitchen to them, and set about her other work, but Uncle Luke's voice followed her.

'Nothin' smells up a house nicer than chocolate cookies, except maybe lobster. D'I ever tell you 'bout the time off Cuba — before I bought the *Sarah Suzannah*? The cap'n, he says, "Mate, a lobster would go good down my gullet. Too bad there ain't none in these waters." I says, "Cap'n, look down at them rocks to starboard." It was so clear you could see plumb to the bottom. "I'll nip down there and pick you up a lobster." "What about alligators?" he says. But

I took my jackknife in my teeth and dove. Because there's one place, if you prick a alligator in it, he'll scare off. It's the fore left armpit. Well, sure enough, there were two good eatin'-sized lobsters, and I grabbed them careful, because they pinch. But I'd brung some rubber bands to snap round their claws, and I was just coming up when a alligator slides along.'

Eunice, coming to take the cookies from the oven, stopped, against her will, to hear the end of this nonsense. But it wasn't nonsense to the boys. They stood, their bowls unlicked, gazing at Uncle Luke.

'What did you *do*?' Bobby breathed.

'It was nip and tuck. I tuck the lobsters under one arm, and got the knife ready for the nip. But it was hard to swim nimble that way. Besides, that alligator seemed to know I had the secret where to prick him. Well, I come up to the surface for a new breath, but I'd only got half a breath when there he was, within gnawin' reach of my foot. But I side-swum, and then wheeled, like I was going straight into his jaws. But I ducked *under* him, stead of *into* him, and zip, up went my knife into his armpit. Well, you oughta heard that alligator scream. Funniest sound, bein' under water. A scream with bubbles in it.'

Uncle Luke paused to lick some cookie dough off his spoon, but the boys made no corresponding attack upon their bowls. 'Well,' continued Uncle Luke, 'I tossed the lobsters into the boat, and says, dead calm, "Two lobsters comin' up, cap'n." Only one of them rubber bands had worked loose, and danged if a claw hadn't chunked a inch of flesh out of my arm, though in the excitement I never felt it. And that's how I got the mark that looks like a vaccination. I'll show it to you, come bedtime.'

Eunice felt she could not endure the sound of his voice another second. She stepped out of doors, to consider the weather. No change. All week the sky had looked much as it now looked, and

it had not snowed. 'If I don't get away,' she cried to herself, 'I'll explode! I'll blurt out to him, "You've never been to sea in your whole life, you humbug you!"' Then she stood stock-still, appalled at the thought. 'I'm becoming a monster!'

But when, as she returned to the house, the children clamored, 'It isn't going to snow, is it, Mother? *Is* it?' she had made up her mind. She was going to take them to the Bantlings' that afternoon, unless it actually began to snow before they left.

They were hilarious. But Uncle Luke fell strangely silent. She tried to ignore his repeated trips to the window, his weather-wise squinting at the sky. Once he asked, 'What does Ted do, when he gets caught in a snowstorm?'

'Makes for the nearest house and stays till it's over.'

'But how can he find his way to the nearest house?'

'I don't know, but he always does, Uncle Luke.'

'Maybe,' said Oliver, 'the way you brought the *Sarah Suzannah* round Cape Horn in the storm and blind fog, by dead reckoning.'

Eunice felt a pang of doubt. Suppose they *should* get caught in a blizzard? But almost at once Uncle Luke began another story, and she beat down her doubt. She just had to get away.

When they were ready to leave, Uncle Luke asked, 'Takin' your snowshoes?'

'If I thought it would snow,' Eunice retorted, 'I'd not go.' Then, regretting her sharpness, she added, 'We'll be back before dark, Uncle Luke.'

'Don't hurry. Glad to have the house to myself. A little peace and quiet.'

Eunice closed the door behind her and laughed aloud.

III

It wasn't going to snow. True, the clouds hung low, but the air was clear. . . . If only Uncle Luke's penetrating voice didn't linger so persistently in her

ears. 'Clear air under cloud's a bad sign,' he had said a hundred times that winter. And often he had been right.

The boys ran ahead. 'Not so fast!' she called, but wanted to run herself. 'And keep away from the snow — you might fall into a drift.'

The air felt sweetly cold against her face. Not too cold. The low clouds were smoke-color, rounded with a pearly gray, and the sky at the horizon all around almost white. The sun, fitfully breaking through the clouds here and there, scattered a brittle gayety over the plains. Cloud shadow and sunlight played upon the snow patches, now touching them blue, almost purple, now leaving them a blank white, now — especially where the snow had melted a little during the last thaw and frozen again — making a glitter of silver.

Funny, she thought, some people — Uncle Luke — could see no beauty in this country, because it lacked trees. Even in summer Uncle Luke hated it. 'The sun sucks all the life out of it. And when you do see a green patch like that flax field, why, it might as well be a sore thumb.' And during the winter snows he would complain, 'Snow's bleached all the health out of the country.' But then, Uncle Luke had expected motion-picture stuff — mountains, canyons, bad men, wolves, Indians; and Ted, dressed in chaps, summer or winter, with two guns in his belt, shooting a villain, or breaking a bronco every other minute. Well, you couldn't expect Uncle Luke to like what he found. . . . For that matter, hadn't she herself made up a movie uncle — half Santa Claus?

The boys had run ahead. 'Let's play we're heroes like Uncle Luke,' Bobby shouted. 'I'll be Uncle Luke and rescue you.' 'No, I'm the oldest, I'm going to be Uncle Luke,' Oliver insisted.

Eunice thought impatiently, 'Can't I ever get away from Uncle Luke? Must he persist in my thoughts, even when I leave him at home? Must the boys forever talk about him?' Aloud she called,

'Not so fast, boys. Keep away from the snow patches — the drifts may be deep.'

'Oh, we could find our way in the dark,' Oliver shouted back. 'We've come this way a hunnerd million times.'

They stopped out of custom when they reached the halfway butte, from which they could see both their own house and the Bantlings'. The smoke from the two houses curled straight upward, and both seemed deceptively near. Indeed, as the crow flies, less than a mile separated them. But, as they had to travel, it was a good two miles, and most of it up and down, to circle the various stretches of badlands, where wind and weather had hacked the earth with treacherous crevices and sudden drops. In summer, when the ground was dry and hard, they could take short cuts, and make the little journey in an hour. Today, however, it took nearly two hours.

'Wait till Peter and Jimmy hear about Uncle Luke and the alligator!' Bobby exclaimed. 'And about the time Uncle Luke scared the whale off,' Oliver added, 'and how the whale scared all the little fishes up on the rocks and the people just came out and scooped them into pails.'

Perhaps this visit would give them something to talk about for a while besides Uncle Luke!

'When we get beyond the next cut-bank,' she told them, 'you can run ahead, if you like.'

They reached the Bantlings' in high glee. Eda exclaimed, 'It's grand that you came! I didn't expect you, it looked so like snow.'

'Oh, you don't really think it will!' Eunice felt a fresh pang of guilt. 'It's looked this way all week.'

'Probably won't amount to much, if it does. You could stay overnight. Jim's away; you could sleep with me, and the boys would love to pile in together.'

'Oh no, I couldn't leave Uncle Luke alone. Anyhow, I don't believe it will snow.'

The children played out of doors for a

while, and Eda and Eunice had a good talk — about what they had done and read during the weeks since last they had met; about the children; about the radio Ted was going to buy if he got a good price for the steers; about sending Peter and Oliver to school next year.

'I don't know what I'll do without Peter,' Eda complained. 'Even with two, it's lonely enough when Jim's away, and no adult conversation for a week at a time, maybe! You at least have your uncle to talk to.'

'Not to talk to — to *listen* to!' Eunice groaned. 'You can't think what it is to have his voice going on and on, every single minute. Sometimes I feel as if I could jump out of my skin.'

When the children came indoors, Oliver was recounting the end of the alligator story. 'But the lobsters didn't taste as good as Maine lobsters. That is, caught fresh and fresh eaten in Maine. Funny thing, Uncle Luke says, even in the best New York hotels, where they show you the lobster alive before they cook it, it don't taste the same. Reason is, it's been out of its navel forment, and nothing to eat for maybe a day. And how happy can a lobster be, that way?'

'I see what you mean,' Eda said parenthetically to Eunice. 'It's as if I heard your uncle telling it!'

Then it was time for the birthday cake and Eunice's chocolate cookies, and cocoa with a marshmallow in each cup.

'Now make a wish and blow out the candles, Peter,' Eda said. And Peter screwed up his eyes and blew out the six candles all at once.

'Candles give pretty good light,' said Bobby. 'It's all dark now.'

And sure enough a sudden darkness had settled upon the afternoon.

Eunice jumped up in panic. 'Maybe it *will* snow! Children, get on your things. We've got to get home before it starts.'

The children protested, 'But the party's just begun!' and Eunice relented to the extent of letting them swallow

their cake and cocoa. Then she bundled them up and hurried them off. 'I don't really believe it's going to snow,' she called back to Eda — but she was trying to reassure herself. 'Anyhow, not before we get to the halfway butte. The worst of the badlands will be behind us then.'

IV

But they had hardly left the Bantlings' when the first snowflake fell — a large lazy flake, which Bobby caught on his mitten.

'Look, Mother, it's like a million tiny stars. And here's another.'

'Millions of them,' said Oliver. 'Gee, I'm glad we came. You never let us play out in a snowstorm. Come on, Bobby.' And he raced ahead.

But Eunice called him back. 'Stay right beside me, both of you, or we're likely to step into a drift.'

'Not me,' Oliver boasted. 'I'm like Uncle Luke. I can find my way by dead reckoning.'

'Not in the snow, you can't,' Bobby said. 'Even Uncle Luke can't do it in the snow.'

'Betcha I could. Betcha a million dollars I could close my eyes and find the way home.'

'Betcha a million dollars you can't.'

'Stop that nonsense, children. Here, take my hand, one for each of you. Now!'

Reluctantly the boys obeyed, and they walked that way for a while. Eunice peered ahead, her eye marking the old snow patches, to remember in case the new snow should conceal them. 'I shouldn't have come,' she scolded herself silently. 'I really knew it was going to snow — I smelt it in the air. I just wanted to get away!' And she clutched the children's hands so tight that Bobby cried out, 'You're hurting me, Mother!'

'Sorry, dear.'

No need to be panic-stricken. Of course she knew the way by heart. She could almost close her eyes and find the

way home . . . but not in a snowstorm, without snowshoes, and without a stick to make sure they weren't walking into a drift. . . . Why, if the new snow covered everything, there would be no sure way of avoiding the drifts. And already the snow was beginning to cover everything. And the afternoon was so strangely dark. . . . But not really dark. Why, there would be two good hours before dark.

'Mother, why do we have to hold on, like sissies?' Oliver protested. 'Besides, it would be safer to go single file. They did in the moving picture, that time we went to Miles City.'

'Oh, we're *safe*, darling!'

'Well, couldn't we pretend we weren't?'

Safer single file. Of course. Especially in the badland stretch where the way lay along ridges, some of them not over four feet wide, with steep cutbanks falling away on either side.

'All right, Oliver. We'll play it that way. Bobby, stand still. I'll take the tape that runs through your sleeves, for your mittens.' She tore one mitten off the tape. 'Now look, I'll tie this end to my belt, and you hold on to it. Only I've nothing to tie to you, Oliver. Do you think you could keep one hand on Bobby's shoulder, just as tight as if you were tied?'

'Of course.' But Oliver looked at her searchingly.

'We'll pretend we're climbing a glacier. Remember, in that moving picture, how they roped the climbers together?'

Bobby laughed. Good, then she had managed to keep the panic out of her voice.

But it coursed through her body. Because the snow no longer fell in fat lazy flakes. A wind had risen, and was breaking them up, whirling them dizzily.

She looked back toward the Bantlings', but could no longer see the house through the whirling air. But surely, surely they were on the right path!

Bobby said, 'This is fun. Wait till

we tell Uncle Luke about this. Only we ought to pretend to slip and fall and get lost, to make it a good game. Shouldn't we, Oliver?'

'No,' said Oliver.

But it had been Oliver, only a little while ago, who suggested the pretense of danger. She turned and smiled reassuringly at him, and hoped he did not guess that the assurance was counterfeit.

The wind blew harder now, and in freakish gusts. And the ground felt unfamiliar.

'It's just the snow,' she told herself. Of course they were going the right way. Why, it was broad daylight. . . . Or anyhow, daylight. A narrow, gray daylight, like fog.

But surely they had come far enough to see the halfway butte. They might even have passed it, for the snow swirled so thickly one could hardly see twenty feet ahead.

But it was all right! Just remember what Ted so often said: 'You hardly need eyes on a familiar path. Your feet remember it.' Ah yes, but Ted had said something else: 'Skip the party, rather than take chances.'

They must be coming to the badland stretch now.

The children were talking, but the wind blew their voices away. She turned to ask what they had said.

'I said I wish Uncle Luke was here,' Bobby shouted. 'Except he'd be snow-sick.'

'I wish Father was here,' Oliver said, without smiling.

So Oliver was frightened. She must say something to encourage him. But what?

'It's like a storybook, isn't it?' she tried desperately. 'Fun, danger, struggle. Then the happy ending.'

She was enormously relieved when Oliver laughed. 'This is the struggle part.'

She felt as if she had been struggling for hours. Yet it couldn't have been much over an hour, for they hadn't reached the halfway butte. And, despite

all the windings and ups and downs, the distance was short. 'Don't forget that,' she admonished herself. 'At most three hours, even in a snowstorm.'

Bobby was calling again. She turned. 'What is it, dear?'

'Uncle Luke says a man can drown in a pint of water, if he falls down just the right way into it.'

Oliver said, 'Keep going, Bobby.'

She put each foot down tentatively, before trusting her weight to it. Of course the old drifts might be frozen over — it was getting awfully cold. But you couldn't be sure. Besides, this new snow was drifting, too. Once or twice, forgetting to test the ground, she went in knee-deep.

Once Bobby jerked at her belt. 'I don't like this any more. I'm tired.'

'So what?' Oliver demanded. 'Did Uncle Luke ever let being tired stop him? Not even when the alligator chased him.'

'That was in warm water,' Bobby replied crossly. 'I'm cold. I'm snow-sick.'

'Come, come, darling. Think what a good story you'll have to tell Uncle Luke. Oliver, are you all right?'

'Sure. Only can we stand still a minute, Mother?'

'Of course, dear. Here, come close to me, both of you. Put your faces against my skirt and get warm. And let me brush off some of this snow. You look like little Eskimos.'

She resisted the impulse to hug them frantically to her. Instead she kissed them each lightly on the tip of the nose, and said, 'Let's go.'

'We must be past the badlands now, mustn't we, Mother?' Oliver asked.

'I think so. But we'll still go carefully, one step at a time.'

Lucky that they were such sturdy children. Why, they must have been ploughing through the snow for nearly two hours. Longer, because it was really dark now!

But that meant that they had lost

their way! Or else that they were right near home. . . . She tried to push out of her mind the story of a woman and her three babies who had been frozen to death in the snow within thirty feet of their own door. . . . That might happen to other people — not to one's self, not to one's own children!

Why, in a minute now they would see the light of their own lamp.

Twice Bobby sat down in the snow, and had to be coaxed to go on. 'But I don't want to play this game any more,' he whimpered. 'Please carry me, Mummy.'

'Sissy! Tenderfoot!' Oliver jeered. But suddenly his tone changed. 'Mother, look over there. Look where we are!'

Just to the left of them, three white shapes loomed up — huge mushrooms of wind-sculptured rock, covered with snow. And these rocks stood in another stretch of badlands, almost as far from their house as the Bantlings', but in another direction.

She wanted to cry out. She wanted to have Ted there, and to cry against him, and to have him hold her tight. But she gave no sign of her panic.

'Well, at least we know where we are,' she said. And then, seeing the unconcealed fright in Oliver's eyes, she added, 'You're a great comfort to me, Oliver. We'll keep our heads, won't we?'

Oliver nodded. A moment later he said, 'Sure.'

'I'm a great comfort too,' Bobby insisted.

'Of course you are, darling. Ready now. We'll circle round these rocks. Be sure you step exactly in my footsteps, Bobby.'

At first she tried to pick her way, but almost at once she knew it was useless. For any step might be the wrong step, and, familiar as they were with the way to and from these rocks, it was impossible to know where, under the snow, the safe twists and windings lay. The thing to do was to stop thinking, to let her feet choose their own direction, com-

promising only to the extent of not putting her weight down all at once.

Once she found herself side-stepping suddenly, and knew that her feet must be remembering a bad place — knew that she must be on the right track, in this trackless land. Every little while she would turn to encourage the children. 'We're on the right track, darlings. It can't be long now.'

She stopped frequently, for breath, and to let the children rest a moment or two. Bobby was becoming intractable. 'I won't play any more. I can't!' He burst into tears.

'Stop that nonsense. You don't hear Oliver acting like a baby, do you?' And Bobby's surprise at her scolding carried him on another little bit.

Endless, endless. One foot and then another foot. 'Come along, boys!' Endless. Endless.

Then the tug on her belt was gone. She turned. Bobby had sat down in the snow.

'Bobby! Get up at once. It won't be far now, darling.'

But Bobby was fast asleep.

She shook him. 'Oliver!' she cried. 'Help me wake him!'

And then she saw that Oliver wasn't there.

But he must be — he must be! 'Oliver!' Why, surely she had spoken to him not one minute ago. 'Oliver! Oliver!'

She tied one end of the tape about Bobby's wrist, and stepped about him in a great circle, shouting for Oliver. She tried to see through the mad whirling snow. There, that hump, surely that was Oliver. 'Oliver!' But no, the hump was gone.

She screamed his name, but she knew that the wind wiped away the sound.

There *must* be something she could do besides shout. But her very brain seemed a blizzard of panic and confusion.

Bobby. She must wake Bobby — or he'd freeze to death. And yet they must not go farther. The only chance of find-

ing Oliver or having Oliver find them was to stay where they were.

Why, he couldn't be three minutes away!

She picked Bobby up and shook him roughly. 'Wake up, Bobby. We have to find Oliver.'

Bobby murmured, 'I'm too tired to brush my teeth,' and toppled back into sleep.

Nothing for it but to carry him. Ten steps in one direction, and then back. Ten steps in another direction, then back. 'Oliver! Oliver!' . . . Must keep moving. Because it was getting colder. Bitterly cold. Bobby made a warm band across her shoulder. But he was heavy, heavy.

Ten steps . . . *Oliver!* . . . Thrust forward again, another ten steps. . . . And another ten steps. . . .

After a while all feeling went out of her body, and her mind was a laborious daze. She knew only that she must stagger on and shout Oliver's name. . . . Ten more steps.

Then her foot struck something, and she fell, and a flash of pain in her ankle wakened the rest of her body to its pain. A thumping of her heart. A crowding in her chest. 'Bobby, Bobby, did it hurt you when I fell?' But Bobby was still asleep, and her foot was caught under something.

She jerked herself to sitting position, and reached down, and felt of her ankle. Her hand touched a bar . . . wood. A corral — it must be a corral. There, she could pull her foot out.

A corral. That meant a house! Why, it must be her own house!

New strength flowed into her. She got up, but at once her ankle buckled, and she fell again. . . . But if this was her own corral . . . let's see, which side was it on? She must think carefully, before she picked Bobby up. Of course, over there. And now there was even a light!

She crawled to where Bobby had fallen, managed somehow to heave him

over her shoulder, and then crawled on toward the light.

It seemed years. But here it was. Reach the doorknob. Pull yourself up . . . good, she could stand on one foot.

She could open the door.

There was Uncle Luke, his back to the door, sitting on the floor, before the stove. The clock said a quarter to nine.

'Close the door — bad for my rheumatism,' Uncle Luke began without looking round. 'Puts me in mind of the time —'

'Oliver!' she gasped, and toppled to the floor.

And then Uncle Luke was bending over her, shaking her, shouting 'Where's Oliver?'

'A flashlight,' she gasped. 'Get me a flashlight. He can't be far. I've carried Bobby all the while since. Get the *flashlight!*' she screamed, but her voice seemed like somebody else's voice. Under water. A scream with bubbles in it. You could drown in a pint of water. . . .

'Stop babbling!' Uncle Luke was shouting at her. 'Did he go into a drift? Just tell me *whereabouts!* I'll find him!'

But she couldn't tell him. She didn't know. All she could do was to shout Oliver's name.

The last thing she remembered was Uncle Luke, fantastic in his oilskin and sou'wester, dashing out of the house with his ship's lantern, coils of rope, and a broom.

The clock struck eleven. She tried to sit up. There was something she must tell Oliver. . . . Funny, she seemed to be lying on the floor, and there, beyond her on the floor, lay her coat and hat in a puddle of water. And Bobby's coat. . . . Maybe Ted was right. Skip the party rather than take chances. Only, if she had to listen to Uncle Luke one more day . . .

Funny, that looked like Bobby on the floor, too, asleep. That meant Uncle Luke hadn't got back yet. And that proved it was a dream. Because Uncle

Luke wouldn't put foot out in snow, not for a whole new set of limbs. . . .

Then the whole terrible truth surged over her. *Oliver was lost!* And Uncle Luke had gone to look for him. And she was lying on the floor, doing nothing!

She struggled to her feet, but sank back with a moan of pain.

And then the door opened, and Uncle Luke, carrying Oliver, staggered into the room. And Oliver was alive. She heard him murmur 'Mummy!' as he used to, when he was a baby.

Now she could rest.

V

The afternoon sun was slanting into the room when she woke up. A murmur of voices lapped her round. Eda Bantling's voice: 'You think she'll be all right, doctor? Oh, it was lucky you happened to come on the stage with Ted as far as Sweetweather! I sent him back for you the minute he came into the house.' But a sharp pain in her ankle blurred the voices away. Fingers, feeling, pressing, hurting. And then Dr. Steele's: 'Nice job.'

And then the voice she knew she had been listening for, all through her sleep and delirium. Oliver's voice. 'Uncle Luke's set many a bone in his seafaring days. Once, on the *Sarah Suzannah* —'

Ted interrupted him. 'Tell me just what happened the other night.'

'It snowed when we were coming from the party. And once I took my hand off Bobby's shoulder just for a minute, to change hands, and the wind blew me over. And when I stood up they were gone. I began running and shouting. And I fell into a drift, and after a while something poked me, and it was the handle of Uncle Luke's broom. And when we got home he let me help him lift Mother on to the bed. And then I guess I fell asleep, because Aunt Eda was here when I woke up.'

'I was worried,' Eda's voice took up the story. 'So the next morning, when it cleared, I took the children and we came over. I've been feeding her hot milk. She swallows it without waking up.'

The voices began to run together again. And there was a burning sensation in her throat. And then she opened her eyes. And now Bobby was there shouting angrily, 'Mother! Don't go to sleep again! You've been asleep three days. Mother!'

'I'm all right, darling,' she whispered. 'Everything's going to be all right now.'

And then she was smothered in Ted's arms. And then she slept again.

But something wasn't all right. She missed something. She dozed and waked and dozed again, tortured all the while by the thing that was missing.

Suddenly she knew. Uncle Luke. He wasn't talking. Why, it was as if the very weather had stopped!

The notion jerked her awake. 'Uncle Luke!' she cried.

There he was, in the doorway, his throat muffled up in a bath towel. 'Puts me in mind of the time —' he began in a whisper.

'You don't have to whisper, Uncle Luke. I'm all right.'

'And *that*,' Uncle Luke whispered on, 'reminds me of another time. My grandma says to my ma, — I was about Oliver's age, — "Why don't you stop that boy talkin'?" And my ma says, "I can't seem to interrupt him." Well, seems like nothin' ever interrupted me till your little snow flurry.'

'Please don't whisper,' Eunice begged again.

'Can't help it,' said Uncle Luke. 'I've lost my voice.'

'Mother!' Oliver was at her side now. 'Wasn't it wonderful? Uncle Luke found me by dead reckoning!'

'Wonderful.' And Eunice said it with all her heart.

SHALL WE PART WITH THE PHILIPPINES?

BY FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE

U. S. High Commissioner to the Philippines

THUNDER and lightning in the Far East are forcing America's attention to her adolescent ward, the Philippines. In 1898 it seemed simple to take up the white man's burden and bring to an 'oppressed' people freedom and democracy. Today, in a twentieth-century world of *Blitzkriegs* and ruthless power politics, our confidence is shaken. America stands uncertain at the crossroads; our leaders, sensing the coming issues, are expressing various and quite conflicting opinions as to our future course of action, and our newspapers are reflecting the puzzled reactions of the country.

One of the complexities of the problem of the Philippines is that it cannot be divorced from the more extended problem of American foreign policy in the Orient. If the United States is to surrender its sovereignty in the Philippines in 1946, according to the program laid down in the Independence Act, what is to become of our Open Door policy in China? And, beyond that, what is to become of future American trade and business interests in the Far East?

These are questions of momentous import, whose ultimate solutions will have to depend upon the gradual unfolding of the Far Eastern drama. There can, indeed, be no solution of the Philippine problem except as against the background of this larger problem of American foreign policy in the Orient. We do not

yet know what will be the outcome of the present hostilities in China. Nevertheless, so far as the Philippines themselves are concerned, there are certain objective facts upon which any realistic approach to the problem must be based and which to some extent must condition the ultimate solution of the problem of Philippine independence.

I

In the first place, there is the fact that from the earliest days of the American occupation we have consistently and repeatedly promised self-government to the Filipino people. Whatever may have been the original imperialist designs in 1898 on the part of various individuals and groups, it soon became evident to both major political parties that it would outrage the genuine idealism of the American people to present the military occupation of the Philippines as a war of conquest, and both parties became loud in their declarations that the American nation clearly intended in the fullness of time to give to the Filipino people complete self-government.

From the time when Mr. Taft, the first Governor General of the Philippines, inaugurated the policy of 'the Philippines for the Filipinos' and introduced an 'era of good feeling,' the American administration has been liberal and constructive, definitely directed toward

eventual independence. In 1900, legislative power over the Islands was transferred from the Military Governor to the newly created 'Philippine Commission'; and in the following year Governor Taft appointed three Filipinos as members of this commission. In 1907 a Philippine Assembly was inaugurated as the lower house of the Legislature. The appointive Philippine Commission, which after 1907 served as the upper house of the Legislature, up to 1913 possessed an American majority. In 1913 President Wilson, pressing forward upon the policy of educating the Filipinos in the art of self-government, appointed to the Commission a majority of Filipinos and proceeded to Filipinize the administration of the Islands as rapidly as possible. 'We must hold steadily in view their ultimate independence,' declared President Wilson in his Annual Message of December 2, 1913, 'and we must move toward the time of that independence as steadily as the way can be cleared and the foundations thoughtfully and permanently laid.'

The Jones Act, approved on August 29, 1916, still further increased the sphere of Philippine autonomy by abolishing the Philippine Commission and creating in its place an elective Philippine Senate, thus placing legislative functions in the hands of Filipino representatives. 'It is, as it has always been, the purpose of the people of the United States,' recites the preamble of this Act, 'to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein.'

II

A second factor in the problem of Philippine independence is the unfortunate conflict between the political and economic policies which we have been steadily pursuing in the Philippines since 1909. While the United States was, on the one hand, promising political independence and taking steps toward the

attainment of that objective by legislative enactments and by training the Filipinos in the ideals of self-government, it was, on the other hand, pursuing a trade policy which was bound to make the Filipinos more and more dependent upon the United States economically. In 1909 we inaugurated a policy of reciprocal free trade between the Philippines and the United States through tariff acts passed in Washington; and these free-trade enactments of 1909, modified only slightly by the United States Tariff Act of 1913, remained substantially the basis of Philippine-American trade relations until 1934.

Reciprocal free trade between the United States and the Philippines could have only one result: the growing dependence of Filipinos upon American markets and the gradual monopolization of Philippine markets by Americans. While this free-trade policy was of decided advantage to the Filipinos, it nevertheless inescapably increased their economic dependence upon the United States.

Furthermore, the resulting preferential privileges accorded to each in the markets of the other have inevitably had their influence upon the character and amounts of crops and industrial products produced in the Philippines. Naturally Philippine effort has been directed toward those crops and industrial products which could be sold in a highly protected United States market, such as sugar, coconut oil, tobacco products, cordage, embroidery, and pearl buttons. The resulting increase in the production of such commodities has naturally tended to discourage the production of export commodities not enjoying such protection and of products for domestic consumption. Thus to a certain extent the Philippine economy has become moulded into one dependent upon the American market. The abrupt cutting off of such protected markets could not but mean grave disruption and injury to the whole Philippine economy.

III

A third objective fact is the Philippine Independence Act, passed by Congress in 1934. Toward the latter part of the Hoover administration it became increasingly clear that the movement toward Philippine political independence was approaching a climax. Some sort of compromise was necessitated by the underlying conflict of policies already pointed out. Were political independence to be granted forthwith, the Filipinos, dependent upon American markets for approximately 80 per cent of their export trade, must through the sudden substantial reduction or loss of their export markets face economic disaster. Even the most ardent proponents of political independence had to bow to this fact. Accordingly, the Independence Act of 1934, which followed the same general lines as the earlier Hare-Hawes-Cutting Act which had been rejected by the Philippine Legislature, was based upon a program granting political independence at the end of a ten-year period and providing in effect for a progressive decrease during that period of Philippine dependence upon preferences in the American market. This was to be effected in the form of increasing Philippine export taxes. The problem of Philippine independence to-day hinges upon the provisions of this important act.

The political provisions of the act were based upon the creation for an interim ten-year period of an autonomous Philippine government, known as the 'government of the Commonwealth of the Philippine Islands.' The act began by authorizing the Philippine Legislature to call together a Filipino constitutional convention to adopt and frame a Philippine constitution along certain specified lines. This constitution, after its approval by the President of the United States, was then to be submitted to the Filipino people for their ratification or rejection; if a majority of the

votes thus cast favored the adoption of the constitution, the act provided that 'such vote shall be deemed an expression of the will of the people of the Philippine Islands in favor of Philippine independence,' and the act goes on to provide for the election of officers of the Commonwealth Government to be thereupon created and for the transfer to that government of the property and rights in the Islands belonging to the United States. The Commonwealth Government thus created is endowed by the act with extensive autonomous powers, including control over most domestic matters but excluding control over foreign affairs. The act requires the approval of the President of the United States of acts of the Philippine Assembly 'affecting currency coinage, imports, exports, and immigration,' and it also gives to the President the power to suspend any Philippine law, contract, or executive order which may impair the Commonwealth's financial integrity or which 'in his judgment will violate international obligations of the United States.' The act also provides for the appointment by the President of a United States High Commissioner, who 'shall be the representative of the President of the United States in the Philippine Islands and shall be recognized as such by the government of the Commonwealth of the Philippine Islands.'

On July 4, ten years after the date of the inauguration of the Commonwealth Government, 'the President of the United States shall by proclamation withdraw and surrender all right of possession, supervision, jurisdiction, control or sovereignty' over the territory and people of the Philippine Islands and 'shall recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as a separate and self-governing nation.' The new Commonwealth Government was inaugurated on November 15, 1935. The date for the transfer of sovereignty and recognition of independence is therefore fixed under the Independence Act as July 4, 1946. The act

also contains provisions of a somewhat contradictory nature for the neutralization of the Philippines and for the retention of 'naval reservations and fueling stations.' The present state of international affairs, however, makes it impossible to determine now the far-reaching issues raised by these provisions.

The economic provisions of the act were based upon a recognition of the fact that too abrupt a cutting off of Philippine preferences in the American market would spell disaster. The imposition of full American duties upon Philippine products was therefore postponed until the end of the ten-year interim period. During the ten-year period, however, moderate economic restrictions were imposed upon Philippine exports to the United States. In the all-important case of sugar, the amount of duty-free Philippine shipments to the United States was limited during the Commonwealth period to 850,000 long tons each year; beyond this amount Philippine sugar must pay full United States duties. Similarly shipments of duty-free Philippine coconut oil into the United States were limited to 200,000 long tons a year, and of duty-free cordage to 3,000,000 pounds annually.¹ The act also restricted Philippine shipments to the United States by requiring the imposition of a Philippine export tax.

This is a progressive tax to be imposed by the Commonwealth Government during the second half of the ten-year period upon all Philippine exports to the United States or products on the American tariff list. During the sixth year of the Commonwealth period, beginning on November 15, 1940, the Commonwealth Government is to levy an export tax equal to 5 per cent of the American duty, during the seventh year 10 per

¹ The provision in the Independence Act with regard to cordage was superseded by the Cordage Act of 1935, which enlarged the cordage quota to 6,000,000 pounds annually, but contains an absolute prohibition against the shipment of any excess. — AUTHOR

cent, and an additional 5 per cent for each succeeding year until it reaches 25 per cent of the American duty. After the date of independence, July 4, 1946, Philippine export taxes will no longer be required, but all Philippine products shipped to the United States will be subject to 100 per cent of the American duties. The proceeds of these export taxes are to be paid into the United States Treasury to be held as a sinking fund for the payment of Philippine bonded indebtedness.

On the other hand, the Commonwealth Government has no power during the Commonwealth period to restrict by means of either tariffs or quotas imports of United States goods.

In accordance with the provisions of the Independence Act thus passed by Congress in 1934, a Philippine constitutional convention, called together by the Philippine Legislature, drafted a Philippine constitution following the terms prescribed in the Independence Act. This constitution, after receiving the approval of the President of the United States, was then submitted to the Filipino people and ratified by them. On November 15, 1935, the new Government of the Commonwealth of the Philippines was inaugurated under authority of the Independence Act, and on the same date the new Philippine Constitution came into full effect. The former American Governor General of the Philippines became the 'United States High Commissioner to the Philippine Islands.' The Commonwealth Government thus inaugurated has since that time been successfully functioning under the able leadership of Manuel L. Quezon, the first President of the Commonwealth Government.

IV

As a result of the compromises contained in the Independence Act, it was natural that there should be dissatisfied groups both in the United States and in the Philippines. President Roosevelt, in

his message to Congress recommending the approval of the independence bill, stated, 'Where imperfections or inequalities exist, I am confident that they can be corrected after proper hearing and in fairness to both peoples.' Reference to this statement was embodied in the Joint Resolution of the Philippine Legislature accepting the provisions of the act.

As a result of conferences held in Washington in 1937 between President Quezon and Mr. Sayre, then serving as Assistant Secretary of State, a Joint Committee, composed of competent and experienced American and Filipino officials, was appointed by President Roosevelt and President Quezon 'to study trade relations between the United States and the Philippines and to recommend a program for the adjustment of Philippine national economy.' As a basis for this study it was agreed that 'preferential trade relations between the United States and the Philippines are to be terminated at the earliest practicable date consistent with affording the Philippines a reasonable opportunity to adjust their national economy.'

This Joint Committee, after a year's work and study, reached unanimous conclusions, which they embodied in a formal report making concrete recommendations. These were based upon the Committee's belief that certain basic Philippine industries would be dangerously disrupted or wiped out if export taxes should be imposed upon them as required under the Independence Act. Accordingly, the Committee recommended that the Philippine export taxes required by the Independence Act should not be imposed upon shipments of coconut oil, cigars, scrap and filler tobacco, and pearl buttons, but that in their stead a quota should be imposed restricting the duty-free shipments of each of these commodities to the United States to a progressively diminishing amount. Furthermore, the Committee felt that 'with the loss of preferential treatment

for its products in the United States, the Philippines will be obliged to fashion an economy which will be much more self-sufficient than the present one,' and that as an inevitable consequence of the abrupt elimination of all Philippine preferences in the American market on July 4, 1946, as provided by the Independence Act, 'a number of important enterprises in the Philippines will be forced to liquidate much more rapidly than new enterprises can probably be developed to replace them.' Accordingly, the Joint Committee recommended that instead of the abrupt imposition of full American duties upon all Philippine products beginning on July 4, 1946, American duties should be progressively increased by 5 per cent a year, beginning at 25 per cent of the full American duties in 1946 and reaching 100 per cent in 1961. These two major recommendations of the Joint Committee, together with a number of other minor recommendations, were embodied in a bill introduced in Congress early in 1939.

Various members of the Senate, however, felt that it would be premature at that time to enact trade provisions for the period following 1946. Accordingly, the post-independence provisions were dropped from the bill; and provision was made for the calling of a joint trade conference at least two years prior to 1946 'for the purpose of formulating recommendations as to future trade relations between the United States and the independent Philippine Republic,' 'but nothing in this proviso shall be construed to modify or affect in any way any provision of this Act relating to the procedure leading up to Philippine independence or the date upon which the Philippine Islands shall become independent.'

As thus modified, the bill substantially embodying the various recommendations of the Joint Committee with respect to the Commonwealth period was passed by Congress and approved by President Roosevelt on August 7, 1939.

In consequence of this enactment,

large numbers of Philippine workers, engaged in the production of cigars, scrap tobacco, coconut oil, pearl buttons, and embroideries, have been saved, at least for the present, from being suddenly thrown out of work. Thus a breathing spell is provided, and during the Commonwealth period drastic and unnecessary economic upheaval has been made unlikely. For the post-independence period we may anticipate that wise economic arrangements to cushion the shock to the Filipinos of lost American markets will be made at the joint conference to be called at least two years prior to 1946.

V

It is quite clear that the Filipinos cannot achieve their independence without severe economic strains and grave industrial dislocation. The risks of internal breakdown or external aggression are great and manifest. The assumption of the responsibilities that must go with independence almost inevitably means paying an unpredictable cost. The decisions by the Filipino people to ask for independence and by the United States to grant them independence were crucial and bold ones. But these decisions have already been made. The die was cast when Congress passed the Independence Act in 1934 and the Filipino people voted to accept the program embodied in that act. The independence program has already been adopted and accepted by both peoples. The issue today is, not the wisdom of the original decisions, but whether the program already launched and entered upon is likely to be or should be reversed.

The answer hinges upon two objective realities. In the first place, when the Filipino people by plebiscite adopted the constitution prescribed by Congress in the Independence Act and thus in effect accepted the offer of independence made to them by the United States, the latter became morally bound not to alter materially that independence program

except upon the request of the Filipino people. In the second place, under our law, the program cannot be altered or independence postponed except by an affirmative vote in both the House of Representatives and the Senate changing the present law.

In other words, the independence program should not, and apparently will not, be altered without, first, a request from the Philippine Assembly, presumably backed by a plebiscite, and second, an affirmative vote by a majority of both Houses of Congress.

So far as concerns the situation in the Philippines, it seems somewhat unlikely that the Philippine Assembly or the Filipino people will be willing to take affirmative action denying the hopes and aspirations to which they have tenaciously clung and for which they have consistently struggled for generations. The movement toward independence is like the flow of a great river which has swept both peoples along in its current. Independence is not yet a fact, but commitments on both sides have been made, and Filipinos and Americans alike have been carried along to a point from which it would be difficult now to turn back.

Unquestionably the most outstanding and influential leader of the Filipino people today is President Quezon. His words carry weight not only because he, better than any other, knows how to interpret and express the feelings of his people, but because among Filipino leaders he wields a power in the Islands second to none. In his message to the Philippine Assembly, in January 1940, he declared: 'I am unalterably opposed to the prolongation of the present political setup beyond 1946.' In his speech on March 30, 1940, before the students of the College of Law of the University of the Philippines, he went even further, when he declared:—

There is one thing in the fight of the Filipino people for freedom which we may never renounce, and that is the substance of freedom. The Filipino people must be free. We

would be untrue to our people, we would be disloyal to our ancestors, those who have fought and died for their country, if we accepted a solution to the Philippine question that does not recognize the right and permit the exercise of full freedom on the part of the Filipino people. . . . The government that we establish must have full powers not only over our political but also over our economic life. . . . I want to say to the Filipinos who are desirous of continuing the Filipino-American relationship for a few more years after 1946 on economic grounds that they are badly mistaken in their stand.

Dominion status has been proposed as a possible compromise solution of the problem. But considerable confusion results from the failure to define precisely what is meant by 'dominion status.' President Quezon is one of the few Filipinos who have thought the problem through and given clear expression to their views. 'We cannot consider permanent political relationship with America,' he declared this year before the National Assembly, 'except on the basis that the Philippines would at least have full and complete power over immigration, imports, exports, currency and related financial subjects, as well as the right to conclude commercial treaties with other nations without being subjected to the supervision and control of the United States.' On the other hand, those in the United States who talk about postponing Philippine independence beyond 1946 assume almost without question that the American Government would continue in control, not only over all Philippine foreign affairs, but also over tariffs, immigration, currency, and the public debt. 'The Filipinos cannot have their cake and eat it, too.' Responsible American opinion recognizes that power must be coupled with responsibility, that if the American people are to continue responsible for the defense of the Philippines they must have the power of complete control over such Philippine activities as might affect their relations with other nations, and these reach directly into the economic

and financial fields. President Quezon himself recognizes the soundness of this position. In short, the tide has carried both the Filipino and the American people to a point where the only kind of dominion status the Filipinos would probably be willing to accept would be one that the United States could not grant.

Whether or not Congress will see fit before 1946 to pass new legislation changing the existing law is one of those imponderables which no one can answer. Certain factors, however, will probably be of continuing influence. In 1934 the passage by Congress of the Independence Act was powerfully aided by heavy pressures brought to bear by American sugar producers anxious to eliminate the competition of Philippine sugar. Its enactment was not solely the result of a sugar lobby. Dairy groups similarly sought the exclusion of Philippine coconut oil. Other persistent groups — some sincerely interested in the welfare of the Philippines — also exerted powerful pressures in various directions.

There is no doubt that many members of Congress would be seriously swayed by the wishes and desires of the Filipino people. Yet at the same time there seems to be no lessening in the strength of those groups which in 1934 pressed for the passage of the Independence Act. Some of them are even stronger today than they were then. So far as one can see ahead, there seems little likelihood that their influence and their power will be less in 1946 than they were in 1934. And one must remember that it takes an affirmative vote in both the House and the Senate to effect a change in the present program.

The really controlling considerations likely to influence future Congresses, however, lie in the enormous and increasing costs of undertaking the defense of far-outlying territories. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries far-flung empires were in order. They were practicable. The military cost of defending them was not prohibitive. In those days

there were no submarines, no airplanes, no modern high-powered artillery. Since that day the world has been revolutionized. Ocean steamships, telegraphic communication, automobiles, the radio, and the spread of general knowledge have changed the face of the globe. Aircraft and submarines have completely transformed modern warfare. The defense of far-flung empires today cannot rest upon battleships alone; the cost of defensive warfare and adequate fortification has grown to staggering proportions.

The completely changed conditions of the twenty-first century will mean a completely changed world. Many of the old policies and practices of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries will have to go. Unless we learn to supplant war by effective methods of international coöperation, there is serious question whether it will be practicable in the twenty-first century for nations to maintain and defend the kind of far-flung military empires which developed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the long view one suspects that the Independence Act is but one of the inevitable incidents in the unfolding of a stupendous drama in which we are participants and in which the nineteenth-century world is being reshaped by twentieth-century conditions.

It is sometimes assumed that the fulfillment of our promises to grant to the Filipinos their independence will spell the end of our Open Door policy in China. Present events show that the successful maintenance of this policy and the protection of American trade in the Orient involve considerations more far-reaching than that of Philippine independence. The future of the Open Door in China depends on the outcome of the present Sino-Japanese hostilities and on our future relationships with Japan and with China.

VI

There is also the problem of future trade arrangements with an independent

Filipino republic. If we are to give to the Filipinos their independence, surely we must give it to them under such conditions as will offer reasonable promise of their surviving economically. The present economic dependence of the Philippines upon the United States is largely the result of our own making. It would be profoundly out of accord with American ideas of justice and fair play to cut the Filipinos off from the American markets upon which we have taught them to depend in a manner so abrupt as to endanger their whole economy. Furthermore, it is strongly against our own interest to do so. The Philippines today are our fifth best customer. In 1939 the United States sold to the Philippines over \$100,000,000 of our goods. We cannot afford to bankrupt such excellent customers.

It does not follow, however, that we should extend to an independent Philippine nation preferences in American markets permanently and for all time. From the viewpoint of the Philippines, to build their economy upon the quicksand of economic favoritism and preference would be to court disaster. No true friend of the Filipinos could wish the independent Philippine nation to be permanently dependent for its most vital needs upon the caprice of the American Congress or upon such gratuitous favors as the American people care to extend to them. Any such arrangement upon a permanent and continuing basis would be quite inconsistent with real independence.

From the American viewpoint, far-reaching considerations come into play. The cornerstone of American foreign commercial policy is equality of treatment to every nation not itself discriminating against American trade. There are two alternative policies upon which a nation may base its international trade. One policy is to trade on the basis of equality, treating all nations alike which do not discriminate against it. The other possible policy is preferential

treatment. Under such a policy, a nation seeks to secure preferences in the markets of other nations for its goods and offers in return preferences for their goods in its own markets.

The second of these two policies seems at first blush perhaps the more appealing one. It would mean that, if success attended our efforts, American goods would secure preferential treatment in foreign markets and that we would accord preferential treatment to our friends. But the difficulty is that any such policy would strip American export trade of the protection which it now enjoys in other countries and expose it to widespread discrimination. One cannot escape the fact that every exclusive preference granted to one nation constitutes in its very essence discrimination against all other nations. Each time that a nation gives an exclusive preference to another country every other country interested in that particular trade will be likely to retaliate with counter discrimination, since nations whose income and whose economies are dependent upon the sale abroad of their surplus products cannot remain passive if these sales are menaced or prevented by preferences granted to their competitors or by discriminations directed against them. The policy of granting and receiving exclusive preferences therefore can have but one result. It leads inescapably to unceasing economic warfare — your hand against every other nation and every other nation's hand against you. Such a policy eventually would stifle export trade; and the United States is vitally dependent upon export trade.

George Washington in his Farewell Address warned against a commercial policy of discrimination. The United States in general has followed the practice of equality of tariff treatment since its earliest days.

If we are to secure equality of treatment for American exports in foreign markets throughout the world, therefore, we must in general avoid the policy

of extending permanent preferences to other nations; and, once the Philippines attain their independence, our Philippine-American trade policy must undergo substantial change.

This does not mean, however, that the United States will or should eliminate Philippine preferences overnight. Existing Philippine-American trade stands in a unique position. In the main, it has been developed to its present proportions, not by diverting the trade of other nations, but by the creative upbuilding of a new Philippine economy intermeshed into the American one. It would not necessarily be of advantage to the cause of liberal trade principles in the world to divert Philippine trade from the United States into the hands of nations following illiberal and bilateralistic trade policies whose primary effort would doubtless be to exclude American goods through preferential policies. The situation is one which manifestly requires some exceptional kind of adjustment.

To cut the existing Philippine preferences in American markets and American preferences in Philippine markets abruptly at a single stroke, in accordance with the program of the Independence Act, would entail in the Philippines widespread, disastrous, and quite unnecessary economic dislocation, and would mean serious losses to those who in good faith have invested their capital and built up their businesses during American rule. Some kind of special trade arrangement will have to be worked out. It is for the purpose of solving exactly such problems that the Act of 1939 provides for a trade conference to be held not later than 1944. Until we know the outcome of the European war and of the present hostilities in China it is too early to determine exactly what kind of trade arrangement should be adopted.

Various possibilities will have to be considered. Presumably the new trade arrangement should provide that neither party should discriminate against the

goods of the other in favor of any third nation. Some have suggested that our forty years' close historical association with the Philippines justifies making in their case an exception to our general commercial policies, exactly as in the case of Cuba. Others have suggested legislation progressively reducing Philippine preferences in American markets until they reach the levels of existing Cuban preferences, and retaining such Philippine preferences as long as we retain equivalent Cuban preferences. The Joint Preparatory Committee, as already pointed out, recommended that although Philippine preferences in the United States and United States preferences in the Philippines should be ultimately eliminated, nevertheless this elimination should be achieved only gradually and progressively, at the rate of 5 per cent a year for twenty years. The object of that recommendation was to give to business and industry an opportunity for gradual adjustment so that each might have the chance to make necessary changes little by little, perhaps by discovering methods to cheapen the cost of production or by finding ways for the marketing of byproducts or by making gradual shifts into other forms of industry or other fields of production. It was hoped that in this way those engaged in each industry could gradually accommodate themselves to the changed conditions. Progress depends upon change; change is the very life of industry and trade. Every new invention, every technological advance, means change. What works disaster in business and commerce is the kind of change so sudden and abrupt that it cannot be successfully met.

It seems a reasonable hope and expectation that at the 1944 conference these problems will be carefully considered and discussed, and that as a result of common agreement Congress will provide for such a trade arrangement following 1946 as will prevent the abrupt termination of existing preferences and will deal fairly with all interests concerned.

VII

Are the Filipinos ready for independence? That is a question about which one can theorize endlessly. There is only one practical way in which it can be truly answered. That is through the actual experiment. Was the United States ready for independence in 1776? There were many people at that time who would have answered no. By actual experiment we proved that we were. That does not mean that we were not guilty of grave mistakes and even at times of glaring incompetence. We had to learn by experience. We are still doing so. That is the only way the indescribably difficult art of self-government ever can be learned.

If, because of present-day fear of foreign aggression, some Philippine voices are now heard counseling postponement of independence, we must not be deceived into believing that the popular aspirations for independence are dying. For forty years we have sought to teach the Filipinos our ideas of liberty and democracy and self-government. If they remain true to our own teachings, if they remain human, they will never cease to aspire for independence; and until these aspirations are satisfied there will not be rest or equilibrium. This I believe to be an objective reality which we cannot afford to blink.

Finally, we must not forget that when we assumed sovereignty over the Filipino people in 1898 we assumed a high responsibility. Because of that responsibility the American nation is under a strong moral obligation, when we give them independence, to give it under conditions favorable to its success. So far as we can we must deal them the cards with which to win; so far as possible we must help them to succeed, as we succeeded in 1776. For we ourselves have a stake in their success. In them we have implanted our own ideals; and their success means our success in furthering American ideas and ideals in the Far East.

CITIZENSHIP

Its Privileges and Responsibilities

BY ROGER W. HOLMES

[In the August issue a prize of \$500 was offered by the *Atlantic Monthly* and the Moses Kimball Fund for the best essay on 'Citizenship, Its Privileges and Responsibilities.' The incisive essay by Mr. Holmes was awarded the prize. As one contestant wrote:—

'This is the first time I have ever ventured to submit a manuscript of any kind. And I am doing so now because the whole matter of citizenship looms large in my thinking as I watch the daily papers for news of world happenings. I live in a small Mississippi town. Down here it has never occurred to me that my country had any need of my services, except in case of war, and then only as a private. But of late I have been thinking perhaps it does need me, and millions more like me, just to be good citizens. That is what I have tried to say in the essay. It has done me good to give that feeling words, even though those words never appear in print.'

That is the spirit of most of the 599 essays submitted for the prize, and it made reading them a heartening experience. The essays also reveal the influence that refugees have had on American consciousness. More frequent than any other was the constructive suggestion that since naturalized citizens and newcomers had to learn about our traditions, rights, and obligations as citizens to meet the citizenship tests, why should not native-born Americans pass the same tests? Tolerance, sacrifice, responsibility, were advocated in almost every essay. In less than half a dozen was there any expression of intolerance toward Jews, refugees, Negroes, or Jehovah's Witnesses. But there was a disturbing frequency of expressed distrust of education, particularly higher education. Although nearly every one listed free education as a major basis of democracy, many of these same papers attacked teachers with prejudice and hatred, their irreligion, skepticism, Communism or Fascism, and other 'bad' qualities.

Three of the essays were written by college presidents, one by a state senator, numerous others by teachers, professors, ministers, lawyers, and journalists — and many by WPA workers, young boys and girls, housewives, business men, engineers, the unemployed. Almost every nationality was represented, and every age. It was a truly democratic cross-section.

The essays by W. C. Newman, of Indianola, Mississippi, and W. Seward Salisbury, of Oswego, New York, will be published in the December *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS]

IT is man's privilege to assume the responsibilities of citizenship. And it is his responsibility to ensure the privileges of his fellow citizens. Two things are vital to democracy: that every man grant every other the rights he claims for himself, and that every man accept the obligations he expects others to exercise. The good citizen concerns himself with the privileges of others and the responsibilities of himself.

The basic privileges in a democratic society are contained in our Bill of

Rights. Our country was colonized and its Constitution established by men and women who were denied them at home and who braved perils in order to establish communities where they would be safeguarded for others as well as for themselves. But with the passage of time civic rights are translated into personal prerogatives. Nine out of every ten times today that the Bill of Rights is invoked it is for the benefit of the person speaking. Do we want freedom of speech? We want it for ourselves, but we do not

fight untiringly to ensure that our opponent will have it also. Do we want freedom of religious worship? We want it that we may worship freely. As citizens we think too often and almost exclusively of ourselves.

This is true in the world-community of democracies. Was Great Britain excited about the loss of civic privilege in Spain? Was France willing to act when the privileges of the Czechoslovakian citizens were challenged? Great Britain and France awoke when the danger was to their own privileges. And the United States is equally self-centred. Only when the navy of Great Britain is in peril and the army of France routed do we talk of peacetime conscription and the building of a two-ocean navy.

It is also true within a democracy. The citizen outside of Louisiana was amused by the antics of Huey Long. The violation of civic rights in that state did not alarm him. It did not affect him. A small New England town drives out Jehovah's Witnesses by mob violence, but, since they are untouched, the large body of its citizens do not object. A man two thousand miles across the country is persecuted because of his race. It is a good newspaper story. But give us a Huey Long, let us experience mob violence, or take away our job because of our race, and the story is different. When we as individuals see danger to us as individuals we rise to the defense — but to the defense of ourselves.

Civic privilege has received the wrong emphasis. School children are promised life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They are told of equalization of opportunities. They are taught to expect something for themselves. They should be taught to safeguard these privileges for others. They are taught that democracy has been set up for the benefit of each of them individually. And so it has. But they have not been told that its benefits can be gained only through giving them to others. In life one never finds happiness by seeking it; in a democracy

one never gains privileges by demanding them. One works for oneself best through others: this is the fundamental lesson of Christianity and the fundamental lesson in making democracy work.

The state bestows on us the rights of citizenship and guards these rights. But our state is its citizens. It is we who bestow those rights and guard them. It is this gift and this guardianship that are the privilege of the citizens of a democracy. It is your privilege to see that your neighbor is not imprisoned without due process of law. It is your privilege to ensure that your neighbor is allowed to elect his representatives in government. It is your privilege to defend your neighbor's right to write and publish what he pleases on controversial issues. It is your privilege to see that your neighbor receives justice under law without regard to creed, race, or economic status. These are indeed privileges: many today may not exercise them.

These privileges are our responsibility. They are the responsibility of each individual citizen. We know that to grant civic privileges to those who would destroy the Bill of Rights is to endanger the rights of all. Today it is both a responsibility and a privilege to deny rights to those who would take them from us. We know, furthermore, that to place unlimited responsibility in the hands of one man or a small group of men is to lose all privilege. We must each of us, therefore, shoulder a share of the responsibility for good government.

We assume that we fulfill that responsibility by going to the polls on election day. Each citizen registers his judgment as problems affect him. If the majority benefits, the problem is settled favorably; if not, unfavorably. The majority rules in gaining the greatest good for the greatest number. This has been the theory. It worked well in the New England town meeting. There the issues were small. The individual citizen could

see them in their broadest light. Should the community establish a high school? It was not a majority of those who had children of high-school age that decided this question. It was the majority of those who realized that a high school would benefit the entire community. And that majority was willing to tax everyone, including bachelors and spinsters, to achieve that benefit.

But we have outgrown the town meeting. In the first place, we vote through representatives. And representative government is widely misunderstood. We are mistaken when we suppose that the number of letters and telegrams that reach our Congressmen before action on an important bill is the measure of the working of democracy. This bill hurts agriculture; the farmer writes his Congressman to oppose it. Another bill limits business profits; the business man wires his Senator to defeat it. But who are we to ask our representative to care for our particular interests? He is your representative not in the sense that he is your mouthpiece, but rather in the sense that you elect him as a man wise enough to care for the welfare of the entire electorate. Write your Congressman? Yes, if you as a specialist can offer sound advice. But never command him.

Secondly, the problems we face are larger than were those in town meeting. We are asked to vote on foreign policy, tariff problems, social security. Such problems have important implications reaching beyond the horizon of the individual voter. Hence large issues are seen in their widest import only with great difficulty and self-effacement. Individual gains are far too often taken to be measures of value. If the problem is one of public utilities, we vote as the issue affects us individually. If a bonus bill is under consideration, its protagonists try to whip up a majority of those who will be favorably affected. A senatorial bloc opposes a national-defense measure because the contracts are not

awarded to its local communities. Some seek narrow self-interest deliberately; many lobbyists are in this group. Some do so because they lack courage or understanding. Most are guilty because they misconstrue the significance of the ballot.

Your responsibility as a citizen is at the polls. So much is true. But your responsibility is that of putting yourself in the background and voting on public issues as they affect the entire community, whether it be town, city, or nation. Your responsibility as a citizen is to be an intelligent voter. To be intelligent about public issues is to understand them as they affect your fellow citizens, not simply as they affect you. It is your responsibility to vote against the repaving of your street if some other street is in greater need of repair. It is your responsibility to vote money out of your own pocket for unemployment relief if there are others who cannot get work. It is your responsibility to vote limitations on your activities if those activities are in danger of working against the welfare of the whole. It is your responsibility, in short, to vote for your fellow citizens as you would wish them to vote for you.

These are the responsibilities and privileges of citizenship in a democracy. It is your privilege to ensure for your fellow citizen the rights guaranteed in our Constitution; it is your responsibility to exercise your citizenship at the polls for the benefit of the body politic of which you are but one small unit. The danger to our way of living today is not invasion — it is selfish citizenship. Selfish citizenship makes a democracy inefficient and corrupt. If democracy is to survive, it must be made to work. There are doubts abroad in our land that it can work. The choice is between the privilege and responsibility of working for your fellow countrymen and the loss of all privilege and responsibility. Either we exercise our citizenship or it will be taken from us.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'BUILD NOW FOR '88'

My father was a storekeeper in a small Midwestern county-seat town in the '70s and '80s. The town was the trading post for the surrounding rich agricultural district; stores were the gathering places for news and gossip. By common consent, Father's store was the chosen Republican oasis in the large Democratic desert.

The Republican minority was smilingly tolerated by the Democrats, who realized that as long as they controlled all the offices and dictated all the policies there was nothing the Republicans could do but yap like a small dog barking at a mastiff.

But in national affairs — ah, that was another story! Since the time of Lincoln, the Grand Old Party had been in power, and you had better believe that the lowly Republicans, who couldn't even elect a County Clerk or get the appointment of a local night watchman, certainly strutted their stuff when it came to national politics.

So Father, who was a howlin' Republican, gathered around him other howlin' Republicans, and the space in the rear of his store around the big pot-bellied coal stove, furnished with a dozen or more split-bottomed chairs, became headquarters for the Howlin' Republican Club.

Not that there ever was a real organization. Oh dear, *no!* Father would have been the first to deny it. It was simply a meeting place for the more violent type of Republicans, where condemnation and vituperation of the Democrats could be carried to the extreme without fear of contradiction.

I asked Father once why he extended credit to a certain old scamp who never paid his bills, who was something of a sot and general all-round no-good. He looked rather sheepish as he acknowledged all these impeachments, but, brightening and slapping his knee, he exclaimed, 'But, by George, he's a Howlin' Republican!'

The Howlin' Republicans began strolling into the store for the evening session right after supper — about seven o'clock. The evening train from St. Louis brought the after-

noon papers about 7.30 P.M., and until then the bunch would sit around the stove smoking, chewing, retailing the local news, and asking Father to rehash for them the news from the morning papers.

Most of these men were farmers who lived close to town and townsmen whose various tasks kept them busy in the daytime, with a sprinkling of old soldiers, more or less crippled and living on pensions. None of them took a city paper. Father took the St. Louis and Chicago papers and was expected to read aloud the political news to the assembled multitude. I asked him once if he ever read the speeches of the Democratic statesmen.

'Mercy, no,' he replied. 'What would be the use? They're only a pack of lies. . . . Besides,' he added, 'they'd only make me mad, and I hate to get mad.'

Up to the time of the Blaine-Cleveland campaign in 1884, all the Republicans had to do was to wave the 'Bloody Shirt.' The wounds of the war were slow in healing, and, despite the solid South, the solid North and West swept election after election for the Republicans until it began to look as if they were unbeatable.

But in the spring and early summer of '84 the Howlin' Republicans were more or less uneasy. Many were the debates around the stove, and much exhortation took place as the relative merits or demerits of the various candidates were discussed. While they admired Blaine's fighting Republicanism and his brilliant oratory, there was some doubt as to his being able to make the best race on account of the charges against him — charges, as Father explained, 'all a lot of Democratic lies.'

In due time the Republicans nominated Blaine and Logan; the Democrats, Cleveland and Hendricks. As the campaign waxed hotter, the 'club' meetings increased in size, and interest grew daily.

The Democratic boys were covering all available space with references to Blaine as a thief and embezzler, with added admonitions to 'burn this letter.' Republican youth drew pictures of Cleveland running from the Civil War draft.

Father was sad as well as indignant.

'Why can't they,' he mourned, 'stick to the tariff and the solid South?'

In September came rallies for both sides. The Republicans didn't have any hope of carrying the town or county, but they wanted to make a showing anyway, so they had speakers of fairly good repute, with band concerts, torchlight parades, and a general hip-hip-hurrah for Blaine and Logan.

Finally the last rally was over, the last parade had disbanded, the torches were extinguished and laid away for four years, and the momentous day was at hand that was to decide the fate of the nation.

A handful of Republicans (among them Father, of course) had chipped in a few dollars for the telegraph operator at the depot, who had us in his office and let us read the returns before they were sent uptown. I say 'us' because I went down with Father to hear my first election.

It was a thrilling experience. Someone would read the messages as they came hot off the wires, and I can hear him now reading, 'Fifteen hundred precincts in New York, outside of New York City, gave Blaine — votes, Cleveland — votes.' And then came the comments: —

'If Blaine can go down to the City with so many votes, they can't overcome that.' It was an acknowledged fact that Cleveland would carry New York City.

'Yes, but you can't tell how much money that damned Tammany outfit has to spend.'

I asked Father in a whisper what they spent the money for, and he replied absently, 'For votes.' That was, of course, shocking, though I knew from what I had heard him say before that the Democrats would do anything, so I wasn't much surprised.

But what a shock I got when another man said, 'Well, I understand our boys have more to spend down there this year than ever before.'

I whispered again to ask Father what our side had to spend money for, and he replied, with a note of irritation in his voice, 'Well, dammit, boy, you have to fight the devil with fire.'

The next day the news came that Cleve-

land won by the narrow margin of 1169 votes in New York State, which elected him! It was a bitter blow to Father and the Howlers. Father went around in a sort of daze and the Howlers stopped their meetings — at least temporarily.

But when, a few weeks later, I went up to the store on Saturday night, I was surprised to see a fairly representative bunch of Howlin' Republicans sitting around the old stove listening to Father read the evening paper.

'Wal,' said one old fellow as he spat accurately through the open stove door, 'I see Ed Brown is out for the Postmastership.' The Democratic Party had everything else in the bag.

'Yes,' said Father, 'but that's nothing to what's going to happen to the nation.'

There was silence till another member, shifting his quid, said, 'Well, John, what can we do?'

'Do?' replied my father testily, as he looked over his glasses. 'Do? Why, begin building right now for '88.'

FREDERIC C. SHARON

BACK TO SCHOOL

HUSHED and aroused and hushed, the stubborn cricket

becomes death's scholar at the third hard frost.

Slowly red leaves are schooled toward silver hollows,

and the lovely year is apprenticed to the grass.

Along the Alleghenies there are whispers of feet on dusty roads. The summer's lost to boys whose pockets bulge with pilfered buckeyes:

the stern bells halt them where the valleys cross.

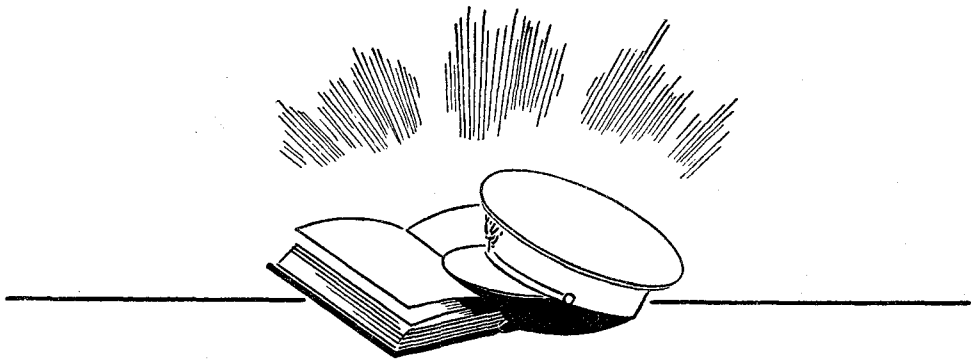
And they who are apprenticed to the letters marching, the short, the tall, across the page, ache fiercely for wood-smell, guns and whimpering setters,

until the first snow stills their golden rage.

FRANCES FROST

THE NEW ATLANTIC SERIAL

Farewell
TO EUROPE



BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

CHAPTERS 11-15

Farewell TO EUROPE

BY
RICHARD ALDINGTON

The story of a man of letters,
bred in the old world and find-
ing freedom in the new



Now an American citizen by adoption, Richard Aldington was born in 1892, in the almost mythical serenity of Edwardian England. One of his earliest memories is the death of Queen Victoria, and the talk of something called the Boer War. A cross-channel trip to Calais was his first taste of the delights of travel; G. B. Shaw's letter of comment on a poem he wrote when he was fifteen, his first excursion into the world of letters.

When young Aldington moved to London and entered University College, he was already afire with the passionate beliefs in the freedom of living, thinking, and utterance which have never left him. He had few friends in the city. He used to rise with the dawn and walk through the great parks of Hampton Court, fortifying himself for the gray drabness of the College halls, ruminating on the eccentricities of some of his professors, among whom were A. E. Housman and W. P. Ker. Graduating, he resisted the advice of family and friends to take a 'respectable' business job, determined to try his hand at writing. He served his apprenticeship reporting sports on a newspaper, writing verse in off hours, living on next to nothing. In one week, almost by accident, he met Ezra Pound, H. D., and Harold Monro, three poets who were to have great influence not only on his own life but on the whole development of English verse. He became a friend of Yeats, and in the spring of 1912 he took his courage in his hands and went as a free lance to Paris.

There followed months in Italy and France, where he, with Pound and H. D., became the nucleus of the famous group of Imagists. Amy Lowell appeared, the *Imagist* magazine was born, Orage was in his ascendancy, Aldington formed a lifelong friendship with Ford Madox Ford. Days of immense excitement and hope. One night a young man with flaming red hair called D. H. Lawrence was a guest at a dinner in Amy Lowell's apartment in Paris. On the street below the newsboys called an extra. Germany and Russia were at war. A few weeks later Aldington saw Rupert Brooke for the last time, hurrying along Piccadilly, his navy commission in his pocket. A chapter in the world's history was ending, and another one just about to begin. . . .

FAREWELL TO EUROPE

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

XI

THERE is a great temptation, I find, to go on writing about people one has known, especially in that pre-1914 period. I perceive I don't want to leave those happy days of peace and face the first World War over again even in retrospect. With another worse war devastating the earth as I write — and how futile it now seems to write — the whole thing becomes unbearable.

During the long armistice of '19 to '39, I was jeered at for 'an obsession with the war.' Perhaps that obsession did exist, and it was certainly only natural that people should want to forget the stresses and miseries through which they had so painfully lived. Yet, in view of subsequent events, it looks as if those who were 'obsessed' with the last war were closer to realities than those who tried to pretend it hadn't happened. The early books of Aldous Huxley hardly refer to the war at all, yet later on he too became 'obsessed' with the problems of war and peace, though in an abstract and not very practical way.

All sorts of things were wrong in that pre-1914 world; they must have been, to end up in so lamentable a bankruptcy. But it had two priceless advantages which were lost in the struggle. There was a rough-and-ready European order, even a world order, in which the great majority unconsciously believed. And, though foreigners might be despised and laughed at, they were not hated merely because they came from the other side of a frontier and spoke another language.

I was not in the habit of buying newspapers except when something extraordinary happened, but when I saw the first placard of the *Titanic* disaster I immediately bought a paper. Another man bought a copy at the same time, and to my amazement turned it over, read the stop-press racing news, and then stuffed the paper in his pocket without even glancing at the main news item. I was shocked. I couldn't feel so cynically uninterested in the misfortunes of fellow creatures. People have seen a symbol of coming disaster in that sudden wreck of the arrogant *Titanic*. And there is something suggestive about it. Even more suggestive to my mind is that on the tenth of November, 1918, an old warship called the *Britannia* was torpedoed off Trafalgar.

Newspapers suddenly became important in those late July days of 1914. It was so hot that H. D. and I (then married only a few months) went every day to the Art Museum in South Kensington, and sat in a large cool room overlooking a courtyard with a fountain, where we read books on Italy and Italian art. We intended to go to Italy about November. But the headlines flared larger and larger across the front pages, the street placards became more frequent and more disquieting. Yet, as I have already said, it was not until the end of the month that we became really anxious. We were assured on all sides that the government (meaning, of course, the British government) would certainly do something

about it. Apparently they went off for a long week-end.

I received a telegram from Ford Madox Ford, who was in a remote part of Scotland, asking me to wire him a news summary each afternoon, as their papers were a day late. So every day I sent off what seemed to me the important things. One day at the end of a long list of European calamities I added: 'France at war with Germany.' The clerk at the post office looked up and said: 'That's not official yet.'

'I know, but it will be within a few hours of that telegram's arrival.' It was.

Following a suggestion of T. E. Hulme's, I went down to the headquarters of the H. A. C. to register as a volunteer. I was asked if I had ever had any serious illnesses, and admitted that I had undergone an operation in 1910. I was told contemptuously that there wasn't the slightest chance of my ever getting into the army. I lost my way going out and wandered into the armory, where I was promptly put under arrest by a City clerk dressed as a corporal. He suspected me of being a German spy because I wore a small beard and a French jacket. The aspect of that armory depressed me. I had seldom seen anything so ugly, and the place seemed to radiate a peculiarly drab philistinism. When I was released from duress, I felt rather glad that there was 'no chance' of getting into the army.

When I have heard people making optimistic predictions about later wars, I remember that in 1914 most people said the war would be over in six months — some said three. Yet the mental temperature of London fell imperceptibly but rapidly. Business as usual, so popular a slogan among merchants, did not apply to intellectual activities. Literary papers quietly disappeared, literary articles were not wanted, poems had to be patriotic. The old camaraderie disappeared, and along with it the old simplicity. Before the war *les jeunes* were perfectly happy to dine very simply and to

spend the evening in talk on nothing more costly than tea and cigarettes. But as the young men began coming on leave in khaki, they wanted more violent and expensive amusements — good dinners, theatres, dancing, girls.

We began to have casualties among our friends. The first was the French-Polish sculptor, Henri Gaudier-Brzeska. During the Albert Hall exhibit of the Allied Artists, Ezra went round it with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Shakespear. They came to a statuette in what was then loosely called the Futurist style, and Ezra began capering about and making fun of it. Suddenly a gaunt sharp-faced young man, with flaming eyes and long dank hair, rushed at him and threatened him with immediate personal violence. Ezra prudently declined the combat, and at once became a warm admirer of the young man's work. Thus we came to know Gaudier.

Gaudier had fled to England to avoid compulsory military service in France — before the war, of course. He was extremely poor, and his 'studio' was a railway arch somewhere near Putney. As he could not afford to buy stone for his statues, he used to go out late at night and steal pieces of stone from a mason's yard near the Tate Gallery. Since he was limited to what he could carry, practically all Gaudier's work was limited in size to statuettes. Such are the disabilities which afflict a creative artist in the twentieth century.

With the war came the slogan, so irresistible even to half a Frenchman, *La Patrie est en danger*. Gaudier determined to go back to France, though he was liable to severe punishment as a deserter.

We heard from Gaudier from time to time, and he was evidently a good soldier, as he was soon promoted to sergeant. He was killed in a scrap at Neuville-Saint-Vaast. Two years later when I was on that sector, I tried to find his grave, but without success. T. E. Hulme, who had been wounded at Ypres early in the war, afterwards transferred

to the heavy artillery. He was killed somewhere near Dunkirk. We were told it was a direct hit from a very big shell, which literally blew him to atoms — a horrid fate for anyone, but particularly ironical for a philosopher who had doubted the reality of phenomena. Phenomenal or noumenal, the shell got him, and he walked and talked no more among us.

In his lifetime Gaudier made little out of his work. I believe Ezra was his most generous patron. On the occasion of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's seventieth birthday, a subscription was raised, and Gaudier made a little alabaster box in which a number of poets put autograph copies of their poems. They were W. B. Yeats, Sturge Moore, Ezra Pound, Victor Plarr, F. S. Flint, and myself. Blunt entertained us to lunch and gave us roast peacock, with a magnificent peacock's tail spread over the table as decoration. Blunt obviously hated Gaudier's 'futuristic' work, and said he wasn't sure at first whether we were a deputation of poets or horse breeders. Hilaire Belloc came in for tea, which in his case consisted of a pint of claret in a large crystal goblet.

Later on, Ezra and I spent a week-end with Blunt. He astonished us by appearing in the full dress of an Arab sheik with gold-mounted pistols in his sash and by drinking damnation to the British government, which treasonable toast we were forced to accept. In the library on Sunday morning I found a number of books, including a Bible, inscribed: 'George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron.' I believe Lady Anne Blunt was descended from the poet. In the same room was a couch on which, according to Blunt, Francis Thompson used to sleep off the effects of opium.

I have no views on Gaudier's work as a sculptor, though of late years I have come across it in one or two national collections. But, like many modern sculptors, he was a good draftsman. He showed me a large collection of his

sketches, chiefly of nudes and animals, and they seemed to me to show real talent. He had a beautiful, almost calligraphic line in drawing deer and antelopes. But when he worked in stone, all that grace disappeared and he seemed enslaved by pedantic abstractionist theories. It seems to me that 'abstractionism' is peculiarly inappropriate in a piece of detached sculpture not intended as part of an architectural design. What is the point, except of course as a technical study in planes and masses?

The brief carefree days were gone, never to return again so far as I was concerned. Under the stress of an inner conflict I lost the serenity and harmony which form a large part of success in life. On the one hand, I thought it was a plain duty to be in the army and cowardly to be out of it. As the need for men grew more pressing, I first suspected and then became convinced that the old operation, which had seemed so decisive to the H.A.C. man in August '14, would no longer be considered important. On the other hand, I considered war an insanity. I wanted to keep my head during the catastrophe, and not be swept away by mass emotions or the puerile propaganda which showed such contempt for one's intelligence. I realized, too, that the situation must look entirely different on the other side of the battling armies, and to a German his country must have seemed like a beleaguered fortress. There were then no Hitler and Goebbels in command, to make the issue clear.

I then exaggerated, I think, the economic motive behind war. Certainly it was there, but I now incline to think it was largely a rationalizing of other and often unconscious desires for mere dominion — a purely psychological problem. One solid fact established by Norman Angell was that war did not pay, either immediately or in the long run. In 1914 Germany had become the leading export country and the problem

of the Berlin-Bagdad railway had been settled in its favor. Where was the economic gain in making war? The German thesis that the war was an Allied plot to destroy that prosperity seemed to me rather incredible. On the other hand, I thought there was a good deal in the population-pressure argument, though not in the way it was put forward. The earlier stages of the industrial system had brought into existence an enormous mass of Europeans, mostly of an inferior kind, who were less and less required as the system was perfected. The governments hadn't the faintest idea what to do with these people, and war seemed to offer a temporary solution. Thus I argued with myself interminably, with a fatalistic instinct that sooner or later I should be involved in the massacre.

In the interim I thought that something might be done in a small way to maintain the tradition of the arts and of a Europe above nationalism. It was a forlorn hope, but not obviously so then. By way of giving a practical turn to this ideal I turned my attention to Remy de Gourmont, who had every claim to being considered a good European in matters of the intellect. I had been in touch with him for some time, and had translated some of his essays for the *Egoist*. His letters showed that he was in great difficulties. He was elderly, in poor health, and largely dependent on journalism for his living. Practically all literary journalism was suspended in Paris. A large part of his small savings were in Ottoman bonds which had become practically worthless. So for some time one of my occupations was to translate essays, articles, and poems by Gourmont for English and American periodicals, and to send him on the money.

Gourmont died in September 1915, and almost immediately I began to receive letters from Mme. de Courrières and from Mme. Jean de Gourmont. Each of these ladies claimed to be heir, and besought me not to send any money due to Gourmont to the other. This was

very embarrassing, but I solved the problem by writing them polite letters of condolence and sending the money to Gourmont's account with the *Mercur de France*.

I never saw Remy de Gourmont. He was a complete recluse for a very sad reason. As a young man he had been handsome, but he contracted a form of lupus which disfigured him badly. He was very sensitive about it, and disliked meeting strangers. My contact with him was solely through his books and by letter, and yet it was a real friendship. I admired his range of interests, his erudition, his fine French culture, his unbiased judgment, his original point of view, his skepticism, his individualism. He was free from every fanaticism, any form of cant, any subservience either to authority or to public opinion. He made a small income by his pen, but he never wrote for money. His integrity, his pure intellectual detachment, were never betrayed by him. He was not widely known in his lifetime, even among his fellow countrymen, who were not always fair to him. Yet in 1922, seven years after his death, more copies of Gourmont's books were sold in France than of any other writer. His sanity and wisdom were obvious correctives to the disorders and fatuities of the war and post-war years.

Gourmont's work suffers from disabilities. He was slow in developing and he wrote too much. Consequently, there is a good deal of his writing which either doesn't quite come off or is repetitive. But the best of it is so good that nobody who cares for European literature should miss it. For this reason I devoted a lot of time and trouble to making a comprehensive selection, and I modestly think that the two volumes published by Covici, Friede in America contain all and omit nothing that is essential.

XII

Everything, or almost everything, I have to say about the war of 1914-1918

has been said in *Death of a Hero* and *Roads to Glory*. It is impossible for me now to recapture the passion and indignation which inspired *Death of a Hero*. I worked them out of my system, as people say. And even if I could relive those emotions, they would seem pointless with another and more disastrous war in progress. The European War, the World War, the First World War — whatever you like to call it — is no longer *the* War. It drops into history, and takes its place with the other fading or unheeded calamities in the long tragedy of human suffering.

I slept ill on my first night in barracks. The blankets were old and dirty, the 'biscuit' mattresses lumpy and hard, the unventilated air foul, and the men groaned and snored in their sleep. I lay awake, thinking of Italy and France and the sea and the clean brook running past my Devonshire cottage. I think I can imagine what it must be to spend one's first night in prison, though prisons are clean and one has the privilege of solitary confinement. It was a relief next day to be shifted to the open Dorset country, into wooden huts with plenty of cracks and crevices to let in air, scrubbed plank beds with mattresses we stuffed ourselves with sweet-smelling straw, and shower baths which Carl and I had to ourselves at almost any time but Saturday night.

I knew that country well; I had walked over it on one of my excursions across England on foot. In the marshes I knew there would be nodding cotton grass and blue gentians, and on the downs clear air and silence except for a distant curlew note or the caw of passing rooks or the clink of a sheep bell. Standing to attention on the barren ugly parade ground, I reflected that not far off sat or slept Thomas Hardy, brooding on the iniquity of dynasts, but doubtless convinced that the war to end wars must be won at all costs. Like every new war, that one was different while it lasted.

If surviving the war was a benefit, and I must say I still think so, then I was extremely fortunate in several little happenings. My friend with whom I enlisted, Carl Fallas, and I did not go to the front with the majority of the battalion. We were given lance-corporal stripes, and held back for training as N. C. O.'s. It was rumored that the men who went out ahead of us were involved in the battle of the Somme and severely handled. All rumors in wartime, particularly those among soldiers, should be suspected, but there is reason to believe there is some truth in this one. Plenty of battalions were cut up on the Somme.

When we did go up the line, we had the further luck of being sent to a battalion of Pioneers. The word 'pioneers' sounds rather daredevil and *en avant*, especially to American apprehension, but in point of fact it was a flattering term bestowed on a body of men who were something between amateur infantry and unskilled engineers. Our lives were a perpetual working party, digging new trenches, repairing old ones, clearing or building roads, pushing out saps into No Man's Land, removing old wire and putting up new in the same delightful landscape. I was very thankful when I was relieved of these wearisome tasks by being made a Runner.

It would be tedious to enumerate all my chances and escapes at length, but consider these facts. It was by chance that I was given one night off in a period of two months, and that night happened to be one when a shell dropped on a group of officers and runners, killing or wounding all except Carl and his officer. It was by chance that I lowered my head just as a shell burst beside me in a mine crater, so that instead of hitting my face a splinter merely crashed my tin hat. It was by chance that I shifted my foot a fraction of a second before a bullet neatly took the toe from my boot instead of smashing my ankle. It was by chance that, standing in a trench, I turned my

head to speak to the man behind me exactly at the moment a large chunk of shell whizzed so close to my cheek that I felt its harsh and horrid breath. It was by chance that in the last attack of the war my field glasses shifted round over my stomach — when I went to use them I found they had been smashed and bent. And finally (though by no means completely) it was by pure chance that I missed the worst phase of two of the worst battles of the war.

If that isn't what novelists call 'a charmed life,' what is? In my private opinion I was a very poor soldier, and not worth the money the government had to pay for me, still less the time they insisted on my wasting. Not only did I fail to get killed myself (which might have been some consolation to them), but I am perfectly certain I didn't kill anyone, and I know I saved the lives of two wounded Germans. I also saved a British sentry from being court-martialed (and possibly shot) for the very serious 'crime' of being asleep at his post in the front line — the poor devil was much more tired than I was, and I was dead-beat. Finally I was almost court-martialed for putting my servant to bed when he was drunk, instead of putting him under arrest.

There is a superstition that drowning men live over all their lives again as vividly as they first endured them. If this be true, I hope I don't die by drowning, for I shouldn't like to live the war — that little, old-fashioned war I knew — over again. It no longer haunts me against my will, as it did for years. Deliberately what I have set down here has been the trifling, not the tragical. To have relived it all once in the making of a book was more than strain enough. I won't do it again.

But memory is a faculty not understood, a capricious responder to strange calls. Unexpectedly, in a flash, it may break through that laboriously built wall of forgetfulness. Certain smells,

sounds, and sights are the battering rams which suddenly demolish the wall and let the memories escape.

The smell of old wood burning brings back to my lungs and nostrils the hot frowsty air from a dugout on a winter's night. I can see the rough chalk steps going down through darkness to the candle glimmer, the trench in which I stand, the dark patient sentry beside me, and overhead the cold stars dimmed suddenly by a Very light. The scent of new-mown hay is no longer delicious to me. It is like phosgene, and brings up a picture of dawn over a ruined village and stretcher bearers bringing down gasping foam-mouthed bodies in stretchers. And that stuff women use to take the pink from their nails smells like tear gas, so that pink nails make me think of masked men groping along muddy trenches. In the vaults of the Escorial I smelled again that awful stench of corrupting corpse. I was with my old friend, Captain Hal Glover, and simultaneously and without argument we both agreed to drop sight-seeing and retire to the nearest café for brandy and coffee. We had both smelt battlefields.

Sounds next. The drone of an airplane high up (not near) brings a blue sky filled with the little white cauliflowers of bursting shells. A distant train whining away into silence on a frosty night brings back the sad whine of shells flying away death-laden to burst, unheard by us, among the unseen and mysterious enemy. An impatient motorcyclist warming up his engine is no friend of mine; he echoes the more deadly machine gun. Yet thunder is harmless to memory; it is so much milder than a barrage.

Sight is much fainter. Only *pavé* roads and fields of beet bring back the dead horses, with huge starting eyeballs of terror, heads reared back like the horse from the Parthenon, and large pools of dark blood. The New England woods, wrecked by the hurricane, brought back other wreckage of trees and many men's bodies.

XIII

On the fourth of November, 1918, there was an armistice between Italy and Austria; and owing to somebody's error this piece of news was falsely announced in America as the end of the war. Seeing that 6 A.M. Western European time is 1 A.M. Eastern American time, I calculate that on the very morning when New York went crazy over the peace I was looking at the luminous dial of my watch in the gray dawn and giving my headquarters's signalers the order to advance. As far as eye could see to north or south a huge curve of flashing gunfire lit up the sky, and the old familiar roar and crash of drumfire beat on the ears.

Modern warfare is a most complicated piece of organization. My job that morning of the fourth was not to kill Germans but to see that as my battalion advanced I kept my headquarters in touch with Brigade and both flanking battalions with a minimum of break and delay. For this purpose my Field Service message book and those of the other relevant officers contained two pages of mysterious letters and numbers, showing my different positions and those of the other stations at quarter-hour intervals, until the final objective was reached.

I hadn't to worry about what was going on. What I had to do was to lead my little group of men forward for about five hundred yards, cross a road which my map assured me was there (it was), set up a lamp signal station at once, establish contact in three directions, send and receive any messages, and at 6.15 A.M. precisely move on to another point. These manoeuvres were carried out with such clockwork precision that, except when moving, we were never out of touch with the other stations for more than two minutes. I got through the German barrage with the loss of my corporal and one man, passed dead and wounded and surrendering Germans, and lost my knapsack. Our trench-mortar bloke covered

himself with glory. Somewhere, somehow he had pinched an old horse, and brought his clumsy mortar wallowing into action at just the right moment to knock out two machine-gun nests which were punishing one of our companies. By 7.30 A.M. we had advanced two miles, captured six guns and two hundred prisoners, and could see the enemy retreating with undignified haste in the distance. Field guns galloped up, and went into action.

We had another weary week of marching and actions with rear guards before our armistice, and when it came it was undramatic and undemonstrative. Yet it was not without deep feelings. There was an uprush of confused poignant emotions — relief, gratitude, a stir of hope, a belief that this was the end of war, and an overtone of profound sadness as one thought of the silent ruined battlefields and the millions who never saw the day for which they had fought — and one's own insignificant little life, saved, but in ruins.

Ah! Freedom is a noble thing!
Freedom makes man to have liking!
Freedom all solace to man gives!
He lives at ease that freely lives!

It would be pleasant to be able to say that I remembered those inspiring words of the ancient Scottish lyrist on my first morning of post-war liberty. But as a matter of fact I didn't, and must be content to quote them as an afterthought. But I felt something of the kind as I dressed on my first morning in London.

I stepped into the streets that morning, almost a free man, with the purest feelings of benevolence to all mankind. Pangloss, Voltaire, books. I hungered for books again, for the surprises and triumphs of the bibliophile's chase. I remembered the folio Euripides, published at Cambridge in the seventeenth century, and bought for the ridiculous sum of twopence from a junkshop; the genuine Aldine Apollonius Rhodius picked up for sixpence from a Whitechapel stall; the French poets snatched from

bondage, the Italian Humanists released from squalor, especially that noble folio of Cælius Rhodiginus published by Froben of Basle. . . .

I had to go to Cox's Bank for the purpose of drawing some pay, but the Charing Cross road was on my route, and I lingered over the outdoor shelves. I found a complete edition of the Waverley novels for two shillings. The bookseller recognized me as an old though not particularly valuable client. We shook hands, and I again glowed with benevolence to my fellow men. A little farther down was a display of French books. One shelf of about forty particularly held my attention. I thought: 'This is a remarkable coincidence; it's the first time in my life I've ever seen a row of secondhand books every one of which I've read.' Mechanically I pulled down one of the books and opened it. On the flyleaf was written 'Richard Aldington.' I took down another, with the same result.

My first thought was that the house where I had stored my books had been burgled, and, full of righteous indignation, I plunged into the shop to try to trace the thief. Again the bookseller remembered me, and at once looked up his records. If I had been suddenly and unexpectedly hit between the eyes I could not have been more stunned than when I learned that the books had been sold by a 'friend,' a Bloomsbury intellectual, who had rooms in the house and therefore access to the storeroom. Evidently he had come to the conclusion that I was unlikely to return from the front, and that since the books were no use to him as books he might as well turn them into beer.

It was absurd of me to be so much affected by so trivial an episode, but, as I have explained, I was in a disturbed state of mind and hence easily affected by small things. It seemed a shabby kind of welcome, and took the zest out of the day.

In a very short time I realized that the

London I had come back to was a different place from the London I had left in 1915, let alone the pre-war London. Everything seemed askew. The streets were dirty and shabby — there were no men to clean them and nothing had been repaired or painted for years. There were holes even in the main thoroughfares. The decent, orderly, good-natured Londoners had become as snappy and selfish as the far more sorely tried French. There was a shortage of everything except returning soldiers and debts. People fought for places in the inadequate transport system — a man who was accustomed to make way for women could never even get on a bus. Food was scanty and very dear. Lodgings or apartments were almost impossible to find, because London was crowded with enormous numbers of 'war workers,' who still clung to their jobs like limpets. There was a devil-take-the-hindmost scramble for money and position in the new world, and an extravagance which seemed incredible to one who had known the old sober England.

I stood aghast at this degeneration of my people, visible to me as it was not to them, because of long absence. I asked myself anxiously if I too had not degenerated, and it seemed to me I had. I could no longer quote with conviction Baudelaire's boutade, that a man can live three days without bread but not a day without poetry.

Even more significant and disconcerting was the existence of an indifference verging on hostility towards the men of the returning army. It is not difficult to understand. There was a definite split in the nation. On the one side was an ever-increasing number of young men who for two, three, and in some cases four years had been cut off from their homes and civilian life except for letters and infrequent furloughs of a few days. They were turbulent, impatient, full of strange oaths, contemptuous of anything that looked like humbug, and confident that a grateful country would be eager

to hand them out jobs for which they were often quite incompetent. They were old before their time from hardship and harrowing experiences, yet immature and often helpless in these suddenly changed circumstances. For years they had abdicated responsibility and had lived a hair's breadth from death; and now they were abruptly handed an indefinite span of life and required to take full responsibility for it. You could recognize them at once by the new clothes they wore so awkwardly, their tanned faces, a queer strained look in their eyes. They were bound together by a strong though diminishing camaraderie. They were always getting together in groups and talking in a strange jargon of their own about one topic — the war, which they refused to discuss with anyone who had not been in it.

On the other side was the civilian population, frayed in its nerves, crushed with taxation, anxious about its own future, with all its benevolence and emotional sympathy long since exhausted. Men and women had supped full of vicarious horrors, and yet not until the flood of war books ten years later did they realize what their young men had endured. Every privation they had been called on to endure themselves had been excused by the authorities on the grounds of the army's necessities. What London had seen was a constant succession of young men on leave, crowding the restaurants and theatres. It had forgotten how many of those who laughed and drank and sang so merrily would never return. In fact, these young men who did return were a nuisance, and even a menace to everybody whose job was uncertain. Already crowds of munition workers and supernumerary government servants were being dismissed, and the pawnshops were crowded with the junk they had bought in their period of prosperity. One could see rows of imitation sealskin coats, for instance, hung out for sale by the pawnbrokers, who refused to take any more.

For my part, I had little to complain of, and therefore can speak more freely of the less fortunate among my war comrades. True, through my own folly or worse, I had got my personal life into a tragical mess, which added to my difficulties. And I found that my nervous malady and insomnia increased rather than diminished. I still found it hard to concentrate on literary work, whether writing or reading. By way of dealing with this problem, my father gave me a volume of Congreve's comedies. Must I confess it? I found Congreve dull and footling, his artificial characters and situations intolerable. Indeed, in my then state of mind, the gift was about as sensible as trying to entertain a man about to be hanged with Huxley's *Crome Yellow*. Yet for some mysterious reason I found I could read Scott, and night after night sat up with his synthetic romances until dawn, when I managed to snatch a couple of hours' troubled sleep.

A few days after I arrived in London I wrote a little sketch describing demobilization scenes, and sent it to one of the big daily papers. To my surprise it was taken and paid for at once. This lucky publication served to advertise the fact that I was alive and in England, and I had what was for me the new and astonishing experience of receiving letters from editors asking for my work.

Austen Harrison wrote me from the *English Review*, and I promptly sent him three poems which he had rejected in 1915. Either he was magnanimous or had forgotten his former action, for he accepted them like a lamb and added a letter which was as complimentary as his former letter of rejection had been sniffy. Since then I have felt a certain loss of faith in the infallible judgment of editors.

I was also a contributor to the *Anglo-French Review*, edited by Henri Davray, a *Mercure de France* man. Owing to the pre-war dislike for 'Gallic' literature, Davray had some difficulty in finding

English writers who knew anything much about contemporary French work, and so was glad to make use of me. It seems worth remarking that I bridged financially that transition between military and normal life by work from which I had never expected to make anything. I had jotted down poems in a small pocket book during the war, for no other reason than the consolation of writing something; and unexpectedly I found I could sell them for five or six times as much as I got before the war. (That little notebook, which I carried through gas attacks, two battles, and many months of trench warfare, was given to Amy Lowell, and may now be reposing with the other papers she bequeathed to Harvard.)

Moreover, within a few weeks I had arranged with the Egoist Press to reissue my translations and to add the *Anacreontea* to them; Elkin Mathews bought a small volume of love poems; Allen and Unwin agreed to issue my war poems; W. C. Beaumont was at work on a fine limited edition of war poems with illustrations by Paul Nash, and a little later commissioned a translation of Goldoni's *Donne di Buon Umore*.

All this was encouraging, especially as I was making far more money than I had ever done. But the cost of living had more than doubled; much of the work I sold was stuff in hand from the spare-time production of three years; and I not only had difficulty in doing literary journalism, but found that my creative vein had practically dried up. I realized that it was likely to remain so until I got over the effects of the war, and I felt that for some time to come I should have to do some kind of regular work, however distasteful. This problem was solved in an unexpected way, and through one of those apparently flimsy coincidences we all reject with scorn if a novelist dares to make use of them.

One of my friends, I think it was most likely T. S. Eliot, gave me a piece of literary news. Middleton Murry was

giving up his post as critic of French literature on the *Times Literary Supplement* to edit a revived *Athenæum*, and he needed an assistant editor. The post had been offered to Eliot, and he had refused it as not sufficiently secure. In this he showed his wisdom, for Aldous Huxley, who was appointed, only lasted one year, and, judging from his remarks about Burlap in *Point Counter Point*, did not enjoy the experience.

I did nothing about the *Athenæum* job. My experience with the *Egoist* had not given me any reason to esteem myself as a literary editor. Moreover, though I had nothing against Murry, there had been no outbreak of sympathy on the one occasion we had met. But I thought the *Times* job sounded much more promising, and therefore wrote to that august institution. A stately and unbroken silence resulted, and I gave up all hope when I was told that you couldn't even be a cub reporter on the *Times* unless you had graduated from Oxford with honors.

Here is where the chain of coincidence begins. During the summer of 1918 I received a letter at the front, expressing interest in the Imagist poets and asking one or two questions. It was signed 'Winifred Ellerman,' which meant nothing to me. I answered the letter, put the lady in touch with H. D., and carried on with my job of being stormed at by shot and shell. After I returned to London I received an invitation to dine with this lady and her father, Sir John, and learned with some bewilderment that he was reputed to be the richest man in England. Evidently Miss Ellerman had 'spoken to' her father on my behalf, for over the port he made me a speech, and wound up by offering to lend me fifty pounds. I told Sir John I didn't want money, but regular literary work, and lamented my ill luck at failing to get any response from the *Times*. Sir John watched me very attentively as I talked, and then said tranquilly that he would give me a letter to the editor of the

Times, whom he knew, and another to his friend, Clement Shorter, editor of the *Sphere*. I thanked him, not very effusively, I fear, because I had already experienced the inefficacy of outsiders' letters of introduction in the gladiators' school of journalism.

However, I thought I might as well see these birds, so at my leisure I posted the two letters with covering letters of my own. The replies came back with incredible speed, fixing appointments for the next morning, fortunately at different hours. I saw Clement Shorter first, and I could hardly believe my ears when after a few minutes' conversation he commissioned six articles at a figure three times higher than I had ever been paid before.

Feeling as if I had accidentally purloined Aladdin's lamp, I walked rather cheerfully down to Printing House Square. There, after a comparatively brief wait, I was received by that Olympian creature, the Editor of the *Times*, who is popularly supposed to tell the British government what it thinks. He had Sir John's letter in his hand, and asked me what sort of job I wanted. When I told him he looked considerably relieved. He wrote a few sentences on a sheet of paper, put it in an envelope with Sir John's letter, rang the bell for a messenger whom he told to take me to the editor of the *Literary Supplement*, and then shook hands with me, telling me that if I could do the job it was mine.

I followed the messenger along the corridors in a state of high bewilderment. I had read of such things happening in children's storybooks, but I didn't believe they could occur in real life. The clue, if I had only known of it, was a very simple one. Owing to my ignorance of high finance, I was quite unaware that Sir John held a controlling interest in the *Sphere* and a large block of shares in the *Times*.

I was still vainly hunting for some explanation when I found myself in the presence of Bruce Richmond, editor of

the *Times Literary Supplement*. I am sure my old and revered friend will forgive my telling the truth about this interview — that he looked annoyed when he read the communication from his chief and treated me with that polite insolence which is one of the valued privileges of the English upper classes. When I knew the truth which was then hidden from me I didn't in the least blame him. He naturally resented dictation from 'financial interests,' and very probably he had already promised the job to some deserving Oxonian.

I left the office with a bundle of new French books and the conviction that it would be very difficult for me to work with Bruce Richmond. In fact, as I reflected on his manner I was tempted to return the books and tell him to take a trip to Tartarus. But I not only needed that job, I wanted it, because it seemed just the framework necessary to rebuild my life. I decided to be patient and to give it a month's trial. If at the end of a month Richmond seemed still as disagreeable, I would resign.

The arrangement was that I should call each week, to bring the reviews I had done and to discuss what should be reviewed next week. There was no change in Richmond's attitude, and I went to the fourth interview in a gloomy mood, convinced that it was incompatible with my self-respect to continue on such terms. To my astonishment and relief I found a totally different Richmond, as cordial as he had been frigid and offensive. He discussed our various problems of reviewing in a friendly way, and wound up by inviting me to lunch.

To this day I have no idea what caused this sudden change. It couldn't have been due to any outside pressure, because Richmond was not a man to be influenced, and anyway I had not spoken of the situation to anybody. I flatter myself that he discovered I was not such a crashing cad as he had apprehended and that I did know something about French literature. Whatever the reason

for it, the change was permanent. A few months later my rate of pay was raised fifty per cent, without the slightest hint from me on the subject; and I continued to write regularly for the *Times* for ten years, long after Sir John had sold his interest in the paper.

Ezra Pound I found still in the same small apartment in Kensington, rather overwhelmingly obstructed with one of Dolmetsch's spinets and a quantity of poor Gaudier's statues. For some reason Ezra had become violently hostile to England. At any rate he kept tapping his Adam's apple and assuring me that the English stopped short there. I thought at first he meant that he had been menaced by the returning troops as a slacker, but it eventually came out that he was implying that the English had no brains. And there can be no doubt that at this time appreciation of Ezra's works had diminished to a pin-point. He told me that he was moving permanently to Paris, where he would be among intelligent people. This attitude did not seem a very good basis for a renewal of our old intimacy. It was impossible to disguise the fact that I was English, and therefore also stopped short at Ezra's Adam's apple.

Yet there were compensations even for this calamity. One of them was T. S. Eliot, now the model for university *Kultur Mensch*, but in 1919 almost unknown and having rather a tough time. I met him once when I was on leave during the war. He was invited to tea, and turned up an hour late, looking pale and tired. There had been an air raid the night before and he had taken refuge in the subway, only to find himself locked in until morning. This was not a fortunate moment to meet anybody, but even at that first meeting I thought him attractive and intelligent.

Tom Eliot's career in England was exactly the reverse of Ezra's. Ezra started out in a time of peace and prosperity with everything in his favor,

and muffed his chances of becoming literary dictator of London — to which he undoubtedly aspired — by his own conceit, folly, and bad manners. Eliot started in the enormous confusion of war and post-war England, handicapped in every way. Yet by merit, tact, prudence, and pertinacity he succeeded in doing what no other American has ever done — imposing his personality, taste, and even many of his opinions on literary England. This was a remarkable achievement, and, since I was in close touch with him from 1919 to 1928, I know more of the difficulties he had to overcome, the mistakes he had to avoid, than most people.

Eliot's early poems amused me. I thought them a skillful and legitimate adaptation of Laforgue's manner. There was more originality in them than in Ezra's poems, which are mostly a pot-pourri of paraphrases. But I believe Eliot's greatest service to English literature at that time was his insistence that writers could not afford to throw over the European tradition. Just after the war, in the confusion and reaction against everything pre-war, there was an almost unanimous belief among artists and writers of the vanguard that all art of the past was so much dead stuff, to be scrapped. They were willfully trying to make themselves barbarians. I felt unhappy about this, for my instinct was to do just the opposite. After the long hiatus of the war, I thought we should for a time at least steep ourselves in the work of the masters, but nobody would agree with me. I was delighted, therefore, when I came across a sensitive and well-written article by Eliot on *Mari-vaux*, in one of the small art periodicals which sprang up in 1919. Evidently here was somebody who could write and who did not believe that illiteracy was a symbol of originality.

Of course, Eliot was not the only one. However much Aldous Huxley may now laugh at his experience on the *Athenæum*, he and Murry did useful work in main-

taining standards. But Eliot was a particularly useful ally. Strange as it seems now, it is a fact that in 1919 to admire his poetry was daring and revolutionary. This gave him a growing influence over rebellious youth which he used, on the whole, modestly and rightly. But the defenders of the status quo in literature — the amorphous mass of Georgians and the formidable rear guard of Victorians — loathed him and went to unprecedented lengths in trying to discredit him.

The publication of some of Eliot's poems was met with a tremendous counter-attack by the allied opposition. One elderly gentleman, a mild authority on the English eighteenth century but profoundly ignorant of European literature, went so far as to describe them as the work of a 'drunken helot.' Under the English law of libel, Eliot could have claimed damages for that aspersion on his character, but he very wisely did nothing at all. I wrote reviews of that book for every periodical to which I had the entry, with the exception of the *Times*, where I didn't dare mention Eliot's name at that time. Even then I found plenty of opposition. Holbrook Jackson was an intelligent man, and yet when I asked him to let me do an article on Eliot he looked amazed and said, 'But Eliot's a wild man.'

An American friend of mine was then editing the *Outlook*, and asked me to write an article telling his readers about young writers and picking out those I thought would make a name. I made a choice which I modestly think wasn't bad for 1919: James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, H. D., and Marcel Proust. I received a letter from the editor in these terms: 'For God's sake, Richard, can't you think of somebody who has been heard of or is ever likely to be heard of?'

I protested, and my article was submitted to the judgment of that eminent expatriate, Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, who decided that my writers never would

be heard of, and the article was rejected.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that the most high-brow literary critic of his day failed at that time to get his work into any of the English literary periodicals. Meanwhile, Eliot was quietly laying the foundations of his future influence by cultivating the right people. I believe Sydney Schiff (who wrote some very good novels as Stephen Hudson) introduced Eliot to Lady Rothermere's gang, but as I wasn't in on that particular racket I can say nothing definite. But it was Lady Rothermere who subsidized Eliot's *Criterion* in its early years.

Another valuable ally, but a pernicious influence on Eliot, was Charles Whibley. Eliot was already too much influenced by Irving Babbitt's pedantic and carping analysis of Rousseau, — indeed to some extent he founded his prose style on Babbitt, — and in Whibley he found a British counterpart. Whibley was a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and a good scholar, but a hopeless crank about politics. He was the very embodiment of the English Tory don, completely out of touch with the realities of his time. 'Whig' and 'Whiggism' were his terms of contempt and insult to everybody he disliked, and anybody can see how Eliot picked them up. But Whibley took Eliot to Cambridge, where his conversation enchanted the dons and procured him friends and allies, vastly more important and valuable than the Grub Street hacks who had rejected him.

Among other compensations for Ezra's cruel abandonment of England to the powers of intellectual darkness were Herbert Read and the two Sitwell brothers. Shortly after I returned to England I was in Beaumont's bookshop when there entered a young man in the uniform of a staff captain, wearing the ribbons of the 1915 Star, Military Cross and bar, and the Distinguished Service Order. This was Herbert Read. At first I looked askance at his symbols of mili-

tary glory, for experience had taught me to associate them with disagreeable personalities, but Read turned out to be a gentle, amiable, and intelligent fellow. Nobody could have carried more modestly his military honors — remarkable in a New Army man who was only twenty-four at the Armistice — and he had a genuine enthusiasm for art and literature. In company he was almost diffident and usually silent, but in private he talked well and thoughtfully. I liked him very much.

As a poet, Read lacks a something which I can only hint at by saying that, while I admire the skill behind his poems, I am never moved by them. They seem to me to lack the passion which gives life to even the worst splurgings of D. H. Lawrence, and the intellectual concentration which so effectively conceals Eliot's emotional sterility. I also think that much of Read's work suffers from a kind of metropolitan provincialism, addressing itself to a small group of super-æsthetes whose mental fashions change as quickly as those of *couturières*. But his pamphlet, *In Retreat*, describing his heroic experiences in the last battle of the Somme, is a classic of the World War and will outlive many more pretentious books.

Osbert Sitwell attracted me by his wit and honesty, and his brother by a passion for beautiful things and a sensitive taste which amounts almost to genius. Both, I think, found happier and more permanent expression of their gifts in prose than in poetry. I had a slightly romantic feeling about them, because they seemed to be carrying on the tradition of the cultivated English aristocrat. Instead of devoting themselves to sport and politics, they read, wrote, traveled widely, and were tireless investigators of Europe's known and unknown beauties. Wyndham Lewis has attacked them savagely as dilettanti, but then he attacks everybody; and after all, Sir Philip Sidney and Shelley were dilettanti. It seems an exaggerated professionalism to

want to bar the upper classes from practising any of the arts. But the newspapers evidently shared Lewis's views, and attacked the Sitwells bitterly for this 'art nonsense.'

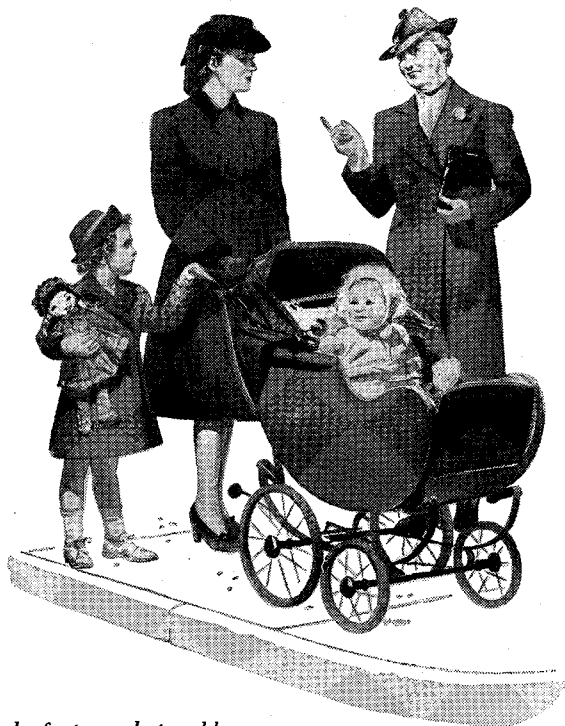
XIV

The year 1919 was certainly an *annus mirabilis*, if you take the *mirabilis* ironically. I was a detached but not uninterested spectator of President Wilson's drive through London. I have never heard such loud and continuous cheering for any official personage. The British crowd evidently expected that quiet-looking gentleman to produce the millennium from his immaculate top hat. He produced the Treaty of Versailles, whose motto should have been: 'We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it' — the snake being European wars. The treaty was not conciliatory enough to win coöperation of liberal and peace-loving German parties, and not stern enough to keep the warlike parties from further harm. It infuriated Italy and disgusted America, disappointed France, and humiliated Germany without crushing its latent belligerence and arrogance. In England the treaty was received with the apathy of incomprehension. The peace of 1815, made by selfish kings and cynical diplomats, lasted for fifty years; the united wisdom of the enlightened democracies failed to make the peace of 1919 last for twenty years. One notes the progress.

In contrast to the enthusiastic reception of Wilson, the London crowd was apathetic towards the huge military parade which celebrated the 'peace.' General Plumer was cheered by the ex-soldiers in the crowd, but Haig passed in silence. I don't know what the enemy thought of him, but so far as my experience went he was much disliked by his own troops. The only real enthusiasm was for the British sailors and the French infantry.

I had almost resigned myself to a

Curbstone Medical Advice



"That's the same kind of stomach trouble my husband had—why don't you do what his doctor advised?"

"Anne's headaches were just like that, too—I'll tell you what Grace should do for hers..."

"It cleared up Johnny's throat in no time—I'm sure it will help Jimmy..."

How easy it is to get friendly, well-meant health advice! It is generously and sincerely offered over the luncheon table, the tea tray, the telephone, or on the street corner.

But how dangerous it can be!

For one person's stomach upset may result from over-eating... but another's from gastric ulcer. A headache may be due to eyestrain... or to sinus infection... or even to brain tumor. And while one youngster's sore throat may be ordinary tonsillitis... the next can be a deep-seated abscess... or the start of diphtheria.

► And the danger of diagnosis by uninformed, unqualified advisors doesn't stop there. Frequently people with the same complaint should be treated differently. Literally, one man's medicine may be another man's poison. One of the world's leading medical authorities says that each case of sickness should be considered as unlike any other.

Then... what really is the right thing, the

safest thing for you to do when trouble comes?

Get your advice from a physician!

His years of training and experience fit him better than anyone else to determine just what is wrong and what is the right treatment for you. It is unjust to put your druggist on the spot—don't ask him to act as your family physician. Get a doctor's advice early—for most of the common ailments known to man respond to treatment more promptly and more successfully when caught at the outset.

Remember—good intentions alone have caused too many tragedies. With good professional advice available, why take any chances with the kindest of amateur "medical" advice?

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dreary existence of rented rooms in London, when unexpectedly Lawrence turned up on his way to Italy and offered to hand over his cottage to me. It was at a place romantically called Hermitage, in Berkshire. In my then state of mind you could have offered me nothing more attractive than a hermitage, and I accepted the offer without even seeing the place. However, it was a safe bet, because Lawrence and Frieda were adepts at finding cheap houses in beautiful surroundings.

During the war the Lawrences had a tough time. Just before the war started, life seemed to be opening out for them. The scandal of Frieda's divorce had been weathered and they were respectably married. *Sons and Lovers* had established his reputation, and he had a contract for the novel he was then writing which carried what was for those days a substantial advance. They had intended to pass a few weeks in England, and then return to Italy. The Lawrence I met in 1914 was a happy man, light-heartedly looking forward to an adventurous life and with that happiest of all convictions for a writer — the belief that he had important things to say.

The Lawrences' troubles began with the publication of the new novel, *The Rainbow*. There was a police prosecution for obscenity, instigated by the self-styled Public Morality Council of London, a body of puritanical fanatics who were making themselves patriotically useful by trying to suppress anything they didn't approve. They particularly disapproved of young and gifted writers who held views different from their own. English law permits any magistrate to order the suppression of a book on his own authority, and in practice he usually does what the police ask. Appeals to higher courts, which in many cases would probably reverse the judgment, are expensive and could only be undertaken by wealthy authors, who for some reason are never involved. The passage complained of was less than half a page

in a book of over five hundred pages; and after the war the book was several times reprinted without molestation. The prosecution skillfully obscured the issue by pointing also to some criticisms of the Boer War, which were absurdly maintained to be hindering recruiting.

The suppression of the book was so obviously an error of justice that a question was asked in the Commons, and received the usual evasive reply. Suppression of books, which was introduced by the Borgias and perfected by the Bourbons, always tends to reappear in times of war; it is part of the general tendency to revert to lower levels of civilization implied in the phrase 'a state of war.'

A man coarse-fibred enough to write an intentionally pornographic or seditious book would have taken the suppression with a shrug. An irresponsible bohemian would have washed away his resentment in beer. Lawrence was wounded deeply. The fact that this action reduced him to penury at a stroke was far less important than the insult, the stigma. He came from a section of the working class which has the deepest respect for law and order, and Lawrence knew that all the friends of his family and the family itself would think him disgraced. He was so intensely English in all his feelings and beliefs that he felt as if his own mother had turned against him. It was obviously an exaggerated reaction, but highly sensitive people do react in an exaggerated way. That is part of the price they pay for their finer perceptions.

Lawrence immediately determined to leave England 'forever,' and applied for passports for America. They were refused. Since Lawrence had been rejected for military service (tuberculosis) there could be no reason for this except official red tape, and possibly the pleasure of being disagreeable to an artist. The Lawrences went off to Cornwall, where they lived in a tiny cottage in very great poverty. No English publisher would touch

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his fiction, and his poems sold about a hundred copies. But for American friends and some publication in America, the Lawrences would have starved.

In 1917 they were ordered to leave Cornwall by the Competent Military Authority under suspicion of what would today be called fifth-column activities. We now know that just at that time the French had a spasm of spy fever, and made strong representations to the British about their laxity. Consequently orders were sent out to round up all suspicious characters. The Lawrences' cottage faced the sea, a light had accidentally been left uncurtained in the next-door cottage, a submarine had sunk a freighter off the Bristol Channel, Frieda was a German, she and Lawrence sang German songs in the evening, they had some German books, and the local Cornish didn't like them. Hence the expulsion order.

In those days few of us realized that war cannot be conducted without trampling on all kinds of public and private liberties. Lawrence couldn't think of himself as one among a number of equally innocent people having an equally tough time because the authorities couldn't afford to take chances. Obviously Frieda's nationality was the fact that weighed with the military, and she was a Richthofen—one of the few German names known to every English soldier. For Lawrence it was an invasion of his most sacred rights and privacies as an Englishman. He got into a cold rage, and said bitter things to the officer who searched his house and gave him the expulsion order. In the normal course of duty, the officer had to report these remarks.

The Lawrences retired to London with what Mr. Churchill would call haste and dudgeon, and there I found them a few days later when I came up on leave. They had rooms in the same house as I did, and when I arrived I discovered a strange man lurking on the stairway. I asked him what he was doing, and he

somewhat astonished me by saying he was from Scotland Yard and engaged in sleuthing Lawrence. I promptly took him to my room and had a talk with him.

I flatter myself that it was very lucky for Lawrence that the detective met me and not him. Lawrence would certainly have got into a rage and earned another black mark, if he hadn't been arrested. I was the one person in the house entitled to wear a military uniform, which naturally gave much greater weight to what I said. Although I knew Lawrence was entirely innocent, I discovered how difficult it is to refute a charge which is based not on evidence but on suspicion and inferences from suspicion. Moreover, this thinly disguised policeman thought he was a heaven-sent literary critic and would keep bringing up his literary views:—

'I've been readin' this feller Lawrence's books, and I don't think much of 'em. What do you think?'

I had great difficulty in holding this trained and logical investigator to the point, but by keeping my temper and patiently going back time and again to the facts at issue, I managed to convince him that he was on a false trail. Naturally I didn't tell Lawrence what I had done,—he would have been furious with Scotland Yard for carrying out a piece of routine investigation and equally furious with me for butting in on his affairs,—but I believe the intervention was so effective that he was not again troubled in this way for the rest of the war. But, as I shall show in due course, this absurd spy accusation cropped up again later in his life.

During the last year of the war the Lawrences were so poor that they had little to eat but oatmeal, while their fuel was wood chips from trees which were being cut down by Canadian soldiers for use in mines and trenches. Ten years later Lawrence had an international reputation, but in 1918–1919 he was discredited and down and out.

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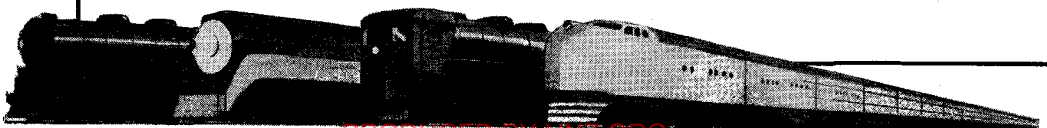
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It was no great surprise, therefore, when I had a note from Lawrence to say that he was on his way through London to the Continent. I only wondered how he had the money to do it. Long afterwards when I read his letters, I realized what a desperate adventure it had been, how little money he had, and how much he suffered.

I met him by appointment at the apartment of two American friends, and, as was usual with him in cold weather, he sat hunched up in a chair close to the fire. Unfortunately it was a gas fire, contrary to the Laurentian code of ethics which held that any form of heating except an open fire of wood or coal was immoral. He was in a peculiar mood, which I thought at first was due to the indecency of a gas fire. But no, it went much deeper than that. He was in that state of animosity which comes to a man when he finds himself alone against the world. He was really like a wild half-trapped creature, desperately fighting to get free.

At first I was puzzled and a little hurt, for he twitted me sharply on what he was pleased to consider some of my weaknesses. He told us that Frieda had gone to visit her relatives in Germany, and seemed not to care if he never saw her again. And this was sad indeed after the passion and intensity of their relationship — so vivid and so complete, whether in attraction or repulsion, that the lives of other lovers seemed commonplace in comparison. But I need not have worried about that. After Lawrence met Frieda, no other woman meant anything to him, and those two were as certain to come together as a river to run to the sea.

When we left the apartment that night, the crowds were coming out of the theatres, and as we made our way through them there were jibes and sneers at Lawrence's red beard, a sudden whirlpool of mob hostility. Of course, they had no idea who he was, had never heard of him; it was simply the ugly instinctive

hatred of the crowd for the person who is different from them, which they suspect means some form of superiority. Then I saw the reason for his acrid mood and for his flight from England. There was no place for him in that rather sinister post-war world. Either he must escape from it or it would crush him. He had to go into the wilderness or perish, cease to be the unique thing he was. When I said good-bye to him that night I had a feeling I should never see him again; and that gave me a sense of failure.

It is the fashion now to sneer at the books which have been written about Lawrence. The sneerers forget that these were produced by people, most of whom were not writers, who had been so deeply impressed by his personality that they could not avoid trying to record what they remembered of him. Exactly the same thing happened with Byron and Shelley. Those who belittle him, who strive so hard to depreciate all he was and did, need not worry; they will never be disturbed by another Lawrence. No phoenix will rise from those poor wandering ashes.

XV

It was December when I moved to Hermitage, and for much of the time I was entirely alone, as my companion had to be mostly in London. Whether so much complete solitude was altogether the best thing for somebody in my then frame of mind, I shall not try to decide. Less than a year of post-war London had so estranged me from that city and its inhabitants that I have never since lived there except for brief periods at rather rare intervals. I have a strong suspicion that what I disliked in most of the people I met in that city (there were, of course, notable exceptions) is much the same thing that Americans dislike — an apparently baseless assumption of superiority strangely coupled with an uneasy self-consciousness which made social intercourse a misery. For years I thought



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the fault was mine, that I wasn't aristocratic enough or something, although I got on well enough with continental Europeans; but in fact it was not until I came to America that I found English-speaking people who were unaffected, straightforward, and simply themselves, and took for granted that I should be the same. It was a great relief.

So, as I truly preferred the country to the town, I came to accept with relish a modified solitude. At any rate, it afforded plenty of time for reflection and work. I have a rather vivid recollection of one evening in December 1919, soon after I went to Hermitage. While Mrs. Brown was clearing up after dinner I stepped into the garden for a few minutes, as I usually did at night for many years. It was a clear moonless night of many stars with a touch of frost, the kind of night which in the mild climate of England passes as cold. I stood listening to the silence, gradually discerning the dark bulk of the knoll behind the cottage with its jagged fringe of larches black against the stars. But, as always, it was the silence and darkness I liked. There was no rumble or roar of distant or near night firing, no shell burst or rattle of machine guns, no trampling and cursing of transport columns and working parties, no sinister sudden glare of Very lights showing a landscape bristling with barbed wire. Such were the nights I had known for more months than I care to count; and the contrast of silence and untroubled darkness was very healing.

Now that I have explained how and why I went to the country, it will be convenient to treat the next seven or eight years more or less *en bloc*. This period of about 1920-1928 is now known to journalists as 'the gay twenties,' and I am popularly supposed to have been one of the maddest and merriest of the gay-makers, *un petit Byron de nos jours*. It will be of small use for me to deny this, because people are less interested in the truth than in legends which seem pic-

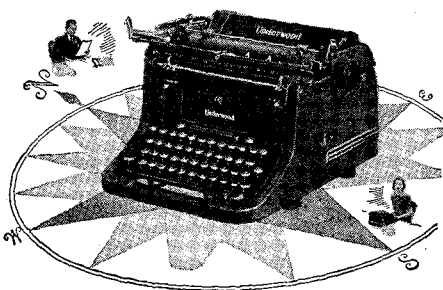
turesque. But in fact those years were a period of almost continuous work, during which I read widely, and between my own writing and translation turned out about 200,000 words a year. My routine was as regular as that of any office worker, and my hours much longer. Nothing could be less dramatic, more lacking in the characteristic flavor of the gay twenties.

But first I moved from the Hermitage cottage to another about fifteen miles away in the valley of the Kennet, in Berkshire. It belonged to an impoverished family of 'gentry,' and was a rather tumble-down affair, built against the end wall of an ancient malthouse. The strategic position of this cottage was superior to its accommodation and perhaps to its appearance. It was two hundred yards down a side lane which was a dead end; one flank was guarded by a row of tall unpolled willows and the unused Kennet and Avon canal; and otherwise it looked on to the garden, meadows, and osier beds. I designed the garden myself and stuck to the cottage tradition — plots for vegetables surrounded with old-fashioned English flowers, clove pinks, phlox, sweet william, hollyhocks, sunflowers, columbines, and large poppies. It was really very beautiful in the late spring and summer. On summer evenings we had dinner out of doors, and watched the light fade and the stars come out, as we sipped yellow Puglian wine from tall tulip glasses.

Except for Windsor and Eton, I had never supposed that Berkshire, either historically or in the matter of landscape, had anything of interest. But as I gradually extended my walks in all directions during those years, I found out that there was plenty of stimulus for the eye and the imagination.

Among all the excursions in that district I think I liked the Ridgeway walk best, although, since it occupied three days, it was necessarily infrequent. Starting from the cottage with rucksacks, we crossed the railway and the

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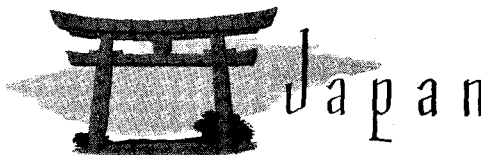
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Bath road, and climbed the high ground bordering the Kennet valley to the scattered and undistinguished village of Beenham. Once that was left behind, the modern world was abandoned, for most of the walk was by footpaths or tracks. On the next ridge beyond Beenham we passed the Bolingbroke avenue, as I called it, and then came to the deep valley of the little Pang, which joins the Thames eventually at Pangbourne. An hour or so of walking then brought us to Yattendon, where rather surprisingly the choir was furnished with old church music, beautifully printed at Oxford, and presented by Robert Bridges.

From Yattendon you could go on either to Aldworth or East Ilsley. Near Aldworth was a knoll with a deep moat round it, evidently ancient, and an old farmhouse. This was all that remained of the castle of the great De la Beche family, who fortunately extirpated themselves and a great many other feudal ruffians in the Wars of the Roses. One of the De la Beche family was tutor to the Black Prince, and in the little church of Aldworth were nine magnificent tombs of the fourteenth and the fifteenth century, all of De la Beches, and all sadly mutilated by puritans and village louts. Left intact, they would have been as fine as similar monuments in the great cathedrals.

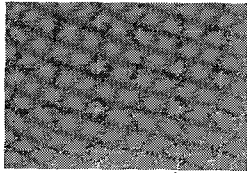
But a better walk was by footpaths to East Ilsley, a remote village hidden in a deep cup on the bare chalk downs. For some reason I always felt it was at East Ilsley that Matthew Arnold's scholar-gipsy was seen 'at some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors.' At any rate, he would have had plenty of choice there, for in that little village almost every other house was a pub, because it was the market for the sheep farmers. It was once a prosperous place, but the sheep had dwindled, and miles of some of the finest sheep pasture in England were misused for training race horses. A racing stable is a moral disaster for any neighborhood, for a blight of vulgarity and

demoralization spreads rapidly from the parasites of this sport. I was grieved indeed when that fate overtook East Ilsley.

The second day's walk was wholly along the Ridgeway, the Icknield Street or Icenhyllt of the Saxons. But it was far older than either Saxon or Roman, being in fact the work of the rather mysterious prehistoric peoples who built the stone circles of Avebury and Stonehenge. It is now a broad track running right across Berkshire on the highest line of the bare chalk downs. To the east it crosses the Thames near Streatley, and gets lost before it reaches the coast. To the west, it runs plain and broad from a point just north of East Ilsley, a day's walk, to White Horse Hill.

It was a curiously lonely walk for England, especially since it was not sixty miles from London. There is hardly a house all the way, and on the four or five times I made the walk I saw no human being — after the racing people were passed — except a lonely shepherd or a man ploughing a distant field. To the north there was a wide prospect across the plain towards Oxford. It was from somewhere on this Ridgeway, you remember, that Thomas Hardy's Jude looked out and saw the distant towers of Christminster (Oxford). I stared hard to see it myself, but never saw it, but I suppose it can be seen, in a novel.

Down in the misty blue valley you could see the diminished spires of village churches and sometimes a little curl of white smoke from a train, but there was no sound but the wind or the call of a stray bird or the rustle of beech leaves from the rare clumps still left in piety over the barrow graves of the forgotten people. Twenty, twenty-five, thirty centuries dropped away, and you were back in those dim ages when most of England was bog and forest, and these bleak uplands were not only the safest but the most fertile parts of the island. It is the oldest trade route in England, and has seen men of the Stone and



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Bronze ages, the Roman merchant, the Saxon robber, the Norman knight, the Mediæval chapman, Shakespeare's Autolycus, the eighteenth-century peddler, and finally, no doubt, Matthew Arnold, dreaming of scholar-gipsies and the Education Act.

The day's walk ended at Uffington castle, the second of the tremendous defensive earthworks on the ridge. Here cut in the chalk is the famous white horse, which is certainly pre-Roman; and a hill called the Dragon, significantly, for the Celtic Pendragon means something like 'king of kings'; and — anticlimax — in the village just below the hero of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* spent his childhood. A little farther to the west along the Ridgeway is Wayland Smith's Cave, complete with orange peel and empty bottles, and beyond that a bare stretch of upland covered with the stone-hut circles marking a prehistoric village.

The last day's walk was down the beautiful Lambourn valley to Newbury, but once when I had time I pushed on for a day or two more along the Ridgeway. Sometimes it shrank to a mere footpath, sometimes a short section was incorporated in a modern road, but it went on and on, until finally it brought me to the sarsen hill above Avebury. These sarsens are glacial boulders, of which there are such quantities all over New England, but which have mostly been broken up and removed all over old England. Superstition and their size and the barren land beneath them have protected the sarsens, which are great oblongs of stone from twenty to a hundred tons. From the hill you look down on Avebury, with its great earth circle and some of the ancient stones still standing upright. How those neolithic people

managed to move and then to set up such vast stones is a mystery, for the only tools found are shovels made of the shoulder blades of oxen, and picks of deer antlers. Even more mysterious is the problem of how the inner circle of stones at Stonehenge got there, for they come from a geological formation which only exists in Pembrokeshire, Wales. And who built the great earth pyramid near Avebury, known as Silbury Hill, and why?

Thus, within a few miles of my cottage existed relics and fragments of all English history. To someone with a sense of the past it was fascinating, a great book, with many blanks and torn pages, but more vivid than the written word. I am glad that I had eyes to see these venerable remains, knowledge to understand them, and imagination to reconstruct the life from which they sprang. And in these bitter days there is even consolation in a sense of the past. Those primitive people of the Ridgeway must have thought it a terrible, an irremediable disaster when the cruel Romans slaughtered them or drove them back to the west. So too the Saxons when the Normans overran their country. Yet in time came Sir Thomas Browne, after how many drums and trappings, to muse over ancient urn burials; and the ford where the Saxon drove his oxen across the Thames became the city of dreaming spires and lost causes, 'beautiful city, so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!' — though I apprehend that Mr. Morris's motor factories are a distinct invitation to German bombers to shatter the serenity of Oxford, and to remind it that the fierce life of this century is anything but intellectual.

(To be concluded)

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